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THE MEMOIRS OF JOHN HOWARD.

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Boston.
LINCOLN & EDMONDS.
1830.

MEMOIRS

OF

HOWARD,

COMPILED FROM

HIS DIARY, HIS CONFIDENTIAL LETTERS, AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS.

BY JAMES BALDWIN BROWN.

ABRIDGED BY A GENTLEMAN OF BOSTON,

FROM THE LONDON QUARTO EDITION.

"When the ear heard *him*, then it blessed *him*; and when the eye saw *him*, it gave witness to *him*. Because *he* delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him."

Boston:

LINCOLN AND EDMANDS.

1831.

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June 27, 1883

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TO THE

VARIOUS SOCIETIES

IN THE

UNITED STATES AND IN EUROPE,

ENGAGED IN ALLEVIATING

HUMAN WO,

AND

DIFFUSING THE PRINCIPLES OF

CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPY,

THIS EDITION OF

HOWARD'S MEMOIRS

IS

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE PUBLISHERS.

BOSTON, FEB. 1831.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

The reasons which have induced the publishers of these Memoirs to present this little volume to the public, are

1. That Howard the Philanthropist may be seen as a *Christian.* Aikin's Life of Howard does not exhibit his Christian character. Brown's Life of Howard, on the contrary, does exhibit it, most satisfactorily. If Howard in Christian experience, was like BRAINERD, and if his letters, and diary, and covenants, show this, a Life of Howard, in which all these things are omitted, is greatly defective, and one in which they are retained is important to the churches. In this little volume they are retained.

2. Brown's Life of Howard is a Quarto volume of nearly seven hundred pages, published only in England, and sold at a price, which must necessarily prevent its general circulation. While

Aikin's Life of Howard is scarcely to be found, and is so defective, that it ought not to be reprinted. It has been our object to furnish these memoirs in a cheap and convenient form for Sabbath Schools, and family libraries; and we knew of no way, in which this could so well be done, as by an abridgment of Brown's Life.

3. The great object to which Howard devoted the last sixteen years of his existence, with the exception of a few of the last months, viz. the improvement of Prisons, and Prison Discipline, has assumed, within a few years, so much importance as to cause for the purpose of promoting it, extensive associations and combinations of men, in England, France, Germany, Russia and the United States. And there is scarcely any thing now proposed or accomplised, in this department of benevolent exertion, which had not a distinct form in the mind of Howard. In principle and detail it was almost all there. He comprehended it, he desired it, he lived, and suffered—and, were it not for that benevolence, which sought during a few of the last months of his life, to know the causes and remedy of the plague, it might be added, he died to promote it. It seemed therefore both just and useful to preserve and circulate the memoirs of him, who, under Christ, laid

the foundation of all the great improvements which are now making in this department of benevolence.

4. These memoirs may possibly induce some one like Howard, again to attempt the hazardous enterprise, in which he died, viz. to ascertain the causes and remedy of the plague.

5. This little volume contains valuable instruction and encouragement to all those societies, which bear the name of Howard; to those which seek the prevention of pauperism; to those which are labouring to build churches and establish schools; to the friends of temperance and the sanctification of the sabbath. There are pages of these memoirs shewing the views and feelings and conduct of Howard concerning all these objects of benevolent regard, which cannot fail to contribute to their advancement. There is not one of them for which he did not labour and contribute of his substance, and add the weight of his example, and that, too, in an age, when the principle of combination for their advancement was not yet introduced. The *spirit* of them all was in him.

6. These memoirs furnish an example which ought not to be lost, of self denial, patience, perseverance, courage, fortitude, temperance, activity, compassion, humility, repentance, evan-

gelical faith, and charity, in connection with a name, which has lived, for half a century, in affectionate remembrance, among men.

For these reasons, this volume has been prepared, and is now dedicated to the same gracious and merciful Being to whom Howard, in the deepest humility and self abasement dedicated himself.

BOSTON, FEB. 1, 1831.

PREFACE.

The friends of Howard have long regretted that no Memoir of his life has yet been presented to the public, in which full justice is done to the motives by which he was actuated. The deficiency they have deplored, it is the object of this work to supply.

In 1814, the confidential servant who had attended Mr. Howard in most of his journeys abroad, and who was with him at his death, closed a chequered existence in the infirmary at Liverpool, and upon his death-bed sent for a respectable minister of that town, into whose possession, and that of some other of its inhabitants, who had kindly visited him during his last illness, he delivered the memorandum-book which his master had with him at his death; some of that master's original letters; and other papers, illustrative of his unwearied labours. These various documents were afterwards submitted to the Rev. Thomas Raffles, of Liverpool, who suggested the idea of preparing for the press, from these, and other materials, a Memoir of the Philanthropist's life. Having obtained the use of such papers, formerly in the possession of Thomasson, the servant above alluded to, as are still available for the purposes of a work like the present,—no time was lost in making application to the successor of Mr. Howard's pastor, at Bedford, for his assistance in procuring the information which that town and its neighbourhood was likely to supply. A communication was immediately opened with Mr. Newton Bosworth, of Cambridge, into whose hands the papers in question had prudently been delivered; in consequence of which an arrangement was made, transferring to me the task of becoming the biographer of Mr. Howard. I was also most liberally furnished, by the near relative and acting exec-

utor of Mr. Howard's will, with several extracts from his own private diary of some of the most interesting years of his life. The stock of materials now collected, soon received a most important addition from Dr. Brown, Principal of the Marischal College, Aberdeen, of the various entries he had made in his commonplace-book of the most striking particulars of Mr. Howard's journeys, which he received from his own lips. These were augmented by the reminiscencies of Dr. Lettsom, the Rev. Mr. Lewin, and several other of the friends of this extraordinary man, with whom I have made it my business either to converse or correspond; having also had personal communications on this subject with his surviving domestics.

In moulding the materials, thus carefully collected from every quarter, it has been my anxious wish to exhibit the subject of my biography, no less ardent in his devotion as a Christian, nor less exemplary in the discharge of his duties as a husband, a father, and a friend, than prompt, unwearied, and disinterested in the performance of those deeds of benevolence by which he has gained to himself the honourable distinction of the Philanthropist. But in this part of the following Memoirs, as in that which relates to his public conduct, it would be unpardonable in their author to omit acknowledging the assistance he has derived from the View of the Character and Public Services of Mr. Howard, published soon after his death by his friend Dr. Aikin, the undoubted authenticity of the information which it contains, rendering that work a most indispensable auxiliary. Had his family and friends thought proper to furnish this able writer with those materials which it is my happier lot to have obtained, his life would probably not have been written again. Recourse too has, of necessity, been had to his own publications, and from their pages the whole of the more prominent circumstances of the condition in which he found every gaol, and prison, and lazaretto, and hospital that he visited in the course of his repeated journeyings at home and abroad, has been examined, and, to some extent, thrown into a regular narrative, following the order of time.

Before these prefatory remarks are brought to a close, I have to discharge the pleasing duty of publicly returning my thanks to the kind friends and promoters of this undertaking. To NATHANIEL BARNADISTON, Esq. my best

thanks are due, for the liberal manner in which he furnished me with the extracts from the diary of his distinguished relative. Nor less deep are my obligations for the kindness with which the Rev. WILLIAM LAURENCE BROWN undertook the task of transcribing for my use those highly interesting memoranda of his conversations with his inestimable friend. These communications, important as they are, would, however, have left much of the private history and domestic habits of our great Philanthropist involved in obscurity, but for the indefatigable exertions of Mrs. GREENE, the eldest daughter of the late Rev. *Thomas Smith*, of *Bedford*, the most intimate and confidential of Mr. Howard's friends, and of her husband, Mr. JOHN GREENE, of *Cambridge*, in collecting all the information which the ravages of death and time had left within their reach. It is to their persevering efforts that I owe the great advantages which have been derived from the short, but valuable sketch of Mr. Howard's life, drawn up for publication by the late Rev. SAMUEL PALMER, of *Hackney*. Through their kind interference I have also been furnished with several interesting anecdotes of Mr. Howard's life, private as well as public, communicated to Mrs. Greene by Mrs. COLES, widow of the Rev. Mr. COLES, of *Ampthill*, in *Bedfordshire*, who lived upon terms of great intimacy with him.

Nor can I possibly forget the friendly reception which I met with from the Rev. SAMUEL HILLYARD, of *Bedford*, when paying a short visit to the former residence of Mr. Howard, in order to glean every little incident in the domestic history, every trifling peculiarity in the habits, manners, and character of the subject of this biography. It was here that I had the gratification of hearing from the lips of Mrs. PROLE, of her son, and of JOSHUA CROCKFORD, the old and faithful gardener at *Cardington;* from Mrs. PRESTON, and other of Mr. Howard's former tenants, or of the pensioners on his bounty, during life, and the partakers of his remembrance of the poor at his death, —the most unequivocal testimony to the general excellence of his character, and the kindness of his disposition, which they illustrated by several little anecdotes engrafted on various parts of these memoirs. To Mrs. PROLE, I feel that my acknowledgments are most justly due, for intrusting to my hands the letters of Mr. Howard to her

husband, and for having enabled me to present to the public correct likenesses of our great Philanthropist, and of the beloved wife, whose melancholy fate had so decided an influence on the future usefulness of his life.

Turning from *Bedfordshire* to *Warrington*, where much of the time of the benevolent being, whose public virtues, and private worth, these pages are intended to record, was passed in labours of philanthropy, to which he devoted the last sixteen years of his existence, I have much pleasure in acknowledging the kindness with which the opportunity was afforded of collecting, from personal conversation with Mrs. WILDE, the lady in whose house Mr. Howard lodged, Miss EATON, a member of the Society of Friends, with whose father he was in habits of intimacy, and Mr. JOHN MORRIS, the person principally employed in the printing of his various works, all the particulars of his manners and habits, which survive in a town where his memory is still held in the highest veneration and esteem.

Few persons, however, have contributed more extensively, by their exertions and their influence, to the promotion of this design, than my friend, the Rev. THOMAS RAFFLES, of *Liverpool*. It is to his exertions that the public and myself are chiefly indebted for the preservation in these pages, of those curious and interesting documents formerly in the possession of Mr. Howard's confidential attendant, but now in his own, and that of ADAM HODGSON, Esq. and Mr. THOMAS KAYE, of *Liverpool*, who have kindly permitted me the use of them.

To these my thanks may reach; but since this work was begun, no less than seven individuals who have furnished, or assisted in furnishing its author with materials for its composition, have followed to the world of spirits the friend, whose character they had contributed their assistance to place before the public eye in a fuller and clearer light than has hitherto been cast upon it.

Having thus performed the melancholy, as well as the pleasing part of his duty, nothing now remains for the author of the following pages, but to commit them to the public.

J. B. B.

Harcourt Buildings, Temple,
July 7, 1818.

MEMOIRS

OF

HOWARD.

CHAPTER I.

From his birth, to the death of his first wife.
1727—1755.

JOHN HOWARD appears, from the best information that can be obtained upon the subject, to have been born about the year 1727, at Clapton, in the parish of Hackney, a large and well-known village immediately adjoining London. To this place his father seems to have removed from the pursuit of his business as an upholsterer, in Long Lane, Smithfield, where he had acquired a considerable fortune.

Soon after his birth he was sent to Cardington, near Bedford, to be nursed by a cottager residing there upon a small farm, the property of his father.

As Mr. Howard's father was a Dissenter of calvinistic principles, it was extremely natural that he should intrust the education of his son to a tutor, professing those religious principles which he himself entertained.

Speaking of the selection made by Mr. Howard of the person to whom he might most safely commit the care of his son, Dr. Aiken observes, that "his choice for this purpose was the source of lasting misfortune." "The event,

with respect to Mr. Howard was, (as he has assured me, with greater indignation than I have heard him express upon many subjects,) that, after a continuance of seven years at this school, he left it not fully taught any one thing."

Mr. Worsley, the name of our philanthropist's first tutor, "was a man of considerable learning, and author of a translation of the New Testament, and of a Latin Grammar." "Without inquiring," says Dr. Aiken, "how far this may set aside his being deficient as an instructer, I think it proper to say that my only foundation for that charge is Mr. Howard's own authority."

From this academy he was removed, though it does not appear at what age, to a school of a superior description, in London, then under the direction of Mr. John Eames, a fellow of the Royal Society, and a man of considerable erudition. Amongst his fellow pupils in this seminary, was the late celebrated Dr. Price, with whom he contracted a friendship, ending but with his life.

He left Mr. Eames's academy, by no means a profound classic, and but an indifferent grammarian, even as it respects the proper construction of his own vernacular tongue. We feel no disposition whatever to controvert Dr. Aikin's assertion, founded upon his own personal knowledge of the fact, that Mr. Howard "was never able to speak or write his native language with grammatical correctness, and that his acquaintance with other languages (the French, perhaps, excepted) was slight and superficial. He left school for the situation in which he appears to have been immediately placed, which was that of an apprentice to Mr. Newnham, a large wholesale grocer in the city, who received a very considerable premium with him. But his father dying before his apprenticeship expired, his ill state of health, combined with a

distaste for a line of life upon which he no doubt entered in compliance with a parent's wishes, he gladly embraced the opportunity afforded by his coming of age, to make arrangements with his master, for the purchase of the remainder of his time. By his father's will he was not to come into the possession of his fortune until he reached his twenty-fourth year, and then he became entitled to the sum of seven thousand pounds, in addition to the whole of his father's landed property, his plate, furniture, pictures, and the moiety of his books, besides being named sole residuary legatee.

As the subject of these memoirs, even at an early period of his life, was remarkable for prudence and discretion, a considerable part of the management of the estate to which he was the sole heir, was intrusted to his more immediate oversight. A venerable old man, who had been gardener to Mr. Howard the father, for many years, would, in the year 1790, when he had attained the age of ninety years, take great pleasure in relating, as an instance of his young master's punctuality and goodness of disposition, that he never failed to be at the long buttressed wall, which separated the garden from the road, just as the baker's cart was going past, when he would purchase a loaf, throw it over the wall, and, on entering the garden, goodhumouredly say, "Harry, look among the cabbages, you will find something for your family."

The interest of the money bequeathed to him by his father, was sufficient to enable him, soon after leaving the warehouse of Mr. Newnham, to set out upon his travels to France and Italy. It must have been during these travels, that he obtained those paintings of the foreign masters, and other works of art, collected upon the continent, with which he afterwards embellished his favourite seat at Cardington; for when he had once entered upon

the execution of his great scheme of universal benevolence, it so completely absorbed all the energies of his mind, that he never suffered himself for a moment to be diverted from carrying it into effect.

How long he continued absent from his native country is uncertain, though it was most probably not more than a year or two. Soon after his return, the delicate state of his health induced him to take lodgings at Stoke Newington, where he engaged, amongst other pursuits, in the study of some of the less abstruse branches of natural philosophy, and of the theory of medicine ; of which he acquired sufficient knowledge to be of the most essential service to him in his future travels. From the example of his parents, and the care bestowed upon his own education, he had early imbibed those principles of piety, which never forsook him during the whole course of his life. From principle, from habit, and from education, he was a dissenter; as it respects church discipline an Independent,—in doctrine a moderate Calvinist. The congregation with which he first associated himself in church fellowship was that of the Independent denomination, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Meredith Townsend. Of this church he was regularly admitted a member, but at what precise period of time I have not been able to ascertain. Whilst regularly worshipping with this congregation, he set on foot a subscription for the purchase of a house for the residence of the minster, to which he contributed fifty pounds. During this period of his life, he gave away a very considerable portion of his income in deeds of charity; remembering "the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said it is more blessed to give than to receive."

His medical attendants considering his constitution much inclined to consumption, put him upon a very

rigorous regimen, which is said by one of his biographers, to have "laid the foundation of that extraordinary abstemiousness and indifference to the gratification of his palate, which ever after so much distinguished him." He made several excursions to different parts of the kingdom, for the benefit of his health. But notwithstanding these precautions, he was attacked with a severe fit of illness, whilst lodging in the house of Mrs. Sarah Loidore, a widow lady of small independent property, residing in Church Street, Newington. Whilst here, he experienced, on the part of his landlady, so many marks of kind attention during his sickness, that, upon his recovery, he was induced, from a grateful recollection of her kindness, to make her an offer of his hand in marriage. Against this unexpected proposal the lady made many remonstrances; but Mr. Howard being firm to his purpose, the union took place, it is believed, in the year 1752, he being then in about the twenty-fifth year of his age, and his bride in her fifty-second.

Mrs. Howard was a woman of excellent character; amiable in her disposition; sincere in her piety; endowed with a good mental capacity; and forward in exercising its powers in every good word and work. Between two and three years after their marriage, the connection was dissolved by her death.

CHAPTER II.

From the death of Mr. Howard's first Wife, to that of his second. 1755—1765.

There was a singularity in Mr. Howard's mode of thinking and acting, even in the more private concerns and relations of life. Of this he gave a very early proof,

in forming a matrimonial connection, in which, as in every other circumstance, duty, and duty alone, seems to have been the sole director of his actions. Having been attended, during his illness, with all the solicitude of a near and affectionate relative, by a woman upon whom he had no claims beyond those of suffering humanity, he seems to have felt himself impelled to recompense such unlooked for kindness, by giving to the person who had displayed it, at once the right, and the opportunity of becoming the constant soother of his days of pain and sorrow; as well as the sympathizing partner in his hours of joy. In marrying Mrs. Loidore, he felt that he was actuated by no improper motives; and the manner of her discharging her part of the duty which the relations they had mutually contracted imposed upon them, so far increased Mr. Howard's regard for her, that, soon after her death, he resolved upon leaving England, on another tour, with a view to divert his mind from the melancholy reflections which that event had occasioned.

Before his departure, he gave proof of the natural generosity of his disposition, by distributing amongst the poorer housekeepers of the neighbourhood, parts of the furniture of his house. The old gardener gratefully remembered to the day of his death, that, upon this occasion, he had for his *dividend*, as he was accustomed to call it, a bedstead and bedding complete, a table, half a dozen chairs, and a new scythe;—besides receiving a guinea for a single day's work.

The country he intended first to visit was Portugal, then rendered particularly interesting by the situation of its capital, still smoking in ruins from the effects of a tremendous earthquake. A great part of its capital, and thousands of its inhabitants had been embowelled

in the earth. It was to this sublime spectacle, that Mr. Howard's attention was principally directed; and he accordingly took his passage in the Hanover, which was captured by a French privateer. His captors used him with great cruelty; for after having been kept forty hours without food or water, he was carried into Brest, and confined with the other prisoners, in the castle of that place. Here, after being cast with the crew and the rest of the passengers into a filthy dungeon, and there kept a considerable time without nourishment, a joint of mutton was at length thrown into the midst of them, which, for the want of a knife, they were obliged to tear to pieces, and gnaw like dogs. In this dungeon he and his companions lay for six nights upon the floor, with nothing but straw. He was afterwards removed to Morlaix, and thence to Carpaix, where he was two months upon parole. He had no sooner obtained his own liberty, than he exerted all his influence to procure the liberation of some of his fellow-countrymen. Whilst at Carpaix, as he himself informs us, "*he* corresponded with the English prisoners at Brest, Morlaix, and Dinnan; and had sufficient evidence of their being treated with such barbarity, that many hundreds had perished; and that thirty-six were buried in a hole at Dinnan in one day." He had soon the satisfaction of learning that the prisoners at war confined in the three prisons to which he had more particularly directed his attention, were sent home in the first cartel ships that arrived in England; being entirely indebted for their deliverance, to his benevolent and timely interference on their behalf. It is to this event that Mr. Howard himself refers the first excitement of that attention to those who were sick, and in prison, which afterwards occupied the greater part of sixteen years.

Soon after his return to England, he turned his thoughts to the extension and improvement of his Cardington estate; dividing his time between superintending the alterations which he found it necessary to make; promoting the comfort of his tenants; administering to the wants of the neighbouring poor; and amusing himself, during his leisure hours, by researches into some of the less abstruse branches of philosophy. He had a great taste for meteorological observations, and was sufficiently interested in the general pursuits of scientific information, to procure his being chosen a fellow of the Royal Society at the age of 29. Three of the papers communicated by him to the Society were printed in its Transactions.

He had not been many years in his native country, after the hardships he had experienced in the prisons and dungeons abroad, before he formed a connection, in the year 1758, with Miss Henrietta Leeds, eldest daughter of Edward Leeds, Esq. of Croxton, in Cambridgeshire. The lady possessed, in no ordinary degree, all the virtues of her sex; and as far as we can judge from the miniature formerly in the possession of her husband, was by no means deficient in personal attractions. Her disposition was amiable, and her affection for her husband appears to have been ardent and sincere. She seems most cheerfully to have seconded the execution of all his plans of benevolence, and to have considered it no less her pleasure than her duty to conform herself in all things to his wishes.

Though educated in a manner suited to her father's fortune, she seems not to have imbibed any of that love of dress too common with females in her situation: or, at least if she did imbibe it, she prudently and willingly relinquished it, on her union with a man who set a just es-

HENRIETTA,

THE SECOND AND FAVOURITE WIFE OF

JOHN HOWARD.

timation upon these meretricious ornaments. As a proof of this, it appears that, soon after her marriage, she sold some jewels she had no longer any inclination to wear, and put the money into a purse, called by herself and her husband the charity purse. To how many a thoughtless daughter of dissipation—to how many a fashionable wife, might it not be said, "Go thou and do likewise."

It must have been no inconsiderable source of happiness to our great Philanthropist, to meet with a partner thus cordially inclined to co-operate with him in every work of charity. Nor is it possible to conceive of any thing, in this relation, capable of affording a purer satisfaction to a benevolent mind, than to see the wife of your bosom occupying the time, not necessarily devoted to her own domestic arrangements, in visiting the sick; in feeding the hungry; in clothing the naked; and, above all, in administering comfort to the poor of her own sex, in an hour of pain and anguish.

Religion had a like influence upon both their minds; and Mr. Howard had the delight of seeing the wife of his fondest affections, as deeply impressed with the importance of this "one thing needful," as, from the earliest period, his own mind appears to have been. When Mr. Howard was in London, soon after his marriage, he took his wife to a place of public resort; "I believe," says Mrs. C. "it was the Pantheon." His motive in so doing, was to ascertain what effect such a scene would have upon her mind. As they were walking the gay, and idly busy round, she appeared to be quite lost in thought. Her husband stopped, and turning round to her, said, "Now *Harriet*," (this was the appellation by which he more familiarly addressed her,) "I must insist on your telling me what you have been thinking about:"

to which she replied, "Well, if I must tell you, I have been thinking of Mr. ——'s sermon last Sunday."

Soon after his marriage, he brought his bride home to Cardington, his house there having been previously furnished in that style of peculiar neatness, for which throughout the whole of his personal and domestic economy, he was always so remarkable.

With his habitual attention to the interests of the poor, the greater part, if not the whole of the linen required upon this occasion was spun by the neighbouring cottagers, under the more immediate direction of Mrs. Howard herself; and until the period of his own death, he kept increasing his stock of these useful articles, by this judicious mode of employing the poor.

But he had not long been settled in this abode, before the delicate state of his wife's health induced him to try the effects of a milder atmosphere; and he accordingly removed to Watcombe, near Lymington, in the New Forest, Hampshire; where he purchased a house and small estate, for the sum of seven thousand pounds.

Of his manner and time of living there, we have no other account than that given by Dr. Aikin:

"Concerning his way of life in this pleasant retreat, I find nothing characteristic to relate, except the state of perfect security and harmony in which he managed to live in the midst of a people, against whom his predecessor thought it necessary to employ all the contrivances of engines and guns. He was no encroacher on the rights and advantages of others. In possessing him, the poor could not fail soon to find that they had acquired a protector and benefactor. After continuing at Watcombe three or four years, he sold the place, and went back to Cardington, which thenceforth became his fixed residence."

But whilst thus removed for a time to a distance from his tenantry, he did not by any means forget their wants. He gave directions that in his absence, his old nurse should never be permitted to want for any thing; and whenever he was at Cardington, he was so mindful of her minutest wants, that he would himself see that coals were regularly taken to her cottage to warm her bed, whenever he thought the coldness of the weather, or the ill state of her health, rendered such a mark of attention necessary.

After his return to Cardington, he continued to carry into effect the plans he had laid for the improvement of his estate. In the house, he made some further alterations; and his taste, with the assistance of Mrs. Howard's, soon gave to it an air of neatness and elegant simplicity very different from the appearance it had formerly borne. The front he adorned with lattice work, replacing by simple cottage windows the old fashioned casements. To the back of the house he made some additions, by the erection of a new set of rooms, upon the pleasure grounds. The grounds themselves were formed entirely under his own direction, out of a field of about three acres, having a kitchen garden in the centre, so completely hid from observation by the shrubs surrounding it, that you can have no idea of its existence until you arrive at some of those narrow openings, overarched by spreading boughs, through which you enter it. Between the shrubbery and the house there is a very neat lawn, and the whole is surrounded by a broad gravel walk, sheltered from the heat of the sun by fine full grown trees, or thickly planted evergreens. In one part of the grounds this walk is skirted on each side by a row of very majestic firs, the plants, or seeds of which are said to have been brought by Mr. Howard from

abroad, on his return from some of his earlier travels upon the continent. The still silence of this shady grove was his favourite resort; and in its mosy path he spent many a solitary hour in devising, and many a social one in communicating to his friends, when devised, his glorious schemes of benevolence. The trees are still standing where they were first planted by his hand, and the gardener who watered the nursling shoots is yet living, in his eighty-sixth year, to prune, though with a sparing hand,—unwilling to lop off any thing his master loved to cherish,—the exuberance of their spreading boughs. One tree in particular, seems to be an object of his especial care. It was planted, as he delights to tell you, by Mrs. Howard, on the original formation of the walk, and therefore always possessed a peculiar charm in her husband's eyes.

The Root House is built entirely in the rustic style. The materials of which it is formed are the roots and trunks of trees; the roof thatch work, without ceiling or pannelling on the inside, to mar the rude simplicity of the exterior. The door and its portico are gothic, with windows of the same description on each side, just admitting light enough into the hermitage within to fit it for the purposes of study and retirement. In the centre are still the remains of a lamp formed out of a root. In one corner is a fire-place, hid from observation by a chimney-board of roots and rough-hewn pieces of green wood. The place of chairs is partly supplied by some singular masses of peat, and on another side, by benches covered with coarse matting. Opposite to these is a stone slab, serving the purposes of a table, and ornamented with a female figure in marble, a model in wood, of one of the public buildings which Mr. Howard had seen in the course of his travels; and an hour

glass. Over these, in a recess in the wall, is a small book-case with glass doors, still enclosing a sufficient number of books to enable us to form a pretty accurate notion to what description of reading our great philanthropist was most attached, from the little library he had selected for the spot where he was wont to spend his more retired hours in study and meditation. Hervey, Flavel, Baxter, and the divines of that class, seem to have been his favourite authors. But besides a well chosen selection of writers of this cast, these shelves contained the poems of Milton, Thomson, Young, and Watts; with a few treatises, such, principally, as are calculated to exhibit and to illustrate the wonders of creation and of providence.

The identical Bible which was Mr. Howard's constant companion in all his travels, still occupies the spo where it was regularly placed, whenever its owner, for a few short days or weeks, had found a resting place from his labours in the calm solitude of the shades he loved.

With what delight, at proper seasons, he cherished, what anxiety he felt, duly to improve that solitude, and the advantages it gave him, may be gathered from an inscription placed opposite to the door by which you enter the root house:

"O solitude, bless'd state of man below,
Friend to our thought, and balm of all our wo;
Far from throng'd cities my abode remove
To realms of innocence, and peace, and love;

"That when the sable shades of death appear,
And life's clear light no more these eyes shall cheer,
Its work may be fulfill'd; its prospects won,
By virtue measured, not a setting sun."

At the back of this peaceful hermitage, you pass through a narrow door to what was formerly a small but very convenient bath. Here Mr. Howard when at home, used to bathe every morning, summer and winter; the root house answering, upon these occasions, the purposes of a dressing room, from which, by merely opening a door, he could immediately plunge into the water.

I feel confident that the readers of these pages will not be displeased at my closing this description of the house and grounds at Cardington, by transcribing the inscription on a pedestal erected in the gardens, long since his death, to commemorate that circumstance, by the late Samuel Whitbread, Esq. "Never," said poor old Joshua Crockford, as we stood by the simple memorial which Mr. Whitbread had erected in the lawn by the side of the house, to record the faithful attachment of an old servant to the best of masters—his voice faltering, and a tear standing in his eye as he spoke, "Never shall I see two such men again!" and he pointed me to the following inscription on the pedestal:

This Garden was formed, the root-house built, and the trees which overshadow and adorn them were planted in the year 1762, by JOHN HOWARD, *The Philanthropist*, who lived for many years in this retirement, before his virtuous energies were called into action; and he quitted it to become the Benefactor of mankind.

To this spot he eagerly returned to pass the interval between those labors which ended in his death, and have insured to him a guiltless and imperishable fame.

Joshua Crockford, whose hand put the seedlings into the earth, under his master's eye, has spent the intervening years in watching and assisting their growth; exhibiting in his narrow circle, a model of sobriety, industry, and neatness.

He still lives, in his eightieth year, faithful to his duties, and strong to fulfil them; contented in his station, pleased with his charge, and full of the remembrance of his beloved master.

Aug. 10, 1812. S. W.

But it is time that I should turn from a description of the alterations made by Mr. Howard, on his estate at Cardington, to the manner of life which he pursued when settled in his new abode. His leisure hours here, as at Watcombe, seem to have been partly devoted to meteorological pursuits.

But a far more considerable portion, was actively employed, with the assistance of his amiable wife, in forming and executing various schemes of benevolence, for meliorating the condition of his tenantry, and administering to the wants of the poor in his neighbourhood. Of this valuable assistance he was, however, soon deprived, by the removal of the beloved object of his fondest affections, soon after she had given birth to a son, the first and only issue of their marriage. This afflicting event happened on the 31st of March, 1765; and though, as a Christian, Mr. Howard bowed with resignation, he felt it in all its poignancy as a man. Her miniature was his constant companion in all his travels, in England and abroad, and he never mentioned her name, but with sentiments of affection and veneration for her person and character. He caused a tablet to her memory to be erected in Cardington church, where she was buried, bearing an inscription which speaks but the feelings of his heart:

In hope of a resurrection to eternal life,
Through the mercy of God by Jesus Christ,
Rests the mortal part of
HENRIETTA HOWARD,
Daughter of Edward Leeds, Esq.
Of Croxton, in Cambridgeshire,
Who died the 31st of March, 1765, aged 39.
She opened her mouth with
Wisdom,
And in her tongue was the law of kindness.
Prov. xxxi. 26.

Some years after her death, as he was walking with his son in the garden, he pointed out to him a particular fir tree; and addressing him by the appellation he familiarly used, said, "Jack, I charge you upon my blessing never to remove that tree: it was one your mother planted."

I have been informed from the most undoubted authority, that he always kept the anniversary of her death as a time more peculiarly devoted to private meditation and prayer; shutting himself up in his own room, and taking nothing in the course of the day but an apple and a piece of bread, or some such slight refreshment.

Mrs. Prole, who was the domestic nearest to her person, described Mrs. Howard as a most amiable woman, of a very sweet temper and disposition; an excellent mistress to her servants, and very benevolent and kind to the poor. That these were not mere idle words was proved from the circumstance of her having been very much hurt at a lady's expressing a wish to purchase the miniature of her mistress, which Mr. Howard had given her immediately before his departure from England upon his last journey. She said, with tears in her eyes, "No, I will never part with any thing, that was my excellent master's or mistress's, till I want a piece of bread. My master gave me this picture because he knew I should value it, and I will keep it to the day of my death." She wept as she delivered it into my hands, even for so short a time, as the copying it for the engraver required. Happy the families who have such domestics; and happy the servants who have the privilege of living under so good a master, and so kind a mistress.

CHAPTER III.

From the death of Mr. Howard's second Wife in 1765, *to the autumn of the year* 1769; *including a particular account of his treatment of his son during his infancy, and the earlier period of his childhood; and a view of his religious opinions and associations up to his departure from England, upon his fourth excursion of pleasure.*

In proportion as Mr. Howard was attached to the wife who had so suddenly been removed from him,—in that proportion it is most natural to expect, that he would feel all the fondness a heart so kind as his was capable of feeling, centre in the dear pledge of their attachment, whose only parent he had now become.

The loss of his wife lessened, if it did not dissolve the charms that bound Mr. Howard to his favourite residence; and thenceforward he remained at Cardington rather because it was the sphere of his duty, than, as it hitherto had been, the spot of his choice. Here he principally employed himself, for some time, in superintending the education of his infant son. "This," says Dr. Aikin, "was an office which almost immediately commenced; for, according to his ideas, education had place from the very first dawn of the mental faculties. Regarding children as creatures possessed of strong passions and desires, without reason and experience to control them, he thought that Nature seemed to mark them out as the subjects of absolute authority; and that the first and fundamental principle to be inculcated upon them, was implicit and unlimited obedience. This cannot be effected by any process

of *reasoning*, before reason has its commencement, and therefore must be the result of *coercion*. Now as no man ever more effectually combined the *leniter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*, the coercion he practised was calm and gentle, but at the same time steady and resolute. I shall give an instance of it, which I had from himself. His child one day, wanting something which he could not have, fell into a fit of crying, which the nurse could not pacify. Mr. Howard took him from her, and laid him quietly in his lap, till, fatigued with crying, he became still. This process, a few times repeated, had such an effect, that the child, if crying ever so violently, was rendered quiet the instant his father took him. In a similar manner, without harsh words and threats, still less blows, he gained every other point which he thought necessary to gain, and brought the child to such a habit of obedience, that I have heard him say, he believed his son would have put his finger into the fire if he had commanded him."

Notwithstanding this, he himself often feelingly lamented the loss of his wife's assistance in forming the early habits, and correcting what was wrong in the temper of his son. He felt and acknowledged, as every sensible man must acknowledge, how much more capable is a prudent and tender mother of managing a young child, than the kindest father possibly can be. There is a somewhat of gentlenesss, of fondness, of never-slumbering watchfulness, and, as it were, of intuitive foresight in maternal solicitude, which no attention, however anxious on the part of surviving relatives, near as they may be, can ever supply. But whilst he felt this deprivation most keenly, for his son's sake, as well as his own, Mr. Howard endeavoured to obtain the best assistance he could in discharging the

double obligations which now centered in himself.—With this view he engaged a most pious and excellent woman; and to her he chiefly intrusted the more immediate oversight of his son.

After having had somewhat more than a year's experience of the fidelity with which his housekeeper discharged the duties of the confidential situation in which he had placed her, sufficient to convince him that he might safely leave his infant under her care, Mr. Howard seems to have found it necessary for the recruiting of his health, so materially injured by the mental affliction he had undergone since the removal of his wife, to pay a short visit to Bath, where he remained a part, at least, of the months of November and December 1766. In the following spring he resolved upon taking a short tour through Holland, most probably for the purpose of diverting his mind from the melancholy reflections still associated themselves with his abode at Cardington. The companion of his journey appears to have been Edward Leeds, Esq. the brother of his deceased wife. He did not remain abroad much more than a month, the period he had fixed upon; and we have no account of his having left England again, until the latter part of the year 1769. The interval seems to have been spent principally at Cardington.

In this domestic retreat, the engaging prattle of his little son, no doubt afforded him a source of the purest enjoyment, of an earthly nature, that his widowed heart could know.

As soon as the child was old enough to sit in the chaise, his father used generally to bring him by his side to Bedford, two or three times a week. And upon these occasions his playthings were always carefully put into the chaise along with him. At Cardington he

had his carts and wheelbarrows, and tools to dig and delve with in the garden, of a size proportioned to his age; and he was suffered to draw his childish vehicles in and out of the house at pleasure. He would load and unload his cart with leaves, and draw it backward and forward between the garden and the parlour, in which his father was sitting, by the hour together.—When the father was enjoying the pleasures of social intercourse with his friends beneath his own hospitable roof, he would often fetch his son from his attendants, or from his play, and, putting him out of his arms at the door of the room, would send him in first, telling him with all the fondness which a parent is wont to feel for a beloved child, "There, John, my little man, go to the ladies."

Mr. Howard, as might naturally be expected from a person of his decidedly pious turn, was particularly careful that those who were about his son should be persons of such unexceptionable character, as that they would instil into him such lessons of religion and morality, as he was capable of receiving. But he did not, on this account, forbid his associating with children of his own age, of whose education in these principles, however humbly conducted, he was well assured. With the children of John Prole, who, during the life-time of his second lady, was Mr. Howard's coachman, he was accordingly allowed to associate as his playmates, they having been religiously and carefully brought up.

At the age of between three and four years, Mr. Howard always took his son with him to meeting. He used himself to lift him upon the seat, and set him down again when he was tired of standing; and as soon as ever he could read, looked out the hymns for him which the congregation was singing. Whilst standing up, during the time that the minister was engaged in pray-

er, he had always his arm round the waist of his child, who would stroke his shoulder with his little hands, and give other marks of being in the habit of treating his father with the most perfect freedom and familiarity.

It is agreed, however, on all hands, that he entertained the most exalted notions of the authority of the head of a family—notions derived rather from the scriptural history of patriarchal times, than from any of our modern codes of ethics, or systems of education.

"The truth is," says Mr. Palmer, in the manuscript Memoir of his distinguished friend, "he had a high idea (some of his friends may think too high) of the authority of the head of a family. And he thought it right to maintain it, for the sake of avoiding the unhappy consequences of domestic disputes. On this principle, I have more than once heard him pleasantly relate the agreement he made with the last Mrs. Howard, previous to their marriage, that to prevent all altercations about those little matters which he had observed to be the chief grounds of uneasiness in families, he should always decide. To this the amiable lady readily consented, and ever adhered.

Learning, then, from this characteristic anecdote, that Mr. Howard, taking the scripture in this, as in every other instance of his life, as the rule of his conduct, required from the wife whom he tenderly and most affectionately loved, a constant and cheerful obedience to the apostolic injunction,—"Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord,"—we cannot be surprised that one of the first lessons he would strive to impress upon the infant mind of his son, should be that of implicit obedience to the commands of his parent.

"As to his son," continues Mr. Palmer's narrative, "during his minority he taught him implicit obedience, and inured him to hardiness. But herein he acted upon principle, and intended most effectually to secure his son's real happiness, for whom it would be easy to prove he had a very tender affection, while he avoided that foolish fondness, and excessive indulgence which he had often known to be as fatal to the true welfare of children, as to the comfort of parents."

Convinced himself, both by reading and experience, that temperance and plainness of food were most congenial to the health of the body, and to the activity of the mind, he bestowed particular attention upon the diet, of his child, whose meals were always prepared according to his own directions; though he seems to have pursued no other system in giving them, than that of taking care that his appetite should not be pampered with those nice things, with which the stomachs of children are too often cloyed by the mistaken fondness of their parents or their nurses. From the same concern for the health and real happiness of his offspring, he never allowed any of those cakes and sweetmeats to be given him, with which persons, who ought to know better, are apt to stuff the children who may visit them, or to whom they feel an attachment, they seem not to have any other mode of evincing.

From the earliest period of his infancy he was taught a lesson—it were much to be wished that every child was as effectually taught—that he never was to have any thing he cried for. From this rule Mr. Howard neither deviated himself, or knowingly suffered those who had the care of his son's education to deviate, upon any pretence whatever. By a similar firmness on all other points, he brought him to a habit of implicit

obedience to his commands. When walking with him in the garden, Mr. Howard has more than once been known to bid him sit down upon the grass, and remain there until he came back; which he would instantly do, and sit quite still and contented, until his father called him. This, however, was generally done with a view to keep him out of mischief; and, as he never spoke upon these occasions in a harsh, or severe, but rather in a playful tone of voice, the child showed no reluctance whatever to obey the direction.

We have already seen, from the account of the mode of education he adopted, as given by Mr. Palmer, that he was most anxious to form the character of his son, the very reverse of that effeminacy, which, even in his days, had begun to spread its unmanly and unmanning influence over the sons of our robust and hardy ancestors. And he was the more so, from having witnessed the ill effects of this unnatural taste upon some of the more servile and degraded of the continental nations, the character of whose male population had deeply impressed upon his mind a thankfulness to God that he was born an Englishman, and had not forgotten that he was a man. But in order to effectuate this object, he was far from borrowing any lessons from the cold blooded and unrelenting code of discipline, which froze, in the veins of the fathers and mothers of ancient Sparta, the genial current of natural affection, and destroyed all that was delightful and endearing in the parental character. He used him to no coarse diet; he did not expose him to any of the inclemencies of the season; nor did he deny him a single gratification which was not injurious to his health, or had not a direct tendency to destroy in him those habits of virtue, and of the mild charities of Christianity, to the practice of which, from

the purest regard to his best interests, he was most anxious, from the earliest period of his childhood, to mould his disposition, and form his character.

But from the history of this period, it is now time to pass to another view of Mr. Howard's character. I allude to his views and conduct as a professor of the religion of Jesus Christ, and their influence upon some of the principal events of his extraordinary life.

It has already been stated that he was in doctrine a moderate Calvinist; as it respects church discipline, an Independent; and that about the time of his first marriage, he was admitted a member of a church of this persuasion, assembling at Newington, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Meredith Townsend. From that church, I have reason to believe that he never received his dismissal; but that he continued a member of it until his death, though after his removal into the country, he had few opportunities of joining in communion with it. But Mr. Howard was not a bigot. The wife to whom he was so affectionately and deservedly attached, was a member of the church of England, and during her life, he seems to have made it his regular practice to accompany her to the church which she attended.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Howard's fourth journey to the continent, in the year 1769—70, *including various extracts from his journal and private memoranda, and several of his letters to his friends, during his absence.*

Mr. Howard made an unsuccessful attempt to induce Richard Gough, Esq. of Enfield, in Middlesex, to accompany him on this journey. He also had a servant,

named Thomas Thomasson, who entered his service about a year and a half before, to whom he had become much attached, and whom he wished to take with him; but his poor and kind hearted parents could not consent to part with the lad. The boy, therefore, wrote in the rude journal which he kept of some of the most important circumstances of his life, in ill formed characters, and worse spelt words, with great simplicity, "*and so we parted, and a very sorrowful parting it was.*" This is the servant who afterwards became his attendant upon most of his philanthropic tours, and who was the only Englishman with him at the moment of his death in a far distant country.

Mr. Howard wished him to return to Cardington, and employ himself in the garden, or in any other way in which he could make himself useful. But the lad was young, and to use his own expressions, though not in his own orthography, "to spend his time with an old woman, (the housekeeper,) and to work in the garden, did not suit him much; so *he* determined to get another place." He succeeded, and, in a fortnight's time, found him a very comfortable one, in which he continued for some months, until a severe attack of fever compelled him to go to his father's; where, he continued until Mr. Howard's return; when, in consequence of a letter from Paris, he joyfully went to London, to attend him upon his arrival there.

I mention the seemingly immaterial circumstance of this man's short absence from his service, for the purpose of introducing an anecdote related in his journal, as it shows the constant attention to propriety which Mr. Howard himself observed, and taught others connected with him to observe, even in the most trifling things—especially where they were in any measure

connected with a grateful sense of past kindness. When, in answer to his inquiries of how he had fared during his absence, this servant told him how kindly his last master had behaved to him, he asked whether, since his return to town, he had called upon him to thank him; and, on being told that he had sent him a letter of acknowledgment, he desired him to call the first opportunity, as a proper and more respectful mark of his gratitude.

Before Mr. Howard quitted England upon this tour, he took care to provide for all his old and faithful domestics. John Prole, who came into his service as coachman, became a kind of bailiff, or steward, for the management of his estate. Prole continued in his service for more than thirty years; and his wife has contributed much valuable information for this biographical account of a master, whose memory both she and her husband, when death had deprived them of their benefactor, cherished with a veneration bordering on idolatry.

Mr. Howard gave a second invitation to Mr. Gough, to become his companion on this tour, but it seems to have been as unsuccessful as his first; and he therefore left London upon his tour to Italy, alone.

It appears to have been at Milan, that he made the first of those reflections, upon the transcription of which I now enter with no small pleasure; inasmuch as, by their means, my readers will be admitted to the most intimate acquaintance with the secrets of Mr. Howard's heart. Here they will learn from his habitual feelings, traced in lines and expressions which he thought no other eye than his would ever glance upon, that this philanthropist of the world became such from no other motive than that of a full conviction that it was his duty

to tread, though as he always felt he did, and must continue to do, at an humble, an imperfect, and unworthy distance, in the steps of his divine Master; who, through a life of suffering and of privation, but yet of constant and never-ceasing exertion, went about doing good, and at length sacrificed his life for a guilty, an obdurate, and a miserable race, leaving us an example, that we should follow in his path.

The first extract from the private memoranda in my possession, is dated November 26, 1769, and would seem to have been written either at Milan or Turin. It is as follows:

"1769, Nov. 26. Having bought an Italian Almanac, I counted the Holydays in Italy, and they amount to 80, which, with Titular Saints, 3 more, make 83, of which 52 are Sabbath days, so remain 31. O! how is pure religion debased in these countries, who despise and hate all others who differ from them; preventing on many days providing for a family by work, either in town or country, and allowing every species of wickedness at little Cabarets, on Sabbath days—how different from the primitive sacred Sabbath! When men leave the holy word, and set up their own inventions, God often leaves them—then how low do they fall! Blessed be God, who has called us Protestants out of darkness into his marvellous light—make me more sensible, more thankful, oh my God! How much reason have I to bless God for the Reformation: how is religion debased into show and ceremony here in Italy. What curtsys, bowings, and ceremonies to the sound of music, have I seen at Turin: how is a sacred Sabbath called a Feast-day, not for holy, but unholy things—Operas—Ballad singing—Concerts—138 lights at the

altar for a feast of St. Anthony—what dressing and undressing of the Archbishop—what parade before the Cardinal at Milan! My soul, enter thou not into their secret. 20 Saints'-days near together at Christmas—poor creatures prevented getting their daily bread, thousands idling and miserable in the streets—"

When Mr. Howard left England, it was, we may recollect, with a design of spending the winter either at Geneva, or in the south of Italy; but that plan he abandoned, upon his arrival at Turin.

"*Turin, Nov.* 30, 1769. My return without seeing the southern part of Italy, was on much deliberation; as I feared the misimprovement of a talent, spent for mere curiosity, at the loss of many Sabbaths, and as many donations must be suspended for my pleasure, which would have been, as I hope, contrary to the general conduct of my life, and which, on a retrospective view on a death bed, would cause pain, as unbecoming a disciple of Christ—whose mind should be formed in my soul. These thoughts, *with distance from my dear boy*, determines me to check my curiosity, and be on the return. O! why should vanity and folly, pictures and baubles, or even the stupendous mountains, beautiful hills, or rich vallies, which, ere long will all be consumed, engross the thoughts of a candidate for an eternal, everlasting Kingdom. A worm, ever to crawl on earth, whom God has raised to the hope of glory which ere long will be revealed to them who are washed and sanctified by faith in the blood of the divine Redeemer! Look forward, O my soul! how low, how mean, how little is every thing, but what has a view to that glorious world of life, light, and love—the prepara-

tion of the heart is of God. Prepare the heart, O God, of thy unworthy creature, and unto thee be all the glory through the boundless ages of eternity.

Signed "J. H."

"P. S. This night my trembling soul almost longs to take its flight to see and know the wonders of redeeming love—join the triumphant choir—sin and sorrow fled away—God my Redeemer, all in all—O! happy spirits that are safe in those mansions."

Whilst he continued in Italy, his generous heart was deeply grieved at witnessing the luxury, the profligacy, and the gross superstition of the inhabitants of one of the loveliest regions of the earth. He left *them*, therefore, we may well suppose, without much regret; and, re-crossing the Alps, returned to Geneva, on his way to France.

He spent about ten days in Paris, which he characterizes as "the dirty city." From Paris he proceeded to Holland. It was on his way thither, that he wrote the only letter by which I have been enabled to trace his route; and as it contains many remarks, illustrative of the serious turn of mind, and of the piety of its author, I here transcribe it from the Evangelical Magazine, for January, 1816:

"*Abbeville, Jan. 4th*, 1770.

"Dear Sir,

"Having an opportunity, by an Italian gentleman with whom I have travelled, I thought a few lines would not be unacceptable.

"After I landed in France, my first object was Geneva, where I spent some time before I went into Italy. The luxury and wickedness of the inhabitants would ev-

er give a thinking mind pain, amidst the richest country, abounding with the noblest productions of human power and skill. I was seven days re-crossing the Alps. The weather was cold: the thermometer eleven degrees below the freezing point. The quick descent by sledges on the snow, and other particulars, may, perhaps, afford a little entertainment some winter's evening. I returned to Geneva. There are some exemplary persons; yet the principles of one of the vilest men, (Voltaire) with the corruptions of the French, who are within one mile of the city, has greatly debased its ancient purity and splendour. I spent about ten days at Paris. The streets are so narrow, and no footpaths, that there is no stirring out but in a coach; and as to their hackney-coaches, they are abominable.—There were but few English at Paris. I am now on my route to Holland, a favourite country of mine; the only one, except our own, where propriety and elegance are mixed. Above all, I esteem it for religious liberty.

"Thus, dear Sir, I am travelling from one country to another; and I trust, with some good hope, through abundant grace, to a yet better. My knowledge of human nature should be enlarged by seeing more of the tempers, tastes, and dispositions of different people;—but shudder, my soul, at the glimpse of a thought of its dignity and excellence—for 'how is the gold become dross!'

"I bless God I am well. I have a calm and easy flow of spirits. I am preserved and supported through not a little fatigue. My thoughts are often with you on the Sabbath-day. I always loved my Cardington and Bedford friends; but I think distance makes me love them more. But I must conclude with my affectionate remembrance of them; and my ardent wish, desire,

and prayer for your success in promoting the honour of God, and the love of our divine Redeemer.

"I am truly, your affectionate friend, &c.

"JOHN HOWARD."

This excellent man proceeded on to the Hague, where we find him entering the following Sabbath-evening reflection in his memorandum book :

"*Hague*, 1770, *Sunday evening*, *Feb.* 11. I would record the goodness of God to the unworthiest of his creatures. For some days past an habitual serious frame, relenting for my sin and folly, applying to the blood of Jesus Christ, solemnly surrendering myself and babe to him, begging the conduct of his holy Spirit. I hope a more tender conscience, by a greater fear of offending God; a temper more abstracted from this world, more resigned to death or life, thirsting for union and communion with God as my Lord and my God. Oh! the wonders of redeeming love! Some faint hope, even I, through redeeming mercy, in the perfect righteousness: the full atoning sacrifice shall ere long be made the monument of the rich free grace, and mercy of God through the divine Redeemer. Oh! shout, my soul, grace, grace—free, sovereign, rich, and unbounded grace! Not I, not I, an ill-deserving, hell-deserving creature!—but where sin has abounded I trust grace super-abounds. Some hope—what joy in that hope—that nothing shall separate my soul from the love of God in Christ Jesus: and my soul, as such a frame is thy delight, pray frequently and fervently to the Father of Spirits to bless his word, and your retired moments, to your serious conduct in life.

"Let not, my soul, the interests of a moment engross thy thoughts, or be preferred to my eternal interests. Look forward to that glory which will be revealed to those who are faithful to death. My soul, walk thou with God!—be faithful, hold on, hold out—and then—what words can utter.—— J. H."

A short account of the route he pursued on leaving Holland, is contained in the extracts from his journal, which I shall insert.

"I would acknowledge it is through the goodness of God alone, that I enjoy so many travelling mercies—such comfortable degrees of health and strength, with such an easy, calm flow of spirits.

"When I left Holland, the beginning of March, I went to Paris and travelled through Champaine and Burgundy to Lions, on the 1st of April."

In this city he appears to have remained for a few days; for, in his journal, we meet with the following reflections, or memoranda of the state of his feelings, and the motives which seemed to justify, in his mind, the journey he was entering upon.

"1770, *Lyons, April* 4. Repeated instances of the unwearied mercy and goodness of God—preserved hitherto in health and safety! Blessed be the name of the Lord! Endeavour, O my soul, to cultivate and maintain a thankful, serious, humble, and resigned frame and temper of mind. May it be thy chief desire, that the honour of God, the spread of the Redeemer's name, and gospel, may be promoted. Oh! consider the everlasting worth of spiritual and divine enjoyments—then

thou wilt see the vanity and nothingness of worldly pleasures. Remember, O my soul, St. Paul, who was determined to know nothing, in comparison, of Jesus Christ and him crucified. A tenderness of conscience I would ever cultivate; no step would I take, without acknowledging God. I hope my present journey, though again into Italy, is no way wrong, rejoicing if in any respect I could bring the least improvement, that might be of use to my own country:—but O, my soul! stand in awe, and sin not; daily, fervently pray, for restraining grace: remember if thou desirest the death of the righteous, and thy latter end like his, thy life must be so also. In a little while thy course will be run—thy sands finished—*a parting farewell with my ever dear boy* —and then, O my soul, be weighed in the balance—wanting, wanting! but O the glorious hope of an interest in the blood and righteousness of my Redeemer and my God! In the most solemn manner I commit my spirit into thy hand, O Lord God of my salvation.—

"My hope in time, my trust through the boundless ages of eternity! JOHN HOWARD."

Quitting Lyons, "I then," says Mr. Howard's short narrative of his route, "descended the Soane to Avegnion, the great beauty of which are its walks; from thence I went to Aix—thence to Marseilles, whose course is elegant, and its harbour commodious. The road to Toulon is romantic and pleasant. I saw many of our flowering shrubs in the hedges, and in most gardens, oranges and lemons. From Toulon I travelled to Antibes: from thence I sailed in a Felluca to Nice and Monanco. I then travelled over the mountains to Genoa, the stateliness of which city, is not exceeded by any I have seen. From Genoa, I went to Pisa, re-

markable for its elegant church, the gates of which were brought from Jerusalem. From thence I went to Leghorn and Florence. From Florence the road is pleasant, though depopulated, through Sciena to Rome, where there are many monuments to humble the pride of man, and show how luxury and wickedness will sink a nation."

From this city our traveller sent a farther account of his tour, in a letter to his friend and correspondent, the Rev. Joshua Symonds.

"*Rome, May* 22, 1770.

"Dear Sir,

"With great pleasure, I received your obliging letter, as I passed through Flanders. The esteem yourself and some of my friends have for me, humbles me to think what I ought to be. But, how mean and defective! Yet, amidst all, a sincere love, I hope I have to all, who bear the impress of our divine Master.

"Since I left Holland, and through all the southern part of France, and over the Appenine mountains into Italy, I travelled not a mile with any of our countrymen. Those mountains are three or four days in passing: for many, many miles, there is hardly a three foot road, with precipices into the sea, I should guess, three times the height of St. Paul's; but the mules are so sure footed, there is nothing to fear, though the road is also very bad. Through the mercy and goodness of God, I travel pleasantly on. I have an easy, calm flow of spirits. A little tea equipage I carry with me, with which I regale, and little regard if I have nothing else.

"Florence being the seat of the arts, I visited the famous gallery many days, from whence I travelled to

this renowned city. The amazing ruins of temples, palaces, aqueducts, &c. gives one some faint idea of its ancient grandeur; but comparatively now a desert. The description of them, as also of St. Peter's church and the Vatican, I must defer till I have the pleasure of seeing you.

"The Pope passed very close by me yesterday; he waved his hand to bless me: I bowed; but not kneeling, some of the cardinals were displeased. But I never can nor will, to any human creature or invention, as I should tremble at the thought of the adoration, I have seen to him and the Wafer. My temper is too open for this country; yet an important piece of news of this court, (expulsion of the Jesuites) that I now know I durst not commit to writing. That cruelest of all inventions—the Inquisition—stops all mouths.

"I set out to-morrow for Naples. As I return to see the great procession on the 15th of June, I intend staying about a fortnight. Afterwards I am bound for Loretto, Ancona, Vologna, and Venice; at which last place it will be a great pleasure to receive a line from you. My thoughts are often with my Bedford friends. I beg to be remembered to Mrs. Symmonds, Messrs. Neguses, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Odell, Mr. Wiltshire; and as they know it is the divine presence and favour that makes every place happy and comfortable, my most grateful acknowledgments for any interest I have had in their sacred moments.

"Thus, my dear friend, am I travelling over desolate places of ancient grandeur, and felt it to overpower that selfish and vain principle, that is rooted in my constitution, and humble the pride of one's heart. And when at other times, I view in statues, paintings, architecture, &c. the utmost stretch of human skill, how should

one's thoughts be raised to that glorious world, that heavenly city—the city of the living God—where sin, sorrow, and every imperfection, will be done away! Oh, the free, sovereign, unbounded grace of our Lord Jesus Christ! How thankful should we Protestants be for this glorious gospel, which we have in our hands. The happiness we are exulting in, millions in this country are denied. But I must conclude, that I remain with much esteem, dear Sir, yours, &c.

JOHN HOWARD."

At Naples his mind was still deeply impressed by the most serious thoughts; and he occupied a portion of one of the Sabbaths which he spent there, in preparing, and deliberately signing a covenant.

"1770, *Naples, May* 27. When I left Italy, last year, it then appeared most prudent and proper. My return, I hope, is under the best direction—not presumptuous, being left to the folly of a foolish heart. Not having the strongest spirits or constitution, my continuing long in Holland, or any place, lowers my spirits, so I thought returning would be no uneasiness on the review, as sinful and vain diversions are not my object—but the honour and glory of God my highest ambition—did I now see it wrong, by being the cause of pride, I would go back. But being deeply sensible it is the presence of God that makes the happiness of every place, so, O my soul, keep close to him, in the amiable light of redeeming love, and amidst the snares thou art particularly exposed to in a country of such wickedness and folly, stand thou in awe and sin not; commune with thine own heart; see what progress thou makest in thy religious journey. Art thou nearer the heavenly

Canaan? the vital flame burning clearer and clearer? or are the concerns of a moment engrossing thy foolish heart? Stop, remember thou art a candidate for eternity; daily, fervently pray for wisdom; lift up your heart and eyes to the Rock of ages, and then look down on the glory of this world. A little while and thy journey will be ended—be thou faithful unto death. Duty is thine, though the power is God's. Pray to him to give thee a heart to hate sin more, uniting thy heart in his fear. Oh! magnify the Lord, my soul and my spirit—rejoice in God my Saviour!—his free grace, unbounded mercy, love unparalleled, goodness unlimited! and O this mercy, this love, this goodness, exerted for me—Lord God, why me! When I consider, and look into my heart, I doubt, I tremble. Such a vile creature—sin, folly, and imperfection in every action. Oh, dreadful thought! a body of sin and death I carry about me, ever ready to depart from God: and with all the dreadful catalogue of sins committed, my heart faints within me, and almost despairs. But yet, O my soul, why art thou cast down, why art thou disquieted? Hope in God; his free grace in Jesus Christ. Lord, I believe, help my unbelief! Shall I limit the grace of God? Can I fathom his goodness? Here on his sacred day, I once more, in the dust before the eternal God, acknowledge my sins, heinous and aggravated; in his sight I would have the deepest sorrow and contrition of heart, and cast my guilty and polluted soul on thy sovereign mercy, in the Redeemer. Oh, compassionate and divine Redeemer, save me from the dreadful guilt and power of sin; and accept of my solemn, free, and I trust unreserved, full surrender of my soul, my spirit, my dear child, all I am and have, into thy hands—un-

worthy of thy acceptance! yet, O Lord God of mercy, spurn me not from thy presence; accept of me, vile as I am, I hope a repenting returning prodigal. I glory in my choice, acknowledge my obligations as a servant of the Most High God; and now, may the eternal God be my refuge, and thou, O my soul, faithful to that God that will never leave nor forsake thee.

"Thus, O my Lord and my God, is humbly bold even a worm to covenant with thee. Do thou ratify and confirm it, and make me the everlasting monument of thy unbounded mercy. Amen, amen, amen. Glory to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. Amen.

"Hoping my heart deceives me not, and trusting in his mercy for restraining and preventing grace, though rejoicing in returning what I have received of him into his hands, yet with fear and trembling I sign my unworthy name, JOHN HOWARD."

"N. B. This solemn covenant renewed at Moscow, September 27, 1789.——"

Whilst in Naples, he gratified at once his curiosity and his taste for meteorological researches, by ascending to the summit of Mount Vesuvius, and making an observation on the degree of heat at its highest point, and even in its very crater, into which he made a small descent, for the purpose of being more accurate in his remarks. With this view he was often obliged to lay himself down upon the hard masses of lava, the heat of which was not so intolerable as to prevent his continuing upon them, whilst he accurately noticed the rise of the quicksilver in his thermometer, when immersed in the hottest liquid in their insterstices at the

mouth of the volcano. The result of his observations was communicated to the Royal Society upon his return to England, and by them published in their Transactions.

He arrived again, however, at Rome, as he had proposed, in time to witness the splendid pageant of superstition and of priestly pride, for which, in his letter to Mr. Symmonds, he expressed his intention of returning.

"*Rome, June* 17, 1770. Almighty God, my Preserver, hoping I shall be carried safely to my native country and friends, *and see the face of my dear boy in peace,* remember then, O my soul, to cultivate a more serious, humble, thankful, and resigned temper of mind! As thou hast seen more of the world by travelling than others, more of the happiness of being born in a Protestant country, and the dreadful abuse of holy Sabbath, so may thy walk, thy Sabbaths, thy conversations, be more becoming the holy gospel; let not pride and vanity fill up so much of thy thoughts; learn here the vanity and folly of all earthly grandeur; endeavour to be a wiser and better man when thou returnest; remember many eyes will be upon you; and above all, the eye of that God before whom thou wilt shortly appear. Oh, Lord God, put thy fear into my heart, and may I never depart from thee!"

We find his thoughts occupied on the Sunday evening which he spent at Heilderberg, by the serious subjects contained in the following reflections:

"*Heilderberg, Sunday Eve, July* 29, 1770. Through the goodness of my unwearied Father and God, I am still a monument of his unbounded mercy. Thou, my

soul, record his goodness: but what are the returns for all this mercy and goodness? How should it have led thee to a life of exemplary piety and holiness; but alas! how low art thou! My God, I take shame to myself; lie low before thee; and cry earnestly for pardon, mercy and forgiveness, for Christ's sake. Would to God I had wisdom given me to redeem the time lost, to live a life suitable to the mercies I am receiving; and if thou art spared to return, acknowledge the goodness of God both public and private: look into thine own heart, and beg of God to show thee the evil of it; and if thou bringest home a better temper, and art a wiser man, then thou wilt have cause to rejoice that the great end of travelling is answered.

"Renewed at Moscow, 27th Sept. 1789."

Thus lamenting his own infirmities, and want of ability to reach that pure standard of Christian perfection, which was constantly before his eyes; thus grateful to God for all the mercies he was daily and hourly receiving at his hands, in the course of his travels; and thus earnest in his desire that those travels should answer their proper end, by enabling him to return home with a better temper, and a wiser man, he proceeded to Rotterdam, where the feelings of his heart on the last Sabbath evening which he expected to spend before his return to his beloved native country, are thus recorded:

"*Rotterdam, Sunday Eve. Sept.* 2, 1770. This morning, on the review of the temper of my mind, how humbled I ought to be before God. An evil and wicked heart, ever ready to depart from him, starting aside like a deceitful bow; mourning, yet trusting in my Lord and

my God, when by calm retired thoughts I would hope I am one step forward in my Christian journey; yet alas! in company how many steps backward! God give me wisdom; mercy and goodness compass my paths, yet how little sensible of it; O hard and obdurate heart! With such a heart, how watchful, how careful, how earnest, at the throne of grace, that as Jesus Christ died for such as thou, thou mightest have an interest in the glorious salvation he has wrought out. The review of the temper of my mind on, probably, the last Sabbath before I return to my happy native country, I desire with profound veneration to bless and praise God for his merciful preservation of me in my long journey: no danger, no accident has befallen me; but I am among the living, I trust, ever to praise; and as to my soul, among all its weakness and folly, yet I have some hope it has not lost ground this year of travelling—very desirous of returning with a right spirit; not only wiser, but better; a cheerful humility, a more general love and benevolence to my fellow-creatures; watchful of my thoughts, my words, my actions, resigned to the will of God that I may walk with God, and lead a more useful and honourable life in this world."

That he returned to England, with a more general love and benevolence toward his fellow-creatures, will be abundantly proved by the extraordinary efforts, public and private, to promote their happiness, and to alviate their distress, as will be apparent in the succeeding Chapters of these Memoirs of his life.

CHAPTER V.

From Mr. Howard's return from his fourth journey of pleasure upon the continent, in 1770, *to his receiving the thanks of the House of Commons, for the information which he communicated to them respecting the state of Prisons in England, in March,* 1774.

RETURNING to the shores of his native country, he had been but a very short time in Bedfordshire, before the state of his health compelled him to try the effects of a change of air, by an excursion to the more western parts of the kingdom. In the course of this journey, he was introduced, in a somewhat singular manner, to the Rev. William Kingsbury. The occasion of their meeting was briefly this: Mr. Howard sent a note, requesting an interest in the prayers of the congregation, as a person detained by indisposition from the house of God. The circumstance of receiving such an application from a stranger, induced Mr. Kingsbury to call on the writer; and thus laid the foundation of an intimate friendship, ending but with life. Mr. Howard did not, however, long remain stationary, but made a short tour through some of the countries in the south of Ireland; whence he crossed over to Bristol Hot Wells. The day after his arrival there, he was attacked by a fit of the gout, so severe as to confine him to his room for six months. It was upon this occasion, according to the account of Thomasson, that he made a resolution, if he got the better of this attack, never again to drink wine or spirituous liquors of any kind; a resolution that he most scrupulously kept to the day of his death.

As soon as Mr. Howard had gained sufficient strength, he returned to Cardington, where he continued for many months longer, in but a very indifferent state of health. But though thus rendered incapable of taking much bodily exercise, the powers of his mind were actively employed in devising plans for the melioration of the condition of the poor, in the immediate neighbourhood of his own residence.

The low, marshy situation of the village, was much against the health of its inhabitants, rendering them particularly subject to the ague. With a view, therefore, to remedy this inconvenience, he at different times pulled down all the cottages on his estate, and rebuilt them, paying particular attention to their preservation from the dampness of the soil. Others which were not his property before, he purchased, and re-erected upon the same plan. To each of these he allotted a piece of garden ground, sufficient to supply the family of its occupier with potatoes and other vegetables; and generally ornamented them in front with a small fore-court, fenced off from the road by neat white pailings, enclosing a bed or two of simple flowers, with here and there a shrub, or an evergreen in the midst of them; thus imparting to these habitations of the poor, that air of neatness and of comfort, so strikingly characteristic of every thing in which he engaged.

This project for improving the general condition of the village, he had begun to carry into execution before he was deprived of his beloved partner. "I remember," says Dr. Aikin, in his Memoirs, "his relating that once, having settled his accounts at the close of a year, and found a balance in his favour, Mr. Howard proposed to his wife to make use of it in a journey to London, or any other gratification she chose. 'What a pretty

cottage it would build,' was her answer; and the money was so employed. These comfortable habitations," continues his biographer, "he peopled with the most industrious and sober tenants he could find; and over them he exercised the superintendence of master and father combined. He was careful to furnish them with employment, to assist them in sickness and distress, and to educate their children. In order to preserve their morals, he made it a condition that they should regularly attend their several places of worship, and abstain from public houses, and from such amusements as he thought pernicious; and he secured their compliance with his rules by making them tenants at will."

The cottages which he thus improved so materially to the promotion of the health and comfort of their tenants, he always let at their original rent of from twenty to thirty shillings per annum; so that there was scarcely a poor person in the village, who was not anxious to have the privilege of residing in them; "so that Cardington, which seemed at one time to contain the abodes of poverty and wretchedness, soon became one of the neatest villages in the kingdom; exhibiting all the pleasing appearances of competence and content, the natural rewards of industry and virtue."

Whenever the female branches of any of the families in his vicinity could not get work elsewhere, he continued the highly commendable practice, adopted during the life of his second wife, of employing them in the making of linen for his household purposes.

The girls were taught reading and plain needle-work, to fit them for servitude in respectable families, and to become useful and industrious wives to men in their own station of life; above which it was neither his object to elevate them, or to give them the dangerous

wish to be elevated. The boys all learned to read, and those of them who seemed to have the best capacities, or who had conducted themselves with the greatest propriety, were also taught writing, and the first and most useful rules in arithmetic; but beyond these they never went; nor was it, perhaps, to their advantage that they should go. It was a duty most strictly required of them all, that they should attend divine service every Sabbath; and the condition upon which alone they were suffered to continue in his schools was most fully satisfied, if they went regularly to hear the gospel somewhere, both morning and afternoon. The number of persons brought up in these schools, of course varied at different times; but for such small country places, it was always considerable; and the effects are visible to the present hour, in the order, neatness, and regularity which still distinguishes Cardington from most of the English villages which I have ever seen.

He had one of his cottages fitted up as a place for preaching, which was generally supplied at least once a week; and the group of attentive village auditors soon became so large, that the room was far too small to hold them. Upon this Mr. Howard directed openings to be made into the adjoining room and the yard behind, which was often crowded. But lowly as was this edifice, and humble as, at times, might be the preacher who proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation there, they could often boast the presence of a man, who, perhaps of all others of his fellow-mortals, since the apostolic ages, has the most closely followed the example of the divine Teacher, who first published those tidings to a lost world, in going about doing good, on those very principles which his gospel

has pointed out to our imitation; and which he himself, as judge of all, in the presence of an assembled universe, will hereafter recognize and approve. Mr. Howard was never absent from these meetings when at Cardington, except prevented by indisposition, or by unavoidable engagements.

But his concern for the welfare of the inhabitants stopped not here. He entered into every habitation, and engaged in the most familiar converse with every person. He also visited the poor; sat down in their cottages, and generally ate an apple while he talked with them. Even the schoolboys, whenever they had an opportunity, would place themselves in his way, for he never failed to speak kindly to them. He gave away the milk of his dairy, which was not used in the house; and sent it round to the poor, that they might not lose their time in coming for it. His charity had no bounds, except those of prudence; and was not more commendable for the extent of it, than for the manner in which it was exercised. He hardly ever took one of his daily rides in the neighbourhood, without enjoying the delightful satisfaction, on his return, that he had contributed to the relief, the welfare, or the consolation of a fellow-creature;" for "whilst living in retirement," adds Mr. Palmer, "it was his meat and drink to make his neighbours happy."

His mode of living, and personal habits at this period of his life, partook much of the peculiarities which distinguished them to its close. In the distribution of his time he was very exact; punctual in all his engagements with others, and expecting others in return to be punctual with him. His whole manner of conducting himself might, indeed, be described as precise and methodical. The natural dignity of his deportment, com-

bined with the general benevolence of his disposition, ensured to him the esteem of all; for in all his intercourse with others, rich or poor, lowly or exalted, he united the politeness of the gentleman, with the firmness of the man of principle, and the genuine humility of the Christian; carrying withal, the air of this finished character, in a very striking manner in his general appearance and deportment. He was at all times remarkably neat in his dress, being always attired in a manner suitable to his age and rank in life, without consulting the endless variations of fashion, in the cut, and shape, and colour of his garb. The same love of neatness and simplicity characterized his taste in the furniture of his house, and the exterior appearance of every thing belonging to him. Though he never thought it right to indulge in the luxuries of life, he did not despise its comforts; and when they interfered with none of his schemes of usefulness, or plans of benevolence, he thought it allowable moderately to enjoy them. It does not appear that he had as yet entirely abandoned the use of animal food, though he partook of it very sparingly. Wine, or fermented liquors of any kind, he himself never drank; but they were always provided for his friends. To them his house was at all times open: and on their visits, which were frequent, as he delighted to enjoy with them the pleasures of social converse, they were always entertained in a genteel and hospitable manner; though he thought it inconsistent with his Christian profession, to give sumptuous and expensive entertainments, considering himself, with respect to his property, but as the steward of God, to whom he must give an account of its disposition.

But we must not forget, that in Mr. Howard's character there was a mark of distinction, higher than any which this world can bestow. He was a devoted Christian.

After his wife's death, he was a regular attendant and communicant with the church assembling in the old meeting-house at Bedford. On the repairing of that place of worship, in 1770, in addition to a handsome contribution towards the general expense of repairs, he put up, at his own cost, a neat pulpit, in lieu of that formerly occupied by John Bunyan, which, on its removal, was cut to pieces, and distributed amongst the numerous admirers of that faithful minister, and excellent, but singular writer. In somewhat less than a year and a half after the re-opening of the meeting, a division of the church and congregation unhappily took place. Differences and dissatisfactions had for some time existed, which were sufficient to lead many of its members to form themselves into a new society. In this secession, Mr. Howard took a leading part; but he conducted himself throughout the business with so much moderation, delicacy, and Christian tenderness, as to please all parties, and to retain through life the unabated respect and esteem both of the minister and people. With the former he ceased not to live on terms of the most familiar intercourse; and, long after the relation which had subsisted between them was dissolved, he was numbered with the few of the more intimate friends with whom he maintained an epistolary correspondence, during his tours of benevolence. And indeed until his own death, he regularly continued his former subscription towards the support of the meeting, and his contribution for the relief of the poor of the church from which he had seceded.

Immediately on their secession, the separatists formed themselves into a new church, with which Mr. Howard united, and was looked upon as their principal support. When they had determined to build a new place of worship, he gave them £200; and lent them two hundred more upon a bond, for the re-payment of the principal only, which, some years after, he generously cancelled. He made them also a present of their pulpit. The congregation was supplied by various ministers, amongst whom was the Rev. Josiah Townsend. It gratified him highly, to find that he was appointed to sojourn at Mr. Howard's house, whom he found not disposed to talk much. On the Sabbath he ate little or no dinner, and spent the interval between the morning and the afternoon service, in a private room, alone. He was very abstemious, lived chiefly upon vegetables, ate little animal food, and drank no wine or spirits. He hated praise; and when Mr. Townsend once mentioned to him his labours of benevolence, he spoke of them slightingly, and immediately changed the subject.

Mr. Howard always set a very high value upon the Sabbaths which he spent in England; and, that he might not increase the necessary labour of his domestics, or infringe upon their time for religious improvement, it was his constant practice, if the weather permitted, to walk from Cardington to Bedford, a distance of nearly three miles, before the morning service, and to return home in the same manner. The only enemy he ever had, an idle and dissolute wretch, whom he had often, but in vain reproved for his vices, determined to carry into execution the diabolical purpose he had formed, of way-laying and murdering him. But Providence remarkably interposed to preserve so valu-

able a life, by inclining Mr. Howard that morning to go on horseback a different road. For the purpose of securing a retirement for his devotions, he built a house within a few doors of the meeting, which he suffered a family to occupy without paying any rent, upon condition that he should have the use of the parlour when he was at Bedford on a Sunday. There he spent the intermediate time between the two services in solitude.

Considering himself to stand in a peculiar relation to the church and congregation with which he thus regularly worshipped, he was in the habit of giving annual donations to its poorer members. His benevolence was not, however, confined within such narrow limits. "In every way," says Dr. Aikin, "in which a man can exercise his liberality, Mr. Howard stood among the foremost. He was not only a subscriber to various public schemes of benevolence, but his private charities were largely diffused, and remarkably well directed."—"Though never inattentive to the tale of woe," adds another of his friends, "he was not easily imposed upon by it, but made himself acquainted with the case. He had indeed a general acquaintance with the cases and characters of the poor around him, and made it his business to visit the abodes of affliction. In circumstances of bodily disorder, he often acted the part of a physician as well as a friend. But his kindness was not confined to the bodies of his fellow-creatures; it extended to their spiritual and immortal part. He carefully watched over the morals of his neighbourhood, and used his advice, his admonitions, and influence, to discountenance immorality of all kinds, and to promote the knowledge and practice of religion. In short, he was an universal blessing to the village where he resided, in every part of which are to be seen the pleas-

ing monuments of his munificence and taste. His liberality extended also to adjacent places, in which there are many who will call him blessed. Nor was it confined to persons of his own religious persuasion, but comprehended the necessitous and deserving of all parties; while he was particularly useful in serving the interest of the Christian society to which he belonged."

Nor from the privacy of this walk of life, which he from choice adopted, would he, in all human probability, ever had emerged, had not the sphere of his benevolent exertions for the good of his fellow-creatures, been providentially enlarged, by his being called to the office of high sheriff of the county of Bedford, in 1773.

No sooner had Mr. Howard entered upon his new office, than with the zeal and promptitude which characterized all his proceedings, he applied himself to the active discharge of its duties, which he resolved not to leave, as they generally are left, to an under sheriff.

His wand was regularly to be seen in the court; but, without the insignia of his office, he was as regularly to be met with in the prison, examining into the condition and government of its every part, even to its inmost cell. The consequence of this minute inspection of the jail was, the devotion of every faculty of his existence to the correction of the abuses existing in similar institutions, as the friend of those who had no friend. The origin of such a devotion, and the first steps taken in its pursuit, are thus recorded in the introduction to the work which gave to the public its results.

"The distress of prisoners," says Mr. Howard, "came more immediately under my notice when I was sheriff; and the circumstance which excited me to activity in their behalf was, the seeing some, who by the verdict of

juries, were declared *not guilty;* after having been confined for months, dragged back to jail, and locked up again till they should pay *sundry fees.* In order to redress this hardship, I applied to the justices of the county for a salary to the *jailer* in lieu of his fees. The bench were properly affected with the grievance, and willing to grant the relief desired: but they wanted a precedent for charging the county with the expense. I therefore rode into several neighbouring counties in search of a precedent; but I soon learned that the same injustice was practised in them; and looking into the prisons, I beheld scenes of calamity, which I grew daily more and more anxious to alleviate."

The principal local defects which he noticed in the construction of the jail at Bedford were, that two dungeons, being eleven feet under ground, were often very damp; that the court-yard was common to prisoners of both sexes—a most improper circumstance, but before he first pointed the public attention to its incorrectness, one of too frequent occurrence; the want of apartments for the jailer, and of an infirmary. Every prisoner, whether debtor or felon, even if innocent, or if he paid the debt, was compelled to pay fifteen shillings and four pence to the jailer, and two shillings to the turnkey, before he could obtain his liberty. An extortion this, so generally sanctioned, that Mr. Howard scarcely met with a solitary exception to its universal prevalence. The clauses of the act against the sale of spirituous liquors, were not hung up in his jail, as they ought to have been, an omission also of very general occurrence. "When I was Sheriff," says Mr. Howard, "I was culpably ignorant of that act." So ready was he to acknowledge his own faults, whilst reluctantly compelled, for the good of his fellow-creatures, to expose the faults of others.

On or about the 4th of November, 1773, he took the first of his shorter excursions for the purpose of visiting the jails, not very remote from his own, at Cambridge and Huntingdon. The first was not very secure, and besides the jailer, the sheriff himself was entitled to a small fee on the discharge of every prisoner. It was also without a chaplain. In the latter the jailer had no salary. The two dungeons were both under ground. The prison was too small. It had no infirmary.

From the 15th to 27th he was occupied in visiting the jails of Northampton, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Stafford, Warwick, Worcester, Gloucester, Oxford, and Buckingham. At Northampton the jailer, instead of having a salary, paid forty pounds a year for his place. The felon's court-yard was close and confined; they had no straw; and there was a dungeon eleven steps under ground, in which some of them were confined. The next stage was Leicester; and there the situation of the jail was most miserable. The free ward for debtors, was a long dungeon called the cellar, down seven steps; damp, and having but two windows in it, the largest about a foot square. From a tract printed in 1691, to which Mr. Howard refers, it appears, that this very dungeon was then in existence, and was complained of by a debtor; from which, it would appear, that some of the inconveniences had been of long standing. They would, however, have been so, much longer, had it not been for his unwearied exertions to correct and remove them. The rooms in which the felons were confined night and day, were dungeons. The whole prison was close and offensive; with no chapel, and no salary for the jailer. The jail at Nottingham is situated on the side of a hill. Down about

twenty-five steps were three rooms for criminals who could pay for them; but those who could not, were compelled to descend by twelve more, into some deep dungeons, cut in the sandy rock for their reception. To these two wretched places, that at Derby presented a striking contrast. It had been erected in a very healthy situation; the court-yards of the debtors and of the felons were separated; it had a neat chapel, an infirmary, and a bath. The keeper had a salary, which was liberal in its amount, as was also the allowance to the prisoners; with this advantage, that it was given alike to the debtor and the felon: whereas in many of the other prisons the poor wretches of the former class were very quietly left to starve. Of Litchfield city jail, the defects are thus briefly stated: "Rooms too small and close; no yard, no water, no straw." Nor was the county jail at Warwick in a much better condition; the night room of the men felons being an octagonal dungeon, about twenty-one feet in diameter, down thirty-one steps, close, damp, and offensive. The jailer had no salary; the sick prisoners no infirmary. The custom of loading even the women felons with irons, was discontinued. In the castle at Worcester, the dungeon for male felons was twenty-six steps under ground; but it had over it an aperture into the yard, covered with an iron grate, and was also cooled and freshened, to a very considerable degree, by a hand ventilator. The surgeon, who had some years before caught the jail fever here, was so fearful of descending into it, that whenever any person confined there was sick, he ordered him to be brought out for his inspection. There was, moreover, no infirmary here; the jailer had no salary, the debtors no allowance. The castle at Gloucester was wretched in the ex-

treme. Many prisoners died there in the course of the year. The jailer, as usual, had no salary, the debtors no allowance. Debtors, felons, and petty offenders—young and old, penitent and hardened, all huddled together in one confined room; the women separated from the men but during the night. Nor was the prospect much improved at Oxford. The debtor's apartments in the castle were small. They had no free ward; but even those who slept in the tower upon their own beds, were obliged to pay eighteen pence a week for the privilege of being kept there against their will, because they had no money to pay their just debts.

From Aylesbury Mr. Howard returned home to Cardington. Ten days had scarcely elapsed, from the completion of his former tour, ere he set off upon a third, in the course of which he visited the jails for the counties of Hertford, Berks, Wilts, Dorset, Hants, and Sussex, being out from the 9th to the 17th of December inclusive. The first of these, since pulled down, contained two small day-rooms for men felons, in which they were always locked up, without fire in winter, or exercise at any time. At Salisbury, just without the prison gate, was a chain passed through a round staple fixed in the wall, at each end of which a debtor, padlocked by the leg, stood offering to those who passed by, nets, laces, purses, &c. made in the prison. At Winchester Mr. Howard saw a destructive dungeon for felons, eleven steps under ground, dark, damp, and close. In it the surgeon to the jail informed him that twenty prisoners had died of the jail fever in one year, his predecessor himself having also fallen a victim. The last place which Mr. Howard inspected in the course of this journey was the bridewell for the county of Sur-

rey, at Guildford, in which he found neither bedding, straw, nor work.

From Guildford it is probable that Mr. Howard proceeded to London; and, after spending the Sabbath there, went on to Pinner, to take his son home to Cardington, for the Christmas holidays. My reason for conjecturing that he did so is, that from the 17th of December, 1774, to the 23d of January in the following year, a period which would embrace the time usually allowed for their vacation at this season of the year in academies of the description of that in which his son was placed, he seems to have laid aside his philanthropic tours, which he resumed the very day upon which, according to the best calculation that can now be made, his child would leave him to return to school.

The jail at Ely had been partly rebuilt, upon complaint of the cruel method which, for want of a safe jail, the keeper took to secure his prisoners. This was by chaining them down on their backs upon the floor, across which were several iron bars; with an iron collar and spikes about their necks, and a heavy iron bar over their legs. An excellent magistrate, James Collyer, Esq. presented an account of the case, accompanied with a drawing, to the King; with which his Majesty was much affected, and gave immediate orders for a proper inquiry and redress. At Exeter he found the felons' jail for the large county of Devon, to be the property of an individual, who, at this time, received for it from the jailer, a rent of twenty-two pounds per annum, which he had no means of raising, but out of the fees extorted from felons on their discharge, and the profit arising from the sale of small beer in the jail. The surgeon told Mr. Howard, that he was excused, by contract, from attending, in the dungeons, any prison

ers who should have the jail fever; a strange perversion of the duties of an office, whose exertions ought to increase with increasing danger; striving, in all its stages to arrest the march of pestilence to its dreadful height, instead of fearfully shrinking from its very first approach. This jail also afforded a striking proof of the cruelty and injustice of compelling felons, before their discharge, to pay the fees of the jail; since two sailors, whose crimes had appeared to the court, before whom they were tried, to be of so slight a nature, as to be adequately punished by the infliction of a fine of but one shilling, were detained in prison until they had paid their fees of 1*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.* each to the clerk of the peace, and of 14*s.* 4*d.* to the jailer.

The prison for the county of Cornwall, was, in fact, but a room, or passage, twenty-three feet and a half, by seven and a half, with only one small window in it: opposite to that window there were, however, three dungeons, or cages, about six and a half feet deep; one nine feet long; another about eight; the third not five; the last for women. They were all, as we may naturally suppose, very offensive. No chimney; no drains; no water; damp earth floors; no infirmary; the yard not secure, and prisoners seldom permitted to go into it; the whole prison out of repair, yet the jailer living at a distance; here we have a short, but a melancholy description of the wretched state of this wretched prison. No wonder, then, that the benevolent being, who so accurately and so dauntlessly examined its condition, in the hope of procuring its improvement, should find the jail fever raging here with such virulence, that the keeper, his assistant, and all the prisoners but one, were sick of it. But a few years since, indeed, and many prisoners had died of this malignant distemper;—the

jailer and his wife in one night. The provision of the prisoners confined in these pestilential abodes, was at all times conveyed to them through a hole in the floor of the room above, which was used as a chapel; and when the fever was making its ravages amongst the wretched inhabitants of the gloomy cells beneath, those who served them often caught the dreadful contagion which rapidly hurried them to their graves. Yet, in such a loathsome and unhealthy place, had a woman, discharged but just before this visit, by the grand jury making a collection for her fees, been confined for three years, in consequence of proceedings instituted against her "*pro salute animæ*," in an ecclesiastical court. The King, of his royal bounty, had offered two thousand pounds towards the erection of a new jail, in lieu of one which reflected so much disgrace upon the inhabitants of this populous county; but nothing had as yet been done, upon their part, to second his gracious intentions for the relief of his suffering subjects.

The jail at Ilchester reflected somewhat more credit upon the county; but there was no free ward for debtors, the poorest of whom were obliged each of them to pay tenpence halfpenny a week, for being kept in confinement on account of their poverty. An excellent minister of this city, the Rev. James Roquet, officiated as chaplain to this prison, and had done so for near twenty years with out a salary, or any other reward for his services than a solitary gratuity of twenty pounds; yet was he, as we are informed, "unwearied in attention to the spiritual and temporal interests of the prisoners," whose eternal welfare was doubtless the sole recompense he sought.

At Hereford the county jail contained no free ward for debtors. During the time that the jailer had held

his office, a space of forty years, not a single debtor had ever, as he assured his visitor, obtained his groats, yet had they no allowance from the county. The jail fever, too, had broken out in some of its confined cells, and swept away, in its destructive progress, the keeper, several of his prisoners, and some of their friends. There was, nevertheless, neither infirmary, nor chaplain to the prison; and the jailer had no salary, but contracted with the county for twenty pounds a year, to find each of the felons with a pennyworth of bread a day.

From Monmouth Mr. Howard proceeded to London, where we find him visiting the Wood-street compter, which was then so crowded with debtors, that those on the common-side were sleeping on beds placed upon broad shelves, in three rows or galleries one above the other, in the same close apartment, at once their day room, night room, and kitchen; and which then contained thirty-nine debtors, seven of them with their wives and children. The prison was greatly out of repair, the main wall on one side being propped and shored up;—it had no infirmary, though there was a chapel, with a tap-room directly under it. In the beginning of the year 1773, eleven of the prisoners had died.

Soon after his return from his western journey, Mr. Howard was examined before Parliament, in committee of the whole house; when he gave such full and satisfactory answers to the questions proposed to him, as to the unhealthy condition of many of the English jails at this time, the cause of this alarming evil, and the best modes of removing it, that upon the house being resumed, the chairman (Sir Thomas Clavering) reported, that "he was directed by the committee to move the house, that John Howard, Esq. be called to the bar, and that Mr. Speaker do acquaint him that the house are very

sensible of the humanity and zeal which have led him to visit the several jails of this kingdom, and to communicate to the house the interesting observations he has made upon that subject." And the house having been moved accordingly, and the motion carried *nemine contradicente*, Mr. Howard had the honor of receiving, in the midst of an assembled senate, the praise which he so richly merited from those, who now conveyed to him his country's grateful thanks for his benevolent exertions in behalf of the most destitute and outcast members of her community.

CHAPTER VI.

Continuation of Mr. Howard's first general inspection of English prisons—his standing as a candidate to represent the borough of Bedford in Parliament. 1774—5.

On the 16th of March, he paid his first visit to the Marshalsea, a prison in the borough of Southwark, in which pirates, and persons arrested for the lowest sums for which an arrest can be made, are confined. The number then in custody was 167; so small and incommodious was the jail, that many prisoners had neither bed nor place to sleep in, but the chapel, or the tap-room; yet five of the apartments were let to a man who was not amongst the prisoners, two of which he re-let to those who were; keeping a chandler's shop, and living with his wife and family, in the others.

Within four days after his visit to this miserable place of confinement for debtors in the metropolis,—such was the ardor of his spirit, and the rapidity of his move-

ments, we find him at the northern extremity of the kingdom, inspecting the high jail at Durham; the abode of wretchedness and want, at the bare recital of which, the blood freezes with horror. There were no sewers in the place, a very common defect; and upon this, and other occasions, its careful inspector learned, that the dirt, ashes, and filth of the jail had lain in the places in which they had accumulated, for many months. The common side debtors, whom he himself saw eating boiled bread and water, assured him that this was the only nourishment some of them had taken for nearly twelve months. Such being the miserable state of the debtors confined here, we cannot expect that the felons should have been in any better condition. In the "great hole," or dungeon, in which the men were put at night, he saw six prisoners, most of them transports, chained to the floor; in which situation they had been for many weeks, and were consequently very sickly. Their straw, upon the bare stones, was almost worn to dust; and long confinement in such a wretched state, unjustly deprived of the king's allowance of 2*s*. 6*d*. a week, had induced them to attempt an escape, for which the jailer had chained them to their prison-hold in the manner here described.

During the course of the following week, Mr. Howard visited the jails for the counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancaster; in the former of which, situate at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, he met with an honorable exception to the general remissness of those who are officially charged with the inspection of prisons, in the execution of their important trust. The corporation, much to its honor, allowed both debtors and felons firing and candle in plenty, and

provided every prisoner with a chaff bed, two blankets, and a coverlid. "Debtors," says our author, "are not thus accommodated in any other prison in England." Brooms, mops, and all such necessaries, were also provided. In the same praiseworthy spirit, the fees of those prisoners who were acquitted of the crimes laid to their charge, were paid. Dr. Rotheram, a physician in town, very assiduously visited the prisoners in the jail, without fee or reward. "This," says Mr. Howard, "is the only instance of the kind I have met with."

From Liverpool, Mr. Howard crossed over the Mersey to Chester, where he found the county jail in the old castle, in a very miserable condition. Under the pope's kitchen, used as a free ward for debtors, descending from the yard by twenty-one steps, was a dark room, or passage, twenty-four feet in length, and ten in breadth, having, on one side of it, six cells, each about $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet by $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet, within which narrow space three or four felons would sometimes be confined all night, with no window in them, except a small aperture over the door, and another with a grate over it in the ceiling of the passage, opening into the pope's kitchen above. Not a breath of fresh air could ever find its way into these pestilential abodes. They were pitched three or four times a year, and from their colour and intolerable closeness combined, when he had caused the door of one of them to be shut upon him, he assures us that his situation brought to his recollection the shocking accounts he had heard of the black hole at Calcutta.

In the jail at Shrewsbury, considerable improvements were at this time going on for the separation of the men from the women felons. Between two and three months previous to this visit, the justices of the county

had also been so considerate and humane, as strictly to prohibit the requiring from any prisoner received into this jail, or into the county bridewell, any money for drink, which, under the name of garnish, was at this time regularly demanded, and paid, with the knowledge and connivance of their keepers, in most of the prisons in the kingdom.

In his way home Mr. Howard re-visited the jails at Stafford, Derby, Nottingham, Leicester and Northampton.

Scarcely, however, had he enjoyed a week's repose at Cardington after his return from this long journey, which, notwithstanding the distance he travelled, and the number of places he visited, he had performed in little more than a fortnight, than he made a short tour for a couple of days into the county of Kent, for the purpose of inspecting some of the principal prisons there.

The latter part of this month, and the few first days of the next, our good Samaritan spent in inspecting some of the prisons in London, which he had not before visited, and in going again over others which he had already carefully gone through. In the Fleet, its vigilant inspector discovered many very flagrant abuses; one of which was, that the whole of the rooms on the cellar floor of the prison, and a part of the one above it, were in the hands of the tapster. This ill-regulated prison presented every possible temptation to dishonesty, riot, and dissipation. There was the billiard table, the fives and the tennis court, the skittle ground, for the gambler to continue the baleful practice which had brought him here, and to qualify him for leaving, as a finished sharper, the place of confinement which he had entered as a ruined dupe. Wine clubs and beer

clubs, each lasting until one or two o'clock in the morning, contributed too, their ready and powerful aid to drown in the intoxicating bowl, every feeling of regret for the past, every purpose of amendment for the future, which a place like this ought to awaken in each inmate's breast. To join them in their revels and their gaming, and to give fresh spirit to their ill-timed mirth, butchers from the adjoining market, and other idle visitors, were also as regularly admitted into the tapster's room as they would be into any other public house.—"Besides the inconvenience of this to prisoners," as Mr. Howard justly remarks, "the frequenting a prison lessens the dread of being confined in one." It is, however, too general a consequence of a jailer's being allowed to keep or let a tap within his prison.

In the course of his peregrination of the streets of the metropolis, on his errand of mercy, there was no place too obscure to escape his notice. Hence we read in his pages, of prisons belonging to liberties, manors, and petty courts, possessing an exclusive jurisdiction in trifling cases, within certain narrow limits, of whose very existence few had ever heard, until he penetrated into their secluded cells, to report to the public, with a view to their correction, the abuses practised there.—Of this description is a prison in Whitechapel for debtors, sued in the manor courts of Stepney and of Hackney, for debts above two, and under five pounds. For these paltry sums he found no less than five and twenty of his fellow-mortals incarcerated, in a prison possessing but miserable accommodations even for those who could satisfy the exorbitant demands of a jailer, who paid twenty pounds a year rent for his prison to the lady of the manor, of whose court he was also an officer, a sum which he reimbursed himself by keeping

a tap there, and by his legalized extortions from his miserable captives. They were compelled to find two shillings and ten pence halfpenny for liquor, to be drank from the keeper's tap, as garnish, upon their entrance into this miserable abode. The last place he visited, during his present stay in London, was the Borough compter; in which felons and debtors were huddled together, both day and night. Among the latter were many poor creatures, sent here from the court of conscience, to lie in jail until their debts, which could nev er exceed five pounds, were paid.

From the 4th of May, when this visit was paid, to the 24th of June, Mr. Howard seems to have rested from his labours; probably in the circle of his friends at Cardington. In this peaceful seclusion, having the gratification to learn, that the legislature had given effect to some of his suggestions, by passing two bills:— the first for paying the fees of felons, when discharged out of prison, from the county rate; and the other for better providing for the health of prisoners whilst confined in jail, he caused both of these acts to be printed at his own expense, in a large character, and sent a copy of them to the keeper of every prison in the kingdom. But, in about six weeks' time, he again quitted his retirement. His absence was not, however, above a fortnight; though he made such good use of his time, as, in that space, to have visited the jails in the different counties of North, and one in South Wales, besides re-visiting in his way, those of Chester, Worcester, and Oxford. The jail for the island of Anglesey, at Beaumaris, he found to be dirty; but its rooms for felons were convenient, though but seldom occupied. In the Welch jails, to the credit of the people be it spoken, this is even now frequently the case. At Dolgelly Mr.

Howard was gratified by another proof of the honesty and general morality of the Welch; in the circumstance of there having been but two executions in the county of Merioneth for the last fifty years. His return home was through Ludlow, Worcester, and Oxford; at the latter of which places he found the small pox still raging in the jail: and, though eleven had died of this disease, in the preceding year, it was yet without an infirmary.

In the course of this vigilant and minute inspection of the county jails in England and Wales, the circuit of which he had now nearly completed, a new subject of investigation presented itself, the origin and principal results of which, are thus stated in his own language:—

"Seeing in two or three of the county jails, some poor creatures whose aspect was singularly deplorable, and asking the cause of it, I was answered, 'They were lately brought from the *bridewells*.' This started a fresh subject of inquiry. I resolved to inspect the bridewells; and for that purpose I travelled again into the counties where I had been; and indeed into all the rest, examining houses of correction, city and town jails. I beheld in many of them, as well as in the county jails, a complication of distress; but my attention was principally fixed by the jail-fever, and the small-pox, which I saw prevailing, to the destruction of multitudes, not only of felons in their dungeons, but of debtors also."

It was on or about the 28th of July, 1774, that, after having returned home from his former journey but little more than three weeks, Mr. Howard set out upon the completion of his tour through all the counties of England and Wales. The bridewell at Shepton Mallet had no infirmary, though the jailer informed his vis-

itor that but a few years ago, the prison had been so unhealthy, that he had buried three or four of its inmates in a week. All the occupied rooms of a bridewell at Marlborough, were upon the ground floor, and rendered very offensive by a sewer within doors, especially the men's night-room, in which a man was at this time dying upon the floor, of the jail fever; a distemper of which another prisoner had died there just before; and a third soon after his discharge from it. Mr. Howard learnt that the justices had visited the *outside* of this prison; and it is to hoped, for the credit of their humanity, though not for that of the faithful discharge of their duty, that they had never been *within* its walls. After inspecting the county jails of Gloucester and Hereford, Mr. Howard visited, for the first time, the county bridewell in the latter of these cities, which exhibited as wretched a picture of desolation and distress, as any he had met with in the course of his travels. It was so completely out of repair, as not only to be ruinous but dangerous, a cross-wall having actually parted from that against which it abutted; whilst the day-room contained a large quantity of water, which had poured in through the roof. No fire-place, offensive sewers, no yard, no water, no stated allowance, no employment—such is the short, but melancholy catalogue of the defects of this miserable place. Six of the prisoners who had been sent here from the assizes, but a few days before this visit, already complained of being almost famished; for though the justices had ordered the keeper to supply each of them daily with a two-penny loaf, he had shamefully neglected to do so. The two lowest of the six rooms, of which the jail and house of correction for the county of Pembroke consisted, Mr. Howard found to be very damp dungeons, in one

of which he was informed that a prisoner lost, first the use of his limbs, and then his life; in consequence of which, no person had since been confined in either of them. At Cardiff, a new jail for the county of Glamorgan, was building, but not finished. The jailer informed Mr. Howard, that an exchequer debtor confined in the old prison for ten years, for a debt of seven pounds, had died but a short time before his visit. Had he survived but a few weeks longer, there can be no doubt but that he would soon have been set at liberty by the generous commiserator of the prisoners' woes, who could now but look with a sigh upon the dungeon in which he had so long been immured. In the bridewell for this county, at Cowbridge, the keeper told him that many had died of the jail fever; a man and a woman but a year before, when he himself and his daughter, were ill of it; and this principally from the want of a proper circulation of air; of sewers, and of water, to keep the prison clean. Returning into England, Mr. Howard's attention was directed to the bridewell, at Usk; where he was told by the keeper's wife, that many years ago the prison was so crowded, that herself, her father, who was then keeper, and many others of the family, had the jail fever, of which, three of them, and several of the prisoners died.

From the benefit which his health at all times derived from the hot-wells in Bristol, I am induced to suppose that Mr. Howard spent rather better than a fortnight here; as from the 23d of August, we do not meet him again in pursuit of the benevolent object of his tour, until the 10th of September, when we find him inspecting the jail of the town of Bridgewater. This he found to consist of a middle sized room, with one of its two windows stopped up; yet in this miserably

close place, at the midsummer quarter sessions of 1774, twenty-seven, and at the summer assizes in the same year, thirteen prisoners, two of them women, were shut up, in the last case for nearly a week. At Lostwithiel where there is a jail for debtors, Mr. Howard was told by the keeper, "that he had lately had a prisoner who was arrested for six pounds; the man had a large family, and not a bad character; yet his creditor paid his groats for two years; and dying then, bound his estate for the continual payment of them: but the insolvent act freed the prisoner and the estate." In the town jail at Plymouth, one of the rooms for felons, called the Clink, seventeen feet by eight, and about five feet and a half high, had neither light nor air, but what was admitted through a wicket in the door, seven inches by five in its dimensions, to which Mr. Howard was informed that three men who were confined here near two months, under sentence of transportation, came by turns for breath. At the period of his visit the door had not been opened for five weeks, when he himself with difficulty entered, to see a pale inhabitant of this living grave, of which for ten long weeks he had been the solitary and wretched inmate. He, too, was confined there under sentence of transportation; but he declared to the benevolent being who ventured to explore his abode, that he would rather have been hanged than confined in this loathsome cell—nor can we wonder at his choice. The jail had no yard, no water, no sewer, no straw; and its keepers lived at a distance from their charge. At Horsham the prisoners were always kept locked up in one room—for the prison consisted of no more—about ten feet and a half by six and a half in length and breadth, and not six feet and a half in height. At this time it had

no inmates except the keeper, the widow of the former jailer, who had died of the fever. From this place Mr. Howard returned to his home, from which he had been absent somewhat more than two months, in which time he had traversed fifteen counties, and carefully inspected fifty prisons; all of them the abodes of wretchedness, and some the tainted walks of pestilence and death.

The unwearied perseverance with which he had now, for nearly a twelvemonth, pursued this singular object of philanthrophy, could not fail to procure for him the esteem of men of every party. A proof of the truth of this remark, was afforded within a few days of his return to Cardington, by a solicitation from the very respectable body of burgesses of the Borough of Bedford, that he would become a candidate to represent them in Parliament; but he failed of being elected. The application was altogether unexpected, and took him, indeed, so completely by surprise, upon his return to Cardington, within at the furthest, twelve days before the election began, that he was actually forced to the hustings without time to deliberate upon the propriety of the step his friends were about to take. Ere the bustle of the election could well be over, and when he had been but a month at home, he resumed the work he had set himself to perform; and, in the space of a fortnight, had completed his survey of the large manufacturing counties of York, Lancaster, and Warwick. His account of the bridewell at Fokingham is short—"Damp rooms, no chimney, small yard, no pump, no sewer. Yet the keeper said, a woman, with a child at her breast, was sent hither for a year and a day: the child died." At Rothwell, in the same county, was a prison for the manor of Wakefield. In it was a weav-

er, who had been imprisoned since the month of May, for having given a bad name to a woman who was said not to deserve a very good one; but who cited him to the ecclesiastical court, for the license he had imprudently given to his tongue, in consequence of which he was here incarcerated "until he had made satisfaction to the holy church;" in default of which, he was imprisoned in this jail, until released by the insolvent act, in July, 1776, which was more than two years after his commitment. The jail for the borough of Liverpool, principally for debtors, was out of repair; its apartments close and dirty; seven confined dungeons, ten steps under ground, six feet and a half by five feet nine inches, and six feet high, had three prisoners locked up in each of them at night. From the offensiveness of the dungeons, and the number of his prisoners, Mr. Howard told this man that there was great danger that the jail fever would break out here, as in fact it did very shortly after his visit, when twenty-eight were ill at one time. The last place which he visited, before he reached home, was Aylesbury, where he found that six or seven prisoners had died of the jail distemper, in the county prison, since his former visit, in the latter end of November, 1773, a space short of a twelvemonth.

It was on the 6th of December that this indefatigable man resumed his labors, by a short tour of ten days, in which he visited the county, and some other of the principal towns of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, and Hertfordshire. In the jail and bridewell for the town of Thetford, the dungeon for the felons, descending by a ladder of ten steps, was but eighteen feet by nine and a half in length and breadth, and nine feet high, with one solitary window in it, about eighteen inches by twelve in diameter. Yet in this

miserable hole, from sixteen to twenty persons, men and women together, were regularly confined for four or five nights during the assizes, which are always held in this town in the summer season. With just about eight square feet for each prisoner to move in, or lie down, what must have been their dreadful situation during the raging heat of the dog days.

Mr. Howard's labors for the year ended on the 14th of December; but on the first day of January, he set out upon a tour to Scotland and Ireland, re-inspecting the jails of those towns in England, through which he passed on his way. In the bridewell for the county of Nottingham, at Southwell, which he had not before visited, he found a dungeon but fourteen feet square, ten steps under ground: seven prisoners had died here of the jail fever, in the space of two years.

The magistrates at Glasgow were so early sensible of the public utility of that general investigation of the abuses and defects of prisons in which Mr. Howard was then engaged, that upon his very first visit to their city on this merciful errand, they made him a present of its freedom; an honor for which he has left upon record his grateful acknowledgments. Of the result of his visit to the sister kingdom no memorials exist, except a few short notices in the first edition of his work on prisons, in one of which he expresses his surprise at finding that no liquors were sold in any of the prisons which he saw in Ireland, in consequence of an act of the parliament of that country, which prohibited so improper a practice. But notwithstanding this salutary provision of the statute books for the due regulation of the Irish jails, it would appear that their practical arrangements were to the full as faulty as were those of our own country; for Mr. Howard speaks of the shocking

intercourse of the sexes which took place in the Old Newgate at Dublin, in terms of strong reprobation.

From Dublin Mr. Howard returned to London, and from London he wrote a letter to his friend and former pastor, Mr. Symmonds, in regard to the failure of his election to parliament, from which the following are extracts :—

"*London, March* 27, 1775.

"Dear Sir,

"Accept my best thanks for your kind assistance and zealous attachment in an affair in which it has pleased God to rebuke us—I may say us Dissenters. I was a victim of the Ministry. Most surely I should not have fallen in with all their severe measures relative to the Americans ; and my constant declaration, that not one emolument of five shillings, were I in Parliament, would I ever accept of, marked me out as the object of their aversion.

"As to myself, I calmly retire. It may be promotive of my best interest. My large and extensive acquaintance, the very kind part the Protestant Dissenters of all denominations took in the affair, hurts me not a little ; yet in the firm belief of an over-ruling Providence I would say—It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth right. He maketh light to arise out of darkness.

"My ardent wishes will ever be for your happiness and success in that great and good cause in which you are engaged.

And permit me to say I shall ever remain, Rev. and dear Sir, your affectionate friend and servant,

"JOHN HOWARD."

Habitually referring every circumstance of his life to the ordering of an unerring Providence, he did not, as far as it respected himself, in any measure regret the issue of this event; but, as we learn from the journal of his confidential attendant, seemed rather to rejoice that it left him at liberty to pursue, without interruption, his investigation of the accumulated sufferings of the prisoner and the captive in foreign climes, as well as in his native country.

The faithful discharge of the important duties of a member of Parliament, would have permitted but little, if any leisure, for collecting that valuable stock of information, which he has left for future correctors of the abuses and defects of our prisons; little but a disposition to adopt the improvements which the extent of his inquiries enabled him to suggest. In this, therefore, as in numberless other instances, an event which the short-sightedness of a mortal prudence would lead us to deplore, was overruled for the benefit of thousands yet unborn.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Howard's first and second journey on the continent, for the purpose of inspecting the state of the prisons of France, Holland, a part of Flanders, Germany, and Switzerland; his second general inspection of English jails, and the publication of his State of Prisons:— 1775—7 *;—with the history of his private life to the close of the latter year.*

On Mr. Howard's return from his tour in Scotland and Ireland, early in the year 1775, it was his intention

to have given to the world the result of his inquiries; but, "conjecturing that something useful to *his* purpose might be collected abroad, he laid aside *his* papers, and travelled into France, Flanders, Holland, and Germany."

He most probably left England, on this tour, about the middle of April, 1775, and proceeded directly to Paris, where he visited most of the prisons and houses of correction, and some of the principal hospitals. It was not, however, without much difficulty that he got admission to the iron cages of the Bastille. But, to adopt the unassuming account which he himself has given of so bold and so dangerous an enterprise, "he knocked hard at the outer gate, and immediately went forward, through the guard, to the draw-bridge, before the entrance of the castle; but while he was contemplating this gloomy mansion, an officer came out of the castle, much surprised; and he was forced to retreat through the mute guard, and thus regained that freedom which for one locked up within those walls it would be next to impossible to obtain." "In the space of four centuries from the foundation to the destruction of the Bastille," observes one of his biographers upon this singular, but characteristic adventure, "Mr. Howard was, perhaps, the only person that was ever compelled to quit it reluctantly." He would scarcely have been more successful in gaining admission to the other prisons of the city, had he not availed himself of one of the articles of the very judicious *arrêt* of Parliament of the 18th of June, 1717, which directs their jailers to admit to the places of confinement under their superintendance, all persons desirous of bestowing any charitable donations on the prisoners in their custody. Pleading this humane provision, he was permitted to

visit the *Petit Châtelet* and *For l' Eveque*, and to have an opportunity of seeing almost every individual confined within their walls. These prisons he describes as some of the worst of the numerous places of confinement in Paris and its suburbs. The dungeons were under ground, damp, gloomy, and, as places of dwelling for a human being, to the last degree revolting. In the *Bicetre* he also found eight such dreadful places of confinement, descending beneath the level of the earth by sixteen steps, in size about thirteen feet by nine, with two strong doors, three chains fastened to the wall, and a stone funnel in one corner for air, to each cell. These subterraneous abodes, he describes as "totally dark, and beyond imagination horrid and dreadful."

From France and French Flanders, Mr. Howard proceeded to the Austrian Netherlands, arriving at Brussels on the 16th of May, whence he addressed the following account of his journey to the Rev. Thomas Smith, of Bedford.

"*Brussels, May* 17, 1775.

"Dear Sir,

"I came late last night to this city. This day I have employed in visiting the jails and collecting all the criminal laws. Their great care and attention to their prisons is worthy of commendation; all fresh and clean, no jail distemper, no prisoners ironed, the bread allowance far exceeds that of any of our jails, e. g. every prisoner here has 2lbs. of bread a day, once (a day) soup, and Sunday, one pound of meat. But I write to my friend for a relaxation from what so much engrosses my thoughts. And, indeed, I force myself to the public dinners and suppers for that purpose, though I show so little respect to a set of men who are so highly esteemed (the French cooks) that I have not tasted fish, flesh, or fowl, since I

have been on this side the water. Through a kind Providence I am very well—calm, easy spirits.

"I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Smith; remember me to Mrs. Belsham, and any of our friends who may be so kind as to think of me.

"Permit me to remain, with affection and esteem, dear Sir, your obliged friend and servant,

"JOHN HOWARD."

From this place he most probably proceeded to Ghent, where he found a house of correction about half completed. It was already inhabited by one hundred and fifty-nine male prisoners, each of whom had a separate bed-room, furnished with a bedstead, a straw bed, a mattrass, a pillow, a pair of sheets, and two blankets in winter, and one in summer. Their food was equally good and sufficient; their linen and sheets regularly changed; and the attention paid to the preservation of their health in every respect most exemplary. The number of women confined there was fifty-nine, whose treatment was similar to that of the men, except that they had no separate bed rooms. There were distinct work-rooms for each of the sexes, who were carefully kept from all communication with each other. The women were employed in combing and spinning wool, in washing and mending the clothes, and in the other domestic arrangements of the house; the men principally in weaving. With every part of the internal arrangement of the place, he seems to have been satisfied. Spirituous liquors, and gaming of every kind were strictly prohibited; and the most excellent rules were established for preventing all quarrelling, for correcting the morals of the prisoners, and for making them, for the future, useful in society. No wonder, there-

fore, that with so much in it to commend, and so little to censure, he should style this "a noble institution." The house of correction he found to be under similarly excellent regulations. But Ghent contained one striking contrast to the general excellence of its prisons. The prison belonging to the rich monastery of the Benedictines, contained three dreary dungeons, down nineteen steps, with a little window in each. With his usual perseverance in investigating every thing to the bottom, he himself descended into their gloomy caverns; but his noting the dimensions of the windows, and the number of the steps, so enraged the worthy keeper of these abodes of wretchedness, that he would not indulge his laudable curiosity any further.

At Rotterdam, what little he has thought it necessary to report, is very favorable to the police of the place, and to the wisdom and humanity of the laws of the country in which it is situated. In the prison at Amsterdam, it was highly honourable to the police of this populous city, and to the morals of the country, that there were but six delinquents confined here. The number of debtors was but eighteen in the whole city, though its population amounted to 250,000 souls, which is about one third of that of London; a circumstance creditable to the honesty and industry of its inhabitants.

Mr. Howard was credibly informed that there had not been a single execution in the city of Amsterdam during the ten years immediately preceding his visit; and that, for 100 years past, there had not been more than one in each year. How striking, how disgraceful the contrast, when we consider that in less than one fourth of that period, viz. from the year 1749 to 1771, the number of persons executed within the city of Lon-

don alone, amounted to six hundred and seventy-eight, averaging nearly thirty a year. Yet what difference, we may safely ask the advocates for the continuance of this sanguinary system, can there possibly exist in the circumstances of these two great commercial cities to call for this marked distinction in the nature and the administration of their punishments for crime? Is it said, that the stricter morals of the people of Holland render capital punishment less necessary there than in England? That is the strongest possible argument to show, that hanging with us is not the way to mend them. Surely, the time will at length arrive, though we see not as yet the dawn of its approach, when our legislators will remove this stain from a code of laws which might otherwise be a model for the world; and learn, though late, that it is not by a prodigal waste of the blood of offenders that offences are to be checked; but, that it is only by the adoption of a mode of discipline suited to reclaim evil doers from the error of their ways, that this object may be accomplished, and that the injury they do to society can in any measure be repaired. To this correctional discipline the greatest attention is paid in every part of Holland.

At Amsterdam there was a spinning-house for the women. Some of these, formerly of characters the most abandoned, Mr. Howard had the pleasure to find sitting in the presence of their mistress, pursuing their different employments, spinning, and doing other plain work, in a quiet and orderly manner. Such is the effect of the wholesome discipline judiciously adopted in these admirable institutions. Under proper and vigilant inspection, they were thus kept to work for thirteen hours a day. From their work Mr. Howard saw them go to their dinner, and could not but be highly delighted

at the order and regularity with which that meal was conducted. It was, indeed, a sight but seldom witnessed within the walls of a prison. The keeper, whom they call father, presided; and after leaving off their work at his command, they sang a psalm before they left the room, and descended into a neat dining room, where they seated themselves at two tables, and had several dishes of boiled barley, agreeably sweetened, set before them. On the father's striking his desk with a hammer, they all stood up, when one of them read, with great propriety, a short prayer of four or five minutes' length. Their fare was humble, but it was wholesome; and after having thus supplicated the blessing of heaven upon its enjoyment, they sat down cheerfully to it, each filling her own bowl from a large dish that held enough for four, when one of them brought, on a waiter, slices of bread and butter, which she served out to her fellow-prisoners. Besides this admirable institution, there was in Amsterdam, as in some other of the towns of Holland, a prison, or workhouse, for slighter offenders, who were employed in spinning, weaving coarse carpets, picking oakum, &c. "All at work," seems indeed to be one of the grand secrets of the orderly state of the Dutch prisons; as, *all at play*, or something worse, is most undoubtedly one of the principal causes of the vice and immorality so generally prevalent in those of England.

But with all the pleasing indications of a more enlightened and liberal method of punishing offenders, which Mr. Howard witnessed in Hamburg, there were circumstances of severity, and even of cruelty.—"Among the various engines of torture," says our author, in speaking of the Butteley, the chief prison for felons in Hamburgh, "which I have seen in France

and other places, the most excrutiating is kept and used in a deep cellar of this prison. It ought to be buried ten thousand fathoms deeper. It is said the inventor was the first who suffered by it; the last was a woman not two years ago."

At Bremen, the first town in Germany of which he gives us any account, the prison for debtors contained four rooms; but the magistrate who accompanied him in his visit to them, assured him that they had not had an occupant for above thirty years, until one had been fitted up but a short time since, for a debtor who was confined in it for a few weeks. Mr. Howard found that there were but few debtors in prison in such towns as Mentz, Coblentz, Manheim, &c. "In such large trading cities as Hamburgh, and Bremen," he observes, "it seems owing to the little credit that is given—the expense of aliment, falling on the creditor—the being deprived of every kind of amusement and diversion while in prison—and the disgrace of being there." In in the city of Hamburgh, supposed at that time to contain ninety thousand inhabitants, there were but three debtors; in the neighbouring town of Altena, but two.

Turning his steps towards home, we find him addressing the following letter to his friend, the Rev. Mr. Symmonds, from Bonn, a small town upon the Rhine, in the circle of Lower Saxony.

"*Bonn, June* 20, 1775.

"Dear Sir,

"I flatter myself a line will not be unacceptable. As one's spirits are tired with the same subject, it is a relaxation and pleasure to write to a friend; which, indeed, is my case at present, being just come from the

prisons in this place. I had visited many in France, Flanders, and Holland; but I thought I might gain some knowledge by looking into the German police. I have carefully visited some Prussian, Austrian, Hessian, and many other jails. With the utmost difficulty did I get access to many dismal abodes; but, through the good hand of God I have been preserved in health and safety. I hope I have gained some knowledge, that may be improved to some valuable purpose—Though conscious of the utmost weakness, imperfection, and folly, I would hope my heart deceives me not, when I say to my friend, I trust that I intend well.

"I have spent some Sundays with the French Protestants. I love and esteem them. Though separated, yet truly united. I trust and hope we shall make one great and glorious body. In which wish, I truly remain, &c. JOHN HOWARD."

"P. S. Mr. Castlemon, Mr. Freelove, &c. with gratitude. I think of their late instance of affection; and with pleasure on some sacred moments. Adieu. I pray God to bless you; and may many be your crown of rejoicing in that great and glorious day. J. H."

Scarcely had he set his foot upon the shores of the sea-girt isle, when he hastened to visit the jail of the borough of Dover, the port at which he most probably landed from his continental tour, on or about the 25th of July, 1775. The majority of the prisons abroad he had found to be spacious, open to the air, healthy, and secure; the allowance to the prisoners, in general, liberal; and the salary of the jailer sufficient to prevent his being driven to obtain his own living, by taking from the poor destitute wretches, committed to his cus-

tody, the little property that was still left to them. How degrading, therefore, to his feelings as an Englishman—a title which, as his birth-right, he so highly and so justly valued—that of the first place of confinement to which his steps were directed on returning to his own dear land of liberty, from traversing countries whose constitutions were some of them most despotic, none so free as her's, he should be compelled to record that it consisted of but two rooms on the ground floor, and two above, without fire-places, and all close and offensive; the court-yard not secure; the allowance to each prisoner but four pence a day; the keeper without salary, or perquisite, except a chaldron of coals; and therefore left, we may fairly conclude, to remunerate himself for his trouble by extorting from his prisoners as much more than his regular fee of eight shillings two pence, as he could find the means of inducing, or compelling them to pay.

From the day upon which this visit was paid, to the 19th of October, a period of nearly three months, Mr. Howard seems to have rested from his labors, probably spending the principal part of his time in the circle of his friends in Bedfordshire; promoting, by his personal attention to their wants, the comfort of his tenantry, and the pensioners upon his bounty there.

Upon the last day mentioned, he was attracted to Chelmsford by a circumstance which would have deterred every other man from approaching its wretched and polluted jail. The distemper, which the closeness of its cells naturally and frequently engendered, had just been raging with such virulence that the head turnkey himself had fallen among its victims. The jailer here was a woman; and in the tap-room which she was licensed to keep, was hung a paper upon which

was written, amongst other rules and regulations, "prisoners to pay garnish or run the gauntlet."

It was on the 8th or 9th of November, that Mr. Howard set out from his comfortable abode at Cardington, upon his second general inspection of the English jails; spending the whole of an inclement winter in traversing the kingdom from one extremity to the other, to commiserate, and as far as possible, to relieve the distresses of the outcast—exposing himself the while to the cold that would strike through his frame from the dampness of their miserable abodes, and to the burning fever which might commence its destructive ravages in his veins the moment he had inhaled but a particle of their infectious breath. At Leicester he noticed, and has recorded in terms of merited approbation, a most benevolent practice, originating with the grand jury, and cheerfully adopted by the clergy of the county, of making voluntary annual collections in the parish churches for the relief of the unfortunate beings confined in the county jail, by clothing and discharging debtors, and feeding and warming all the prisoners during the inclemency of the winter season. "I wish," says the prisoners' friend, and who but will join him in the wish, "that every county would imitate this exemplary benevolence." After having re-inspected the principal jails and houses of correction in the counties of Lancaster, Chester, Salop, Montgomery, Radnor, Worcester, Hereford, and Monmouth—those cities and towns in Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, and Devonshire, whose jails and bridewells he had before inspected, he examined for the first time the town jails of Falmouth, Truro, Penryn, and Penzance. At the latter place was a prison, consisting of but two rooms, in the keeper's stable yard. The room for men was

eleven feet square, and six high, but had a window only eighteen inches in size; no chimney, and an earth floor, which was very damp. In this place was a solitary prisoner, whose wretched situation cannot better be described than in the words of Mr. Howard:

"The door had not been opened for four weeks when I went in; and then the keeper began shovelling away the dirt. There was only one debtor, who seemed to have been robust; but had grown pale by ten weeks' close confinement, with little food, which he had from a brother, who is poor and has a family. He said, the dampness of the prison, with but little straw, had obliged him (he spoke with sorrow) to send for the bed on which some of his children lay. He had a wife and ten children, two of whom died since he came thither, and the rest were almost starving. He has written me a letter since, by which I learn that his distress was not mitigated, and that he had a companion, miserable as himself."

"Ah! little think the gay, ...
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround,
How many pine in want and dungeon—glooms,
Shut from the common air."

At Dorchester, he found the small-pox raging with great virulence in the county jail; yet was there no infirmary to remove the infected patients to, and thus to save the rest of the prison from the ravages of so dreadful a contagion.

The first day of the year 1776, Mr. Howard spent at Reading, in visiting the county and town bridewell.

In the county of Oxford, the greater part of the house at Thame, given to the county in 1708 for a bridewell,

was at this time occupied as a parish workhouse; whilst the few petty offenders committed there were locked up all day long within doors, men and women in the same room, and confined at night in two small rooms in a dungeon, eleven steps under ground. No allowance, no employment, no water, no sewer: so closes the catalogue of the deficiencies of this house of correction; whence Mr. Howard proceeded so near to his own house at Cardington, as Aylesbury, without appearing to have visited it for a single day, ere he bent his course toward the most northern extremity of the kingdom.

The town jail at Northampton he found to be without either courtyard or water. "So," he observes, with his usual minute attention to the truth and accuracy of all his statements, "the prisoners told me at the large grate, where I could see the room, into which, for that reason, I happened not to go;" a circumstance which he mentions, "because it occurred no where else."

On his former visit to Durham, Mr. Howard found the felons in a most wretched state, for the want of a court-yard to the county jail; yet he now had the mortification to learn that a piece of ground immediately adjoining, and in every respect convenient for this purpose, though hitherto used but as a receptable for the jailer's lumber, had recently been granted by the bishop to the surgeon of the prison, at the annual rent of a shilling. He had accordingly built a little stable for his horse upon the ground, which ought to have been appropriated to the use of his patients, who, for want of such a place for air and exercise, were at this time the unpitied victims of those loathsome diseases, which are the natural consequences of the filth and close confinement of a place like this.

In the jail for the city of Carlisle, Mr. Howard learnt that many a poor traveller from the north, who by some unexpected calamity had contracted a debt of forty shillings, had been immured, at a distance from his friends, in a close confined prison, where there was no provision, nor any means of procuring it, the only allowance here being a very small quantity of peat, taken as a toll upon that commodity, and water, which was brought up twice a day.

Mr. Howard returned home, through Stanford, in Lincolnshire, where he found that a new town jail was building, with windows more like pigeon-holes than apertures to circulate the air for such confined habitations of men.

His continuance at Cardington was, however, but of short duration; for reaching it on the 11th, or, at the earliest, on the 10th of February, 1776, he spent the two following days in revisiting the county jail at Bedford, and in inspecting the bridewell there, which he found to be without a court-yard, fireplace, or water, accessible to its prisoners; and on the 14th commenced a journey through the counties of Hertford, Kent, Sussex, Hants, and part of Dorset, which he completed on the 28th of the same month.

The bridewell for the county, at Maidstone, was newly erected, and presented to the observation of its visitor many pleasing points of contrast to those which he had lately inspected in other parts of the kingdom. It had separate wards, areas, workshops, and infirmaries for men and women, with windows opposite to each other, for the transmission of fresh air.

In the neighbouring county of Sussex he found also that the same judicious separation of the sexes prevailed. The great object of such places, i. e. to correct

the bad habits of their prisoners, by keeping them closely to work, was here, however, so entirely overlooked, that for the last three years the produce of their labor had not been twenty shillings a year, though the average number of persons committed had been sixty-five.

The whole of the months of March and April, and the greater part of May, seem to have been spent by Mr. Howard in frequently and carefully revisiting the jails of the metropolis, and its immediate vicinity, and in reducing to a more methodical arrangement the observations he had made during his recent journeys. In his way, however, from Hampshire to London, he visited Windsor, where he found the prison in the Castle for debtors, of which the king is proprietor, out of repair, and the town jail without chimney, yard, or water. He afterwards inspected the jails at St. Alban's, all of which he found to be without court-yard, or water; the borough jail and bridewell being also unprovided with straw.

On the very day on which he visited Windsor and St. Alban's, Mr. Howard appears to have minutely inspected the jail at Newgate. Of the plan upon which the condemned cells at Newgate are constructed, he seems highly to have approved. "I was told," says he, "by those who attended me, that criminals who had affected an air of boldness during their trial, and appeared quite unconcerned at the pronouncing sentence upon them, shed tears when brought to these solitary abodes." This is precisely the effect such places ought to produce. The chapel he describes as plain and neat; and, as was his frequent custom when visiting places of confinement, he once went to prayers there. "The few prisoners who were present seemed attentive; but we were disturbed by the noise in the yard. Mr. Villette told

me that was always the case, even on Sundays. Surely they who will not go to chapel, who are by far the greater number, should not be suffered to hinder the edification of such as are better disposed." Such are the remarks of this pious and devoted Christian upon a practice so disgraceful to any land professing the true religion. Very different was the scene he had witnessed in some of the prisons of the continent, especially in those of Holland.

Early in the month of April he paid two visits to the Fleet, on the latter of which he found, from an accurate list, that when the number of debtors were two hundred and forty-three, their wives, including women of an appellation not so honourable, and children, amounted to four hundred and seventy-five.

The same desire to be accurate in all his statements, which had induced Mr. Howard to spend nearly three months in the metropolis of his own country, in repeated and (to guard against imposition) unexpected visits to its numerous jails, determined him to pass the summer months of this year in a similar reinspection of the prisons he had formerly visited abroad. He accordingly left London upon the 25th of May, and by way of Calais, reached Paris by the 1st of June, or perhaps a few days earlier. Without entering into minute particulars, it may suffice generally to observe, that his second inspection of the places of confinement in this capital, confirmed the favourable opinion he had formed of the great superiority of their internal economy over those of England. There, the jailer always resided in the prison, while with us, he but too frequently lived at a distance. In most of the Parisian, and indeed, of the French jails, the very appearance of the prisoners showed that humane attention was paid to them, a cir-

cumstance of such rare occurrence in ours, as to require honourable mention whenever it presented itself. Their prisoners were never ironed, and the women were universally separated from the men; and where there was but one court-yard, the men were locked up while the women had the use of it for two hours every day. Such indeed was the importance attached to these places of exercise, that they were regularly washed three or four times a day, so that they were perhaps the cleanest places in the city. They had all infirmaries, judiciously placed at the top of the house, the best situation both for air and for preventing the spread of any infectious disease; and learning wisdom from past experience, the great cause of such disorders, i. e. the want of cleanliness in prisons, was removed, by the exertions of benevolent societies for providing their inmates with proper changes of linen. Garnish was strictly prohibited; the food of the prisoners was sufficient; *and the jailers were punished by fines and by stripes if they furnished them with wine or spirituous liquors;* whilst these and other admirable regulations for preserving order, and suppressing profaneness in their jails, were strictly enforced under the most careful inspection by officers of government, specially charged with their superintendence. In all these particulars, it is needless to point out the disgraceful contrast, which, at this time the jails of England universally exhibited, and which but too many of them continue to exhibit to the present hour. In one respect, however, it is pleasing to record, that the amiable example of the French ladies, in taking the prisoners, particularly those of their own sex, so far under their protection, as to relieve them in their distress, has, to a certain extent, been recently followed in England by some charitable females, principally amongst the

Society of Friends, the diffusion of whose benevolent spirit to the members of other sects, and through a wider field of usefulness, is devoutly to be wished by every friend to the sex, to the cause of humanity, and to the best interests of their country. Societies of this description, which do so much honour to the female character, originated in England, if I am not misinformed, with Mrs. Fry, of London, to whose humane exertions in behalf of the prisoner and the captive, though I have not the honour of her acquaintance, I cheerfully give my feeble tribute of applause; whilst, to my fair countrywomen in general, I would say, "go ye and do likewise."

After spending two or three weeks in Paris, Mr. Howard determined to visit Switzerland, no part of which had been included in his former journey. In his way thither, he saw in the prison de St. Joseph, at Lyons, four horrid dungeons, containing twenty-nine criminals; though the heat was so excessive, that few of them had any other garment on than their shirts. Some of them were sick. In the Pierrecize, the state prison of this city, Mr. Howard sat and conversed with a prisoner who was then in the fiftieth year of his confinement.

In the little republic of Geneva, he found but five criminals, none of them in irons. There were no debtors in confinement here, as in fact it seldom happened that there were any, their creditors being compelled to allow them as much for board as felons had from the public.

In the cantons of Switzerland, which Mr. Howard visited in the course of this journey, felons had each a room to themselves, that they might not tutor one another in vice. None were in irons.

In some cantons there were no criminals, a circumstance which he principally attributes to the great care which was taken to give even the poorest children a moral and religious education; though he very properly assigns, as a secondary cause, "the laudable policy of speedy justice," a criminal having notice of his death, though not the manner of it, but a short time before he was to suffer. Conversing here with Dr. Tissot, Mr. Howard was assured that he would not find the jail distemper in Switzerland; and, his informant added, he had not heard of its being any where but in England; a circumstance which the famous Haller, in discoursing with him, on the same subject, at Bern, attributed to the prisons here being so over-crowded. This assurance he found to be perfectly correct, and he did not, in fact, meet with the jail fever in any part of the continent.

In the principal canton of Bern, there was one prison which contained one hundred and twenty-four galley-slaves. Most of them were employed in cleaning the streets and public walks. They had an iron collar round their necks, with a hook projecting above their heads. Gaming, and the sale of wine, spirits, or provisions, by the keeper to his prisoners, were strictly prohibited; and the greatest possible attention was paid to their religious instruction. In a conspicuous part of the common prison of this city was hung up a serious exhortation on the awful nature of an oath, the breach of which in this country was as rare as it is frequent in England; a circumstance in a great measure to be attributed to the different mode of its administration, which with us is a disgrace to a civilized country, and an insult to that Almighty Being whose name is treated with such gross irreverence in our courts.

In those parts of Germany which he revisited, Mr. Howard did not meet with any thing that could materially vary the account of the state of their prisons already given, in tracing the progress of his former journey. There were no underground dungeons in the newly erected prisons in Germany, or in those of any other part of the continent which he visited during either of his tours abroad; nor did he meet with any prison in which felons had not, either from the public allowance, or from charitable institutions, somewhat more to live on, than bread and water.

There were, however, some separate prisons in which confinement for a week or two on this food was all the punishment that petty offenders ever underwent; and it were much to be wished that there were similar institutions in our own country. "Perhaps," remarks our author, with his usual judgment, "when a condemned criminal is only to live a day or two, such diet may be more proper than the indulgence with which the *Germans* treat prisoners, after sentence of death, which is commonly executed within forty-eight hours. The malefactor has then his choice of food, and wine, in a commodious room."

In the German prisons were often to be seen the doors of sundry rooms marked, *Ethiopia*, *India*, *Italy*, *France*, *England*, *&c.* in which rooms parents, by the authority of the magistrates, confined their dissolute children, answering, in the meanwhile, to the inquiries which might be made after them, that they were gone to whatever country might be written upon the place of their confinement.

Holland, so favourite a country with him upon many accounts, still presented in the regulations of its police,

especially of its prisons, a model which, except in a few points, he would wish to have seen adopted in England and by every nation of the globe. So quiet were the places of confinement there, and most of them so clean, that a visitor, he assures us, could hardly believe that he was in a jail. They were commonly white-washed every year; and a prisoner told him that it was no small refreshment to go into one of their rooms after so thorough a cleansing. A physician and surgeon were appointed to every prison, whose inmates were in general healthy. In most of them each criminal was kept by himself, having a bedstead, straw, and coverlid to his room. The States never transported criminals; but male offenders were put to labour in the rasp-houses, and women to work fitted for their sex, in the spin-houses, which have already been described, professedly upon this admirable maxim, "*make them diligent, and they will be honest.*" The rasping of logwood, which was formerly the principal occupation of the men, being done much cheaper at the mills, more profitable manufactures of woollen cloths had of late years been established in most of the Dutch houses of correction; in some of which, the work done by the prisoners entirely maintained them. Many came out of these places sober and honest, great care being taken to give them there all the advantages of moral and religious instruction, and to reform their manners, for their own and for the public good. With this view, the chaplains attached to every house of correction, not only perform public worship regularly, but privately instructed the prisoners, and catechised them every week, to ascertain that they were, at least, theoretically acquainted with their religious duties. None of them were suffered to be quite idle but the sick; even the infirm being compelled to earn

what little they could. "This," as our author judiciously remarks, "is surely excellent policy; for, besides guarding against the pernicious effects of idleness in a prison, and breaking criminals to habits of industry, if work so constant does not support the houses, how much heavier would be the public burden of maintaining the many offenders in these prisons, if, as in many of our bridewells, no work at all were done there?" Some of our parliamentary returns might, perhaps, enable us to give an answer to this question, not very favourable to our national morality or national policy, as they would show the thousands and tens of thousands, or even millions, which have been expended in England in the maintenance of convicted offenders, without a return to the State, upon a very liberal average, of half a farthing in the pound.

The debtors imprisoned in this country were but few, the magistrates being unwilling to confine, in idleness, any that might be usefully employed, and their creditors being compelled to make them a daily allowance of from about $8\frac{3}{4}d.$ to $19\frac{1}{2}d.$ for their maintenance in jail. "But, perhaps," adds our author, "the principal cause that debtors, as well as capital offenders, are few, is, the great care that is taken to train up the children of the poor, and indeed of all others, to industry." "No debtors," he also tells us, "have their wives and children living with them in prison; but occasional visits in the day time are not forbidden. You do not hear in the streets as you pass by a prison, what I have been rallied for abroad, the cry of *poor, hungry, starving debtors.*"

The same mode of treatment with respect to them was also adopted throughout the Austrian Netherlands. It was in this country that, towards the close of the

month of August, our Philanthropist completed the object of his journey with the reinspection of the prisons of the city of Ghent, the description of whose excellent regulations he has accompanied by a few general reflections.

"When I formerly made the tour of Europe," says Mr. Howard, "I seldom had occasion to envy foreigners any thing I saw with respect to their *situation*, *religion*, *manners*, or *government*. In my late journeys to view their *prisons*, I was sometimes put to the blush for my native country. The reader will scarcely feel from my narration the same emotions of shame and regret as the comparison excited in me, on beholding the difference with my own eyes. But, from the account I have given him of foreign prisons, he may judge whether a design of reforming our own be merely visionary—whether *idleness*, *debauchery*, *disease*, and *famine*, be the necessary attendants of a prison, or only connected with it in our ideas, for want of a more perfect knowledge, and more enlarged views. I hope, too, he will do me the justice to think that neither an indiscriminate admiration of every thing foreign, nor a fondness of censuring every thing at home, has influenced me to adopt the language of a panegyrist in this part of my work, or that of a complainant in the rest. Where I have commended I have mentioned my reasons for so doing; and I have dwelt, perhaps, more minutely upon the management of foreign prisons, because it was more agreeable to me to praise than to condemn. Another motive induced me to be very particular in my accounts of foreign *houses of correction*, especially those of the freest states. It was to counteract a notion prevailing among us, that compelling prisoners to work, especially in public, was inconsistent

with the principles of English liberty; at the same time, that taking away the lives of such numbers, either by executions, or the diseases of our prisons, seems to make little impression upon us. Of such force is custom and prejudice in silencing the voice of good sense and humanity! I have only to add that, fully sensible of the imperfections which must attend the cursory survey of a traveller, it was my study to remedy that defect by a constant attention to the one object of my pursuit alone, during the whole of my two last journeys abroad."

How constant, how unwearied, how ardent was the attention with which that object was still pursued, we may learn from his not having indulged himself with a day's repose, upon his return to England from this long and fatiguing journey, ere he set out upon the completion of his second inspection of the prisons of his native country. During this tour he visited and carefully inspected the county jail at Salisbury, the bridewell for the county of Gloucester, that at Devizes, the castle at Carmarthen, the jail for the city of Hereford, the prisons of Worcester and Birmingham, the prisons of Shropshire, Flint, and Denbigshire, that of Chester castle, the house of correction at Manchester, the bridewell at Cockermouth, the town jail at Whitehaven, the prisons of Carlisle, Kendal, Appleby, York, Beverly, and Hull; the prison at Newark-upon-Trent, the bridewell for the county of Leicester, the jail for the county of Nottingham, the county jail and bridewell at Oakham, the county jail at Huntingdon, and the town jail at Cambridge.

With the exception of Ely, Cambridge seems to have been the last place which Mr. Howard visited, ere he reached his home, on the 28th or 29th of September,

where he continued to be occupied in the arrangement of his papers, until the 22d or 23d of the following month, when he set out upon a short tour of a fortnight, to inspect some prisons belonging to a few local jurisdictions in Yorkshire, of whose very existence he had but just been informed.

The jail for debtors at Knaresborough was in a condition more wretched than any which has yet been described. It consisted of but one room, difficult of access, and having an earth floor, no fire-place, and a common sewer from the town running through it uncovered. Yet in a hole, to which a dog-kennel were a palace, Mr. Howard was informed that an officer had been confined some years since, but for a few days, and taking his dog with him to defend him from vermin, the animal was soon destroyed, and his own face much disfigured by their attacks. Is it possible, we are almost tempted to exclaim, that such a thing could ever be permitted in a free and a Christian land? Yet many an abuse as shocking to humanity, as disgraceful to our national character as this, might have existed unnoticed and unknown even to the present hour, but for the unwearied exertions of that extraordinary being, who, at the risk of his life, penetrated into the darkest dungeons, and the most pestilential jails, to bring the fearful secrets of their prison-house to light.

At the close of this tour, Mr. Howard proceeded to London, where his time was very closely occupied in preparing for the press his observations on the prisons he had visited in the course of the three last years; a work in which he was materially assisted by his friend and former tutor, the Rev. Mr. Densham, who at this time resided in or near the metropolis, where Mr. Howard spent the two last months of this year, with the ex-

ception of two or three short journeys into different parts of the country, whose prisons he had overlooked in the regular course of his second round of inspection.

The first of these was into the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex. Before he returned to London, he revisited the county jail at Hertford, and found that since he last had been there, the jail fever had carried off seven or eight prisoners, and two turnkeys. Four persons were still sick of it, yet was there no infirmary.

From this short excursion Mr. Howard could have been returned to London but four or five days, ere he set out upon another, into some parts of the counties of Gloucester, Somerset, and Wilts.

In the city bridewell, at Bristol, he found an acquitted woman prisoner detained in custody, for at least ten weeks, for her fees of three shillings and six pence. "These fees," says our author, "were paid, and the prisoner released." He has not told us by whom they were paid, but we may be assured that it was by himself.

It is most probable, that soon after returning from this short journey, in which he was absent from London but five or six days, Mr. Howard either proceeded to Cardington, or to the house of his brother-in-law, in Cambridgeshire, where his son usually spent a part of his vacations, as from the 26th of December to the 8th of January, we cannot trace him in any part of the reinspection of the London prisons, in which, during the latter part of this year, and the beginning of the next, he was very actively engaged.

Having now completed his intended inspection of English jails, and furnished himself with a greater stock of information respecting their regulations and

actual condition than had ever before been collected, Mr. Howard left London for Warrington, where he had determined to have the work printed, which should give to the public the result of those laborious investigations on which he had been engaged for more than three years, and had travelled upwards of ten thousand miles. For the purpose of being near the scene of his labours in superintending the progress of his work, he took lodgings in a house close to his printer's shop; and so indefatigable was he in his attention to the business which had fixed his temporary abode there, that during a very severe winter he was always called up by two in the morning, though he did not retire to rest until ten, and sometimes half after ten at night. His reason for this early rising was, that he found the morning the stillest part of the day, and that in which he was the least disturbed in his work of revising the sheets as they came from the press. At seven he regularly dressed for the day, and had his breakfast; when punctually at eight he repaired to the printing office, and remained there until the workmen went to dinner, at one, when he returned to his lodgings, and, putting some bread and raisins, or other dried fruit, in his pocket, generally took a walk in the outskirts of the town, during their absence, eating, as he walked along, his hermit fare; which, with a glass of water on his return, was the only dinner he ever took. After his walk, when he had returned to the printing office, he generally remained there until the men left work; and then, I am informed, repaired to Mr. Aikin's house, to go through with him any sheets which might have been composed during the day; or if there were nothing upon which he wished to consult him, would either spend an hour with some other friend, or return to his own

odgings, where he took his tea or coffee in lieu of sup-
ɔer, and at his usual hour retired to bed.

He did not do this, however, without closing the day
rith family prayer, a duty which he never neglected,
nough there was but one, and that one his domestic,
ɔ join with him in it; always declaring that where he
ad a tent, God should have an altar. And this was
ıe case not only in England, but in every part of Eu-
ɔpe, which they visited together, it being his invaria-
e practice wherever and with whomsoever he might
ɜ, to tell Thomasson to come to him at a certain hour,
which, well knowing what the directions meant, he
ould be sure to find him in his room, whose doors he
ould order him to fasten; when, let who would come,
ɔbody was admitted until this devotional exercise was
ɾer. "Very few," says the humble narrator of this
oof of the invariable consistency of Mr. Howard's
hristian profession, "knew the goodness of this man's
art."

Whilst at Warrington he suspended his constant in-
ection of his work through the press, to inspect, on
ɜ 19th of March, 1777, a jail at Houlton castle, which
happened to find, by an inscription in the court-room
ɜd 1737; so anxious was he that no place of con-
ement, of whose existence he was aware, should be
ɜrlooked in his survey.

n about a fortnight after this visit, the printing of
. Howard's first work was finished; its dedication to
House of Commons, "in gratitude for the encour-
ment which they had given to its design, and for
honour they had conferred upon its author," being
ɜd from Cardington, on the 5th of April, 1777. Its
lest title is, "The State of the Prisons in England and
les, with Preliminary Observations, and an Account

of some Foreign Prisons. By John Howard, F. R. S. And though it consisted of five hundred and twenty quarto pages, with four large and well engraved plates, "so zealous was *he* to diffuse information, and so determined to obviate any idea that he meant to repay his expenses by *book-making*, that he insisted on fixing the price of the volume so low, that, had every copy been sold, he would still have presented the public with all the plates, and a great part of the printing."

The introductory part of the work contained, besides a singularly modest preface, the invaluable results of its author's extensive inspection of prisons at home and abroad. Its first section consists of "a general view of the distress in prisons," embracing that scanty supply of the necessaries of life; that legalized extortion of jailors in the shape of fees; that too prevalent lack of water, and of air, and of sewers; together with the deficiency of bedding of any kind, even of a little straw.

From evils thus seriously affecting the health of prisoners, he proceeds to the mischievous practice of confining all sorts of prisoners together, debtors and felons; men and women; the young beginner and the old offender; and the too general want of all employment in our prisons, in consequence of which young delinquents especially were trained in habits of idleness, and schooled in every vice.

He then calls the attention of his readers to that dreadful malady (the jail fever) which, as the natural consequences of their filth and closeness, had raged with such virulence in our prisons, and often spread its poison thence to our fleets, our armies, our courts of justice, and our towns, destroying in its progress many more than were put to death by all the public execu-

tions in the kingdom. Closely connected with this ground of complaint, was the gross inattention to the sick, which he witnessed.

He closes his account with an appeal to pharisaical Christians. It is short, and therefore I shall transcribe it.

"Those gentlemen who, when they are told of the misery which our prisoners suffer, content themselves with saying, '*Let them take care to keep out,*' prefaced, perhaps, with an angry prayer, seem not duly sensible of the favour of Providence, which distinguishes them from the sufferers. They do not remember that we are required to imitate our gracious heavenly Parent, who is "*kind to the unthankful and the evil.*' They also forget the vicissitudes of human affairs; the unexpected changes to which all men are liable; and, that those whose circumstances are affluent, may in time be reduced to indigence, and become debtors and prisoners."

His next section is upon "bad customs in prisons;" particularly permitting garnish and gaming, and loading prisoners, even women, with heavy irons.

To these he adds the want of a regular jail delivery twice every year; the confinement of acquitted prisoners, in the hope of extorting from them fees; the distance at which some jailers lived from their charge; the crowding of other prisons with the wives and children of debtors; and the suffering some jails still to remain private property.

He closes this section with a statement of the number of prisoners in the different places of confinement in England and Wales, which he visited in the spring of 1776, amounting in the whole, to four thousand and eighty-four; of whom two thousand four hundred and thirty-seven were debtors. Allowing to each of these two dependents, he calculates that twelve thousand two

hundred and fifty-two persons were distressed by these imprisonments.

His third section is entitled, "Proposed improvements in the structure and management of prisons," beginning with their situation, which he recommends to be always airy, and near a river or brook. He then proceeds to give a plan for their construction, whose chief peculiarities are, that they should contain so many rooms that each criminal might sleep alone; and that provision should be made for the effectual separation of the women from the men, and of the young from older and more hardened offenders. He insists on the importance of furnishing every prison with a bath, an oven for the purification of clothes, hand ventilators, and an infirmary.

He also urges the necessity of a total separation of the debtors from the felons, by day as well as by night. And he recommends the erection of a workshop for debtors, that they might, if so disposed, employ themselves for the support of their families.

Passing on to what is of still more importance than the structure of a prison, he throws out some judicious hints for their better regulation. "The first care," he very truly states, "must be to find a good man for a jailer; one that is honest, active, and humane." He then insists upon the necessity of not suffering either jailer or turnkey to keep a tap, or to have any connection with the sale of liquors of any kind. With this view he very justly proposes that they should have salaries proportioned to their trouble.

He urges upon the magistrates the great importance of selecting for the office of chaplain, a person "who is in principle a *Christian*; who will not content himself with officiating in public, but will converse

with the prisoners; admonish the profligate; exhort the thoughtless; comfort the sick; and make known to the condemned that mercy which is revealed in the gospel." "And if," he adds, "a chapter of the New Testament were read daily in order by one of the prisoners to the rest, or by the jailer, before the distribution of the prison allowance, the time would not be misspent." Very different was the practice of some jailers, who, upon his asking, "Why there were so few prisoners at prayers?" answered him, that "They were drinking with their friends;" of course, from the tap which they themselves kept.

He enforces the necessity of appointing to every jail as surgeon, a man of repute in his profession; and of abolishing all fees either to jailers or turnkeys.

For promoting cleanliness he recommends that every room should be scraped and lime-washed twice every year; and that they should be swept and washed by their inhabitants every day. Every prisoner coming into the jail he would have washed, and his clothes purified in the oven. He would also have them compelled to put on a change of linen once a week, and to be supplied in each of their wards with a clean towel every day.

The diet which he recommends for those who are allowed nothing to drink but water, was at least a pound and a half of bread a day, with a penny each for cheese, butter, potatoes, peas, or turnips, or a pennyworth of one or other of these articles. Beyond this he proposes their being allowed nothing, except once a week, half a pound of the coarse pieces of beef without bone, which had been boiled in a copper to make broth, of which also he would give them each a quart. In the allowance of food to prisoners, whatever it might be,

he strongly insists on the necessity of the jailer and his turnkeys being absolutely excluded from all concern by which, directly or indirectly, any profit might arise to them; and he would wish it always to be fixed by a certain weight, and not by a variable price.

Fighting, abusive language, and other disorderly behaviour, he would in ordinary cases have the keeper punish by a closer imprisonment of the aggressor, though faults deserving a more severe animadversion should be reserved for the cognizance of an inspector which he proposes to have appointed for each prison. It should be his duty to visit once a week, or at furthest once a fortnight, at times when he was not expected, every room in the place, to see that it was clean and in a proper state; inquire into the observance or neglect of every regulation; hear all complaints, and immediately correct whatever he found to be manifestly wrong.

A subdivision of this section is devoted to the very important article of "Bridewells," in which its author exhibits a very laudable anxiety to restore them to the wise purposes they were originally intended to answer—the reclaiming of less hardened offenders by moderate correction, and by keeping them to hard labour, instead of letting them become, as by utter neglect they long since had done, abodes of wretchedness, and schools of vice. The great engine of effecting this desirable reformation is, the suffering no one capable of working to be idle. With this view he should have the keeper a master manufacturer, who would keep his prisoners at work for ten hours a day, including the time allowed for meals.

The idle and refractory should be punished by solitary imprisonment, on bread and water. In other respects the measures he would wish to be adopted for the preservation of the health and amendment of the morals of these

minor delinquents are similar to those which have already been detailed in their application to our jails.

It is unnecessary to say any thing more of the "particular account" which he gives of the English jails in the fifth section of his book, occupying near three hundred and thirty of its pages, than that it enters most minutely into the state of every prison in the kingdom, of whose existence he was at all aware; comprising regular lists of the names of their jailers; the amount of their salaries; the fees which they claimed, and the nature of their emoluments; the allowance to prisoners, the garnish they were required to pay, and their number at his several visits; the name of the chaplain, if any, the nature of his duty, and the amount of his salary; with the name and salary of the surgeon. These particulars he follows up by remarks upon the construction and regulations of the prison he is describing.

These were the results of the most minute inspection of every part of the building, which did not contain a room, dungeon, or cell, that he did not himself enter with his memorandum book and his rule in his hand, to measure its dimensions, and note down the condition in which he found its inhabitants. With the same accuracy he transcribed the table of fees, the rules and regulations, the list of legacies; at the end of which he has printed accurate tables of the fees demanded by the clerk of assize; of the number of prisoners tried and acquitted, and of those who had been capitally convicted, or delivered for transportation.

In a few concluding remarks, he expresses his persuasion that nothing could be done in reforming the state of our prisons till a thorough parliamentary inquiry concerning them should be set on foot. "Should this be undertaken," he adds, "I would cheerfully (relying still on

the protection of that kind hand which has hitherto preserved me, and to which I desire to offer my most thankful acknowledgments) devote my time to one more extensive foreign journey, in which the Prussian and Austrian territories, and the most considerable free cities of Germany, would probably afford some new and useful lights on this IMPORTANT NATIONAL CONCERN." And with this pledge of his continued zeal in the noble cause to which he had devoted himself, he closes his work.

As soon as the printing of that work was completed, he proceeded to London, where, with a liberality bordering on profusion, he presented copies of it to most of the considerable persons in the kingdom, and to all his own particular friends, into whose more immediate circle he retired as soon as he had accomplished this object, and spent with them, at Cardington, and in its neighbourhood, the remainder of the spring, and nearly the whole of the summer and autumn, with great part of the winter, of this year.

But before we follow him to his retreat, it may be necessary to state the particulars of the manner of his performing those journeys of benevolence in which we have already traced his footsteps, and some of those whose results yet remained to be detailed.

In his earlier tours through England, Scotland, and Ireland, he was usually attended by his faithful domestic, John Prole, who still occasionally acted as his groom. They travelled on horseback, about forty miles a day. "He was never," says a gentleman of Dublin, who had much free conversation with him on this subject, "at a loss for an inn. When in Ireland, or the Highlands of Scotland, he used to stop at one of the poor cabins that stuck up a rag by way of sign, and get a little milk.—When he came to the town he was to sleep at, he bespoke

a supper, with wine and beer, like another traveller, but made his man attend him, and take it away, whilst he was preparing his bread and milk. He always paid the waiters, postillions, &c. liberally, because he would have no discontent or dispute, nor suffer his spirits to be agitated for such a matter; saying, that in a journey which might cost three or four hundred pounds, fifteen or twenty pounds addition was not worth thinking about." In his two first visits to the continent, he took no attendant with him, but travelled from place to place, either by the public conveyances or post.

When he went to Warrington, he was accompanied by Thomasson, who had previously been his attendant upon some of his longer journeys, when, from his being a married man with a family, he was unwilling to take Prole from home.

On his return to London he was joined in a chaise by a gentleman, who related to Dr. Aikin the following characteristic anecdote.

Finding that the post-boys would seldom comply with his wishes, "at the end of a stage, when the driver had been perverse, he desired the landlord to send for some poor industrious widow, or other proper object of charity, and to introduce such person and the driver together. He then paid the latter his fare, and told him that, as he had not thought proper to attend to his repeated requests as to the manner of being driven, he should not make him any present; but to show him that he did not withhold it out of a principle of parsimony, he would give the poor person present double the sum usually given to a postillion. This he did, and dismissed the parties. He had not long practised this mode, he said, before he experienced the good effects of it on all the roads where he was known."

It is natural to suppose, that the friends who had so highly esteemed him whilst his worth was scarcely known beyond the limits of their little circle, should hail his return to the scene of his more private charities, and of his social intercourse, with peculiar pleasure. These short residences at home he always considered as relaxations from his laborious public exertions; and he, therefore, indulged himself freely in the converse of his friends, and completely unbended himself in their society. Towards his tenants and the poor of his neighbourhood he still continued that exemplary kindness, whose pleasing effects upon their happiness have already been described. He built new cottages, and it was thought a privilege to inhabit them. The schools also which he had established, flourished in his absence, and were constantly visited by him when at home.

His son, it will be recollected, must have been about nine years old when our great Philanthropist entered on those extensive tours of benevolence, which took up so large a portion of his time, at whose commencement he was removed, as has already been stated, to Mr. Madgwick's academy at Pinner. But whenever he was in England, Mr. Howard always had him with him at Cardington, or wherever he might be staying, except during that part of his holidays which, as a treat, he suffered him to spend in visiting his relatives and friends. At those, and indeed at all other times, when with him, by his conversation, when absent by his letters, he endeavoured to impress his youthful mind with the primary importance of religion and morality to his present and eternal happiness. Mr. Howard was very fond of children, and in the habit of familiarly noticing them, and in those families where he was particularly intimate, in Mr. Smith's especially, he generally brought them a pocket

full of fruit, and was even so desirous of contributing to their innocent gratification, that he would buy toys for their amusement during his tours abroad: but still he continued to adopt towards his son that expectation of an uniform, immediate, and unreserved obedience to his commands, which, as its head, he always would receive from every other part of his family.

As a Christian, Mr. Howard continued to maintain the consistency of his practice with his profession, in proof of which I will here transcribe a few expressions of his feelings interspersed amongst the heads of sermons, which he had noted down about this period in a memorandum book.

The first is, "Let me not forget that time is always on the wing; that my account is every moment hastening on." A second, "God grant that I may not only live in faith, but may I die in faith, approving, preserving, and embracing the sacred truths of the gospel." The third asks, "What will riches, what will honours do? Will they give me hope through grace? Lord, give me a new heart by faith in Christ Jesus, a faith not to be ashamed of religion." In a fourth he thus unequivocally bears his testimony against the efficacy of human works in contributing to our salvation. "The doctrine of merit is diametrically opposite to the genius of the gospel: By grace we are saved." And in another passage, "Salvation in every step, in every stage, is of grace;" and hence he observes, "True Christians have risen superior to the frowns or favours of this world;" adding, "Would to God I was thus perfect." Contemplating the termination of his career on earth, we have this Christian prayer: My God! my God! give me the victory through Jesus Christ." At the close of his very copious notes upon the discourse which gave rise to this pious exclamation, he has

made the following application of the subject to himself: "O my soul, seek the Lord while he may be found; call upon him; consider well your sacred engagements; be not conformed to this world; die unto sin, live unto righteousness. Think on those things that belong to your everlasting peace, for you are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. Let every darling sin be removed, for sin is enmity to God, and put on bowels of mercy—show yourself the servant of Christ. O Lord, set these sacred truths home on my heart; and after the great things thou hast done for me, let not the poor, weak, helpless and useless instrument be lost and cast into the fire: but, O God, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, make him the everlasting monument of free, sovereign, and divine grace, and to thee be all the praise." Among his shorter notes of another discourse, in which the main object of the preacher seems to have been to reprobate the vice of ingratitude to man, rather than that of which all men are guilty towards God, Mr. Howard has made this short, but characteristic remark: "Alas! how little profit would such discourses be. May I see the wisdom and power of God in the gospel. May I feel its power, and its wisdom." What was the assistance upon which he alone relied, what the reward to which he was looking forward, may be gathered from the following devout aspiration. "Ere long my work shall be at an end; do not grow weary in well-doing, for you shall reap, if you faint not. Hold thou up my goings."

Mr. Howard's means of doing good were considerably increased by the death of his only sister, which happened on the 12th of August, 1777, as appears from a letter to Thomasson, of which the following is an extract.

"*Lamb's, Conduit Street, Aug.* 13, 1777.

"Thomas,

"I got to town about 7 o'clock this morning; but alas! too late to see my poor sister, and take one final leave: she died at five o'clock yesterday afternoon. You will come to town on Friday;—bring all my black clothes, butter, cheese, sage, balm and mint. Ann will buy a mourning gown—I will pay for it. I hope to be down some time next week. I am yours, JOHN HOWARD."

By this lady's death he obtained a considerable addition to his property, though its amount has been variously stated. In Thomasson's journal it is represented to have been thirty thousand pounds in ready cash, with every thing she had; whilst in Mr. Palmer's manuscript Memoir, it is a legacy of ten thousand pounds, without mention of the house in Great Ormond Street, which he certainly inherited from her. I should imagine that this sum is more likely to be the correct one. But be this as it may, it is certain that he considered this accession to his fortune a providential supply for the extension of his plans of benevolence, without injury to his paternal estate, which he thought it his duty to leave unencumbered to his son.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Howard's third journey on the continent for the purpose of inspecting the prisons and hospitals of Holland, Flanders, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and France; his third general survey of the English, his second of the Scotch and Irish jails, and the publication of his first Appendix to the State of Prisons, 1778—1780.

It was impossible but that a work like that of Mr. Howard's upon the State of Prisons, should have excited, upon its first appearance, an unusual portion of public attention. The different periodical papers were accordingly liberal, it was impossible to be lavish, in their praises of the purity of the motives that had induced, the unwearied perseverance that had accomplished, and the unassuming modesty which characterised the statement of the results of this unexampled labour of Christian love. But this was not all; the attention of the legislature was immediately arrested by some of the abuses which this work pointed out, particularly by those relating to persons under sentence of transportation.

On the 15th of April, 1778, Mr. Howard was examined before a select committee of the House of Commons, concerning persons under sentence of transportation. It was in answer to their questions that he gave an account of his first visit to the Justitia, in which he stated that he saw the convicts altogether upon deck, and walking twice round them, he looked into the face of every person, and found, by their wretched appearance, that there was some mismanagement in those who had the care of them. Many had no shirts, some no waistcoats, some no stockings, and others no shoes. Several of them knew him,

and seeing from their sickly looks that they required medical attendance, he asked particularly whether they had it, and found that they had not. By waiting to see their messes weighed out, he ascertained that the broken biscuit actually given to them, was green and mouldy, though that which the captain showed him as a sample was good and wholesome; a piece of deception for which he indignantly reproached the captain, as he convicted him of falsehood, by showing him the biscuit in the face of the whole crew. In every other respect, these poor wretches were as miserably neglected. Even the sick, who were only separated from the healthy, if any such there could be, in this loathsome prison, by a few boards roughly nailed together, had nothing to sleep upon but the bare decks. Their drink was water, and many of them told him in a whisper, lest their inhuman task-masters should overhear their complaints, that their meat was much tainted. With so much food for pestilence, we need not wonder that he should express his decided conviction, that had not the legislature turned its attention to the subject, instead of a third or a fourth part, all the convicts confined here would have been lost.

This visit, though its results were never laid before the public, was yet not without its immediate effects; for on a second visit to the hulks on the 26th of January, 1778, he found that the convicts were much better treated than when he saw them last, as was evident from their very looks. They now had regular medical assistance: the sick were all in separate beds, their irons were off, and in other respects they seemed to have the utmost attention paid to them. He inspected their bread, meat, and small beer, and found them to be good and wholesome. In consequence of the information which he gave of their improved state, the committee recommended to the House

an adherence to the system, and a bill was accordingly brought in for continuing this mode of confinement, and received the royal assent, on the 28th of May following.

The legislature was anxious, however, to extend these provisions still further, by the establishment of places of confinement, for offenders of this description, on the plan of the rasp and spin houses in Holland. The draft of a bill to this effect having accordingly been prepared by Sir William Blackstone and Mr. Eden,—within two days after his examination before the House of Commons, Mr. Howard set out upon a tour to that country, with a view to gain further information on this branch of its well regulated police. He arrived at Harwich on the 18th of April, and immediately proceeded to the Hague, and thence to Amsterdam. He had not been in the latter place above a day or two, before he had the misfortune to meet with a very serious accident from a horse running away with a dray, which, catching him by the coat, threw him upon a heap of loose stones, which brought on an inflammatory fever, that confined him to his room for six weeks, and for a considerable part of the time placed his life in great jeopardy.

How constantly he was supported under this affliction, how ardent too were his desires that it might be sanctified to himself and to others, the following short extracts from his diary, when so far recovered as to be able to write but a few lines a day, will abundantly testify:

"*Hague, May* 11, 1778. Do me good, oh God! by this painful affliction. May I see the great uncertainty of health, ease and comfort, and that all my springs are in thee. Oh, the painful, wearisome nights I possess! may I be more thankful if restored to health, and more compassionate to others, more absolutely devoted to God.

J. H.

"12. In patience may I possess my soul, and say, It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.

"13. In pain and anguish all night, my very life a burthen to me. Help, Lord, vain is the help of man—in thee do I put my trust, let me not be confounded. All refuges but Christ are refuges of lies; my soul, stay thou on that rock.

"14. This night my fever abated, my pains less. I thank God I had two hours sleep, prior to which, for sixteen days and nights, not four hours' sleep. Righteous art thou in all thy ways, and holy in all thy works:—sanctify this affliction and show me wherefore thou contendest with me; bring me out of the furnace as silver purified seven times.

"15. Show me, O God, wherefore thou contendest with me, that I may recover strength before I go hence, and am no more seen. May this great affliction be to try me, to prove me, and to do me good in my latter end, to wean my affections from this world, and fix them on the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

"16. A more quiet night and less fever, yet much pain until morning. If God should please to restore me to days of prosperity, may I remember the days of sorrow, to make me habitually serious and humble; may I learn from this affliction more than I have learnt before, and have reason to bless God for it.

"17, 1778. *Lord's-day.* This night, I bless God, less pain, though more fever; so that I have not strength to attend the public worship of God; yet I have hope, I shall be raised up a monument of his goodness. Oh! may I not be a cumberer of the ground, but live to the glory of God; and made, through grace, an honour to my christian profession, may I have a prudent zeal, and a humble hope, in the mercy of God through Christ.

19. A better night, less pain. Thou art putting a song of praise into my mouth, O thou God, that hearest prayer! Perfect mercy begun, and may I never forget the mercy of God. J. H."

About ten days after the above extracts from his diary were written, he went back again to Amsterdam, and there attended, for the first time since this accident, the public service of God, to return thanks for his deliverance from the serious consequences which seemed at one time likely to have resulted from it. Here he made the two following entries in his diary:

"*Amsterdam, May* 30. Less pain in the night—more revived this morning. Put under me thine everlasting arms; succour and support me for thy mercy sake, O my Saviour and my God!

"31. A poor night; faint; yet, blessed be God, enabled to attend his public worship. Lord, revive and put a new song of praise into my mouth."

As soon as his medical attendants would permit him to gratify his impatient desire to begin the work that had brought him to Holland, he cheerfully entered on the business of his journey.

Being in Rotterdam on a Sunday, he was desirous of ascertaining whether there was such dissipation in its prisons as in ours, and therefore attended the public service at the rasphouse, which he found to be conducted with the greatest possible order and decorum. "The decent behaviour and attention of the audience evidently proved," says Mr. Howard, "that the service, though of two hours and a half, was not tedious or disagreeable. I cannot," he adds, "forbear closing this account without mentioning the ardent wishes it inspired in me, that *our* prisons also, instead of echoing with profaneness and blas-

hemy, might hereafter resound with the duties of religious worship; and prove, like these, the happy means of wakening many to a sense of their duty to God and nan."

At Gouda the prison for debtors had not been occupied or seventeen years.

Returning to Amsterdam, Mr. Howard carefully reinpected all the prisons of that populous city, and obtained he most accurate and minute information respecting the egulations adopted there. He particularly noticed, and as very properly commended, the care taken by the nagistrates of the children of the few malefactors exeuted here, who were "sent to the orphan-house, and here brought up in industry, instead of being left destiute vagabonds, to become unhappy victims to the wickdness and folly of their parents." At the rasp-house rayers were regularly read morning and evening, and efore and after meals: such was the attention universal- paid in Holland to the training in religious habits even ie most abandoned of the people. The workhouse of is city Mr. Howard found to be a well regulated house of dustry, in which beggars, vagabonds, drunkards, and etty thieves, were confined for a limited time, to the hard bour, to which all the inmates of this large establishent were not nominally sentenced, but actually and osely kept.

Such indeed was the admirable effect of the system correctional police so judiciously applied in Holland, this and other instances, to the lowest as to the highst gradation of offences, that our benevolent tourist und upon inquiry at Utrecht, that there had not been single execution either in the city itself, or the provce in which it is situated, for the last fourteen years.

Mr. Howard closes his account of the places of confinement in Holland, with the following short but merited panegyric upon the general excellence of their regulations. "I leave this country with regret, as it affords a large field for information on the important subject I have in view. I know not which to admire most, the *neatness* and *cleanliness* appearing in the prisons, the *industry* and *regular conduct* of the prisoners or the *humanity* and *attention* of the magistrates and governors.

From Holland our traveller proceeded to Germany which he entered the latter end of June.

The prisons of Berlin were in general convenient and clean. In the *Maison de Travail*, four hundred and fifty persons, old and young, men and women, were actively employed in spinning and carding wool, and every time he visited them, Mr. Howard was pleasingly struck with their cleanly appearance. Nor did the prisons of this city, or in any part of the Prussian dominions, contain a torture chamber, Frederic the Great having humanely set the example in Germany, of abolishing this cruel practice for which they were required.

From this capital he addressed the Rev. Thomas Smith, who, agreeably to his earnest request, was occupying his house at Cardington.

"*Berlin, June* 28, 1778.

"Dear Sir,

"With pleasure I heard by John Prole's letter which I received last Thursday, on my arrival, that you are at Cardington. It gives me pleasure to think, that a place on which I have employed so many of my thoughts, should afford my friend any entertainment. My pain and fever, brought on by the accident I met

with in Holland, made me almost despair of accomplishing my journey, or of ever returning to England; but through sparing mercy, I am recovered, and have now the pleasing hope before me. I was presented on Friday to Prince Henry, who very graciously conversed with me ten minutes, and said, 'He could hardly conceive of a more disagreeable journey, but the object was great and humane.'

"I have both parts of this day joined with the French Protestants, a pleasure I shall be debarred of many weeks. I am here nobly lodged—drank tea this afternoon with Prince Dolgoruky, the Russian ambassador—yet I thirst for the land of liberty, my Cardington friends, and retreat.

"Please, sir, to tell John Prole, I observe the contents of his letter. I shall write in five or six weeks; and, that I must build no more cottages, (as he is still fetching materials to finish the last) till I have quite done with my jail schemes.

"I take my leave with affectionate compliments to Mrs. Smith, and a kiss for the babe, and the tenderest assurances of regard from, dear sir, your friend and servant, J. HOWARD.

"I beg leave to be remembered to any inquiring friends at Bedford. I am well, and in spirits to undertake any enterprise but one, which I hope never more will be pressed on me, as totally destructive of that tranquillity and ease in which I hope to pass the few remaining years of my life.

"Let me share your serious moments.

J. H."

The enterprise here alluded to, is obviously that of attempting to obtain a seat in the legislative assembly of his country.

As he crossed Silesia, the errand he was travelling upon, and the scenes he witnessed, must have presented themselves in singular contrast to the mind of this benevolent being; who, like some commissioned angel of mercy, winging rapidly on his way through fields of carnage, and the valley of the shadow of death, passed hastily, yet unmolested, through hostile armies and military entrenchments, on whose approaching shock hung the destiny of empires,—to pour the balm of consolation into the wounded spirit of some wretched captive.

In the city of Prague he seems to have made a slight deviation from his usual rule, of strictly confining his attention to the inspection of such places as were likely to afford him information on the great objects of his journey; for he paid a visit to one of the principal monasteries of the Capuchin friars, which gave birth to rather a singular adventure. On reaching this convent, he found the holy fathers at dinner, round a table, which, though it was meagre day with them, was sumptuously furnished with all the delicacies, the season could afford, of which he was very politely invited to partake. This, however, he not only declined to do, but accompanied his refusal by a pretty severe lecture to the elder monks, in which he told them that he thought they had retired from the world to live a life of abstemiousness and prayer, but he found on the reverse, that their monastery was a house of revelling and drunkenness. He added, moreover, that he was going to Rome, and he would take care that the Pope should be made acquainted with the impropriety of their conduct. Alarmed, or at least thinking it prudent to seem to be alarmed, at this threat, four or five of these holy friars found their way the next morning to the hotel at which their visitor had

taken up his abode, to beg pardon for the offence they had given him by their unseemly mode of living, and to entreat that he would not say anything of what had passed to his holiness, or to any of the officers of the papal see. To this request our countryman replied, that he should make no promise upon the subject, but would merely say, that if he heard that the offence was not repeated, he might probably be silent on what was past. With this sort of half-assurance, the monks were compelled to be satisfied; but before they took leave of the heretical reprover of their vices, they gave him a solemn promise, that no such violation of their rules should again be permitted in their time, and that they would keep a constant watch over the younger members of their community, to guard them against similar excesses; and here the conference ended.

From Prague, Mr. Howard proceeded directly to Vienna, where he arrived on the 1st of July, and continued until the 15th, during which time he visited all the prisons of the city, which he found to be old buildings, affording no instruction. In the principal one, called *La Maison de Bourreau*, were many horrid dungeons, in connection with which, he has inserted in his work a note relative to the precautions he adopted to secure himself from contagion in visiting infected places, and, from the spirit of humble dependence on the protection of Providence, whilst in the path of duty, which it breathes, the reader will, I am sure, be pleased to meet with it in this place:

"Here, as usual," says he, "I inquired whether they had any putrid fever, and was answered in the negative. But in one of the dark dungeons down twenty-four steps, I thought I had found a person with the jail fever.

He was loaded with heavy irons, and chained to the wall: anguish and misery appeared, with tears clotted on his face. He was not capable of speaking to me; but on examining his breast and feet for *petechiæ* or spots, and finding he had a strong intermitting pulse, I was convinced that he was not ill of that disorder. A prisoner in an opposite cell told me, that the *poor creature* had desired him to call out for assistance, and he had done it, but was not heard. This is one of the *bad effects* of dungeons. I have frequently been asked what precautions I use to preserve myself from infection in the prisons and hospitals which I visit. I here answer once for all, that next to the *free goodness* and *mercy* of the *Author of my being*, temperance and cleanliness are my preservatives. Trusting in *Divine Providence*, and believing myself in the way of my duty, I visit the most noxious cells, and while thus employed, '*I fear no evil.*' I never enter an hospital or prison before breakfast, and in an offensive room I seldom draw my breath deeply."

During his stay in this capital, our illustrious countryman was introduced to the Queen of Hungary, and had the honour of dining with her on some public occasion, when the nobles of her court and the foreign ambassadors were her guests. With his usual attention to the gratification of his inferiors, he procured permission from some of the queen's household, for his attendant to pass through the room whilst her majesty was at table, which Thomasson describes as a very grand sight.

A circumstance also occurred here which strongly evinces Mr. Howard's love of truth, and the fearlessness of his character in speaking it, in all companies. Dining one day at the table of Sir Robert Murray Keith,

our ambassador at the Austrian court, the conversation turned upon the torture, when a German gentleman of the party observed, that the glory of abolishing it in his own dominions belonged to his Imperial Majesty. "Pardon me," said Mr. Howard, "his Imperial Majesty has only abolished one species of torture, to establish in its place another more cruel; for the torture which he abolished, lasted, at the most, a few hours; but that which he has appointed lasts many weeks, nay, sometimes years. The poor wretches are plunged into a noisome dungeon, as bad as the black hole at Calcutta, from which they are taken only if they confess what is laid to their charge." "Hush," said the ambassador, "your words will be reported to his Majesty." "What!" replied he, "shall my tongue be tied from speaking truth by any king or emperor in the world? I repeat what I asserted, and maintain its veracity." Deep silence ensued, "and every one present," says Dr. Brown, "admired the intrepid boldness of the man of humanity."

He entered Italy with "raised expectations of considerable information," but Venice, the first place he visited, afforded but little to gratify his hopes, as, in the prison in the doge's palace, one of the strongest he had ever seen, his humanity was shocked at finding three or four hundred persons, many of them confined in dark and loathsome cells for life; capital punishments being here of rare occurrence. On being asked whether they would not prefer the galleys, they all answered in the affirmative; "so great a blessing," observes our author, "is light and air." The chapel was for the use of those condemned to death alone, and they continued in it a night and a day before their execution.

At Padua, a singular custom prevailed, of setting insolvent debtors, who wished to avoid a further imprisonment, three times upon a high stone stool, sometimes called the stool of disgrace; but at his visit to the prison there, Mr. Howard was informed that no one had submitted to the ignominy for ten years.

In a prison in Florence, which in its arrangements somewhat resembled the plan he himself had proposed for jails in his own country, Mr. Howard found that the allowance of food was fifteen ounces of good bread every day; but leaving some money behind him to purchase beef and mutton for all the prisoners, and a little tea and sugar for the women, when he visited it a few days after, he was unexpectedly greeted on his entrance into the wards by hymns and chorusses from the recipipients of his bounty, whose language of fervent gratitude and of ardent devotion was more applicable to a visitant from heaven, than a benefactor of mortal mould.

After crossing the country, he proceeded to Rome, in which magnificent city he found that the external elegance and simplicity of the new prison, but ill corresponded with the misery and wretchedness he saw within. The secret chambers, of which there were eighteen for the men, containing sixty-eight prisoners, and several others for women, were strong, but close and offensive rooms, with but one window in each, to admit either light or air. Its visitor regrets that he could not say it was without a torture chamber. At one corner of the front of this prison, a pulley and rope were placed, by which malefactors, with their hands tied behind them, were pulled up; and after being suspended for some time, were inhumanly let down part of the way, when, by a sudden jerk, their arms were dislocated.

Of the prison of the Inquisition, at this fountain-head of that intolerant faith, which alone can suffer such an institution to exist, our author tells us, that "the chambers of its silent and melancholy abode were quite inaccessible to him; and yet he spent two hours about the court and the priests' apartments, till his continuance there began to raise suspicion." Had he kept his station much longer, it is not improbable that he might have become better acquainted with the dreadful secrets of its interior, than he could have wished; because his close confinement there would have prevented his communicating to the world the information he would have obtained.

At Rome, Mr. Howard visited the hospital of *S. Michele*, a large and noble edifice; a great part of it occupied by various manufactories and shops, where orphan and destitute boys were instructed in some useful trade, in which, when they had attained the age of twenty, they were set up by this excellent institution, whose governors, at the same time, completely clothed them. Their number was about two hundred: more than twice as many aged and infirm people being maintained in the clean apartments of another part of the building, in whose comfortable retreat our Philanthropist found them happy and thankful. In this hospital was a prison for boys and dissolute young men, bearing a Latin inscription, which imported that it was erected in 1704, by Pope Clement XI. "for the correction and instruction of profligate youth: that they, who when idle, were injurious, when instructed, might be useful to the state." In one of its rooms, the following admirable sentence was inscribed, "in which," says Mr. Howard, with great truth, "the grand purpose of all civil policy relative to criminals is expressed:—PARUM

EST COERCERE IMPROBOS POENA NISI PROBOS EFFICIAS DISCIPLINA;' *'It is of little advantage to restrain the bad by punishment, unless you render them good by discipline.''* To have met with a prison conducted upon principles so perfectly accordant with the views which he himself entertained upon the important subject of their regulation, must have afforded to the benevolent heart and liberal mind of Howard as pure delight as any thing of the kind in this world could have furnished. Nor are we, perhaps, when applied to such a man, to consider as a mere figure of speech the assertion of a biographer, who knew his ardent disposition well, that he believed "he would almost have thought it worth his while to have gone to Rome for *this sentence* alone." In furtherance of the enlightened objects of the policy so judiciously expressed in this inscription, Mr. Howard saw fifty boys spinning in a room, in the middle of which was suspended, in large letters of gold, the word *Silentium.*

From Rome Mr. Howard proceeded to Naples, where the principal prison contained 980 prisoners; and in about eight large rooms, communicating with each other, he himself saw four hundred and fifty sickly objects, who had access to a court surrounded by buildings so high as to prevent the circulation of air; and in six dirty rooms, communicating the one with the other, were fifty women. From the heat of the climate he expected to have found the jail fever prevailing in Italy, but he never met with it in any of its prisons. The Neapolitan galleys, four in number, were moored about ten feet from the shore, and contained upwards of 1200 slaves, chained two and two together; and as no regular plan had yet been settled for their employment, the king had recently made a present of such of them as had been condemned for life, to the Maltese; so easily and

unceremoniously, under these despotic governments, are their slaves transferred from one owner to another, like flocks of sheep, or herds of cattle.

The large and crowded hospitals of *S. Apostoli* and *L' Annunziazione*, had wards for the cure of persons wounded by the stilettoes of assassins, a race of desperadoes with which every part of Italy abounded, and still abounds; so that Mr. Howard calculates that more murders were then committed in the city of Naples or of Rome, in a year, than in our three sister kingdoms put together. "Many of the common people," he tells us, "seemed indeed to be insensible of the crime of murder," having himself heard criminals in prison express their satisfaction that, though they had stabbed, they had never robbed.

With his wonted anxiety to turn every thing he heard or saw in other countries, to the improvement of his own, he very pertinently asks, whether this striking difference in the character of the two nations in this respect, "does not prove that the English are not naturally cruel? And might not arguments," he continues, "be derived from hence, for the revisal and repeal of some of our sanguinary laws?" It is nearly forty years since this plain question was proposed to the consideration of our legislators, by a man whose name is often on their lips, but whose humane, yet prudent suggestions for the improvement of our code of criminal jurisprudence have, as yet, had but too little influence upon their conduct, or their hearts. Had they heard him, some radical distinction would, long ere this, have been made, between the taking of a penny from another in a public road, or goods to the amount of forty shillings from his dwelling, and wilfully and barbarously depriving a fellow-creature of his life. Jurors, from a mista-

ken view of their duty, would not then have foresworn themselves to save the passing of a sentence seldom executed, nor judges have lowered their dignity to suggest to jurors some quibbling expedient, to reconcile their humanity with the solemn obligation of their oath.

From this city he returned to Rome, and thence proceeded to Civita-Vecchia, where the Pope's galleys lay; the slaves being confined in them for different terms, according to the nature of their crimes. These slaves for life were chained two and two together, whilst the others wore but a single chain. If any of the latter escaped, they were compelled to finish the term of their first condemnation, and then to serve for another of an equal length, whilst those sentenced for life, received from one to two hundred lashes a-day, for three days after their return.

At Genoa, Mr. Howard continued for five days, busily occupied in inspecting the prisons and hospitals. The former were under very excellent regulations. In the principal one for male criminals, (those for female offenders and for debtors being perfectly distinct establishments,) the keeper was made personally responsible, and liable to punishment, for the least fault or neglect of his assistants; and he was directed to take particular care that his prisoners did not play at cards, or any other games.

An asylum for boys and girls in this city, something similar to the noble and well regulated hospital of St. Michael, at Rome, had over the door of the great room in which numbers were spinning and weaving, this short but appropriate inscription, "*Silentium et obedientia*;" silence and obedience. In the great trading city of Milan, to which his benevolent course was next directed, he found but four prisoners confined for debt,

whilst in London, the number at this time, could not have been less than a thousand.

The house of correction at Milan was not quite completed, but the dormitory and work-rooms for the men were already occupied. The whole was on a noble and spacious plan. In one of the rooms, forty looms were employed in weaving linen, cotton, and diaper, and in others, opening into it, were warping and twisting mills, and winding-wheels, to prepare the materials, which in their raw state, were beat and made ready for these processes by other prisoners. To complete the whole, the house was furnished with a calendar, and conveniences for bleaching the cloth, thus entirely manufactured within its walls. Such of the prisoners as were not engaged in any of the branches of this extensive manufactory were employed as masons and laborers in completing this noble edifice. The work-rooms for the women were just finished, and were large, light, and lofty, having, moreover, stone basons in one corner of each, with water laid into them. Over those of the men was their dormitory, which was spacious, airy, clean, and sufficiently light, having three stone galleries round it, into which one hundred and twenty good sized chambers opened, each of them having a window to the street, or court yard, and another smaller one towards the room, so that a thorough air passed through the building. They were furnished with a bed and bedding, a stool, and other conveniences; and both in the area of this hall, and in the infirmary were stone sinks, with water laid on. Near to the end of the room was an altar, opening from which, on the right and left, in the form of a cross, was a dormitory for boys, and the infirmary. There were already nearly three hundred prisoners in this noble prison. This house of correction, not

only in name, but in deed, was precisely of the description of those he would have wished to have seen erected as penitentiary houses in his own country. From his servant's journal we learn, that he here exercised one of those acts of mercy, upon which his own narrative of his visits to these places of confinement, which he seldom left without making some of their wretched inmates happy by some deed of kindness, usually preserves the silence of the grave. Amongst the number of its prisoners, was a young man of superior talents, who was working upon a very fine gold brocade. On entering into conversation with him, Mr. Howard found that he was highly accomplished, and could speak four or five different languages. The crime for which he was confined here, was that of having more wives than one living at the same time,—an offence which, in Italy, does not seem to have been viewed in so serious a light as it is with us; since, on finding that the correction he had undergone in this prison seemed to have produced a salutary effect upon his mind, our benevolent countryman was permitted to purchase his ransom, and to furnish him with money to carry him to some other country, probably to that of which he was a native. For this unexpected generosity, the young man, who appeared not to be above four or five and twenty years of age, was very grateful, and shewed his benefactor all possible respect and attention during his continuance in Milan.

In entering Switzerland, as he himself now did, Mr. Howard says, "the traveller will be surprised to meet frequently with a gibbet on the road, if he be not informed that almost every bailiwick has a prison, and possesses the power of trying criminals and capitally convicting them." One of these prisons he visited,

and found it to consist of four rooms, at the top of a castle, which were empty, as was commonly the case with prisons in this country, "in consequence," he tells us, "of the virtuous education and industry of the inhabitants."

In one of the prisons at Berne, an old keeper having left the door of the men's ward unlocked, twelve of the convicts forced the outer one open, and walked off; the people suffering them to pass, because they thought they were going to their work in the city. When five of them were afterwards retaken, the magistrates ordered that they should not be punished, as every one must be desirous of gaining his liberty, and they had not been guilty of any violence in obtaining theirs. The punishment fell, therefore, where it ought to fall, upon the keeper, for his negligence. On inquiring of one of the magistrates if they ever banished any of their criminals, he seemed quite surprised at the question; and asked, in the true pithy style of Laconia, if he did not see in the mountains many manufactories.

From Switzerland, Mr. Howard returned to Germany, to visit some prisons which he had not yet seen, especially those of the free, or imperial cities.

At Munich, in one of the prisons, the instruments of torture were in a dark, damp dungeon, seventeen steps under ground. In the other, they were in a room containing a table and six chairs for the magistrates and their secretaries, all covered with black cloth and fringe, and elevated above the floor by two steps of the same sable hue. Various engines of torture, some of them stained with blood, hung round the room. When these were applied to criminals, or to persons suspected of being such, candles were lighted, as the windows

were closed, to prevent the cries of the sufferers from being heard abroad. "But it is too shocking," says our author, "to relate their different modes of cruelty: even women are not spared;" and he closes his short description of so horrible a scene, by comparing the torture-room in the *free* city of Munich, to that of the Inquisition at Madrid, which Limborch very justly characterizes as "the very mansion of death, every thing appearing so terrible and awful."

In the prison at Ratisbon most of the chambers were airy and had stoves in them. There were no dungeons, but three dismal cellars for torture, at the infliction of which two of the senators, their secretary, and the hangman with his valets—a most goodly company—attended.

Nurenburg contained one of the worst prisons he had ever seen, whose dark, unhealthy dungeons, and dismal torture-chamber did no honour to its magistracy.

The large house of correction at Schwabach was clean and well regulated. The jailer readily supplied his visitor with a book containing the regulations of the prison, interspersed with many liberal and sensible remarks, some of which appeared to Mr. Howard, as they now do to his biographer, to be worth transcribing. It was there truly remarked,—and this is a rock upon which our legislators and writers upon legislation have often split,—"that there is a great error in expecting that a house of this kind should be made to *maintain itself*; since with the strictest economy, a *considerable annual sum* will be found necessary for its proper support.*

* Notwithstanding all this authority against it, in the United States, at Auburn, N. Y., Wethersfield, Conn., and Baltimore, Md., it has been proved, for years, that it is possible for a prison to support itself. *Ed.*

During his short stay at Aix le Chapelle, we find the following devout ejaculation of praise to his Creator and Redeemer, entered in his memorandum-book :

" Hallelujah, blessing, honour, glory, and power be unto God, and the Lamb, for ever and ever.

JOHN HOWARD."

" *Sunday evening, Aix la Chapelle, 8th Nov.* 1778."

The next place he visited was Liege, whose prisons he found to be in a situation of wretchedness as to their condition, and cruelty as to their government, scarcely to be paralled by anything he had met with in the whole course of his extensive journeyings. His own unvarnished tale of what he saw and felt on their inspection, I give without note or comment.

" The two prisons (distinguished by the names of the *old* and the *new*) near *Lá Porte de St. Leonard*, in Liege, are on the ramparts. In two of rooms of the *old* prison I saw six cages made very strong with iron, four of which were empty. These were dismal places of confinement; but I soon found worse. In descending deep below ground from the jailer's apartments, I heard the moans of the miserable wretches in the dark dungeons. The sides and roof were all stone. In wet weather water gets into them, and has greatly damaged the floors. Each of them had two small apertures, one for admitting air, and the other, with a shutter over it strongly bolted, for putting in food for the prisoners. One dungeon larger than the rest was appropriated to the sick. In looking into this, with a candle, I discovered a chimney, and felt some surprise at this little escape of humanity from the men who constructed these cells. The dungeons in the *new* prison are abodes of misery still more shocking ; and confinement in them so overpowers human nature, as sometimes irrevocably

to take away the senses. I heard the cries of the distracted as I went down to them. One woman, however, I saw, who (as I was told) had sustained this horrid confinement forty-seven years without becoming distracted The cries of the sufferers in the torture-chamber may be heard by passengers without, and guards are placed to prevent them from stopping and listening. A physician and surgeon always attend when the torture is applied; and on a signal given by a bell, the jailer brings in wine, vinegar, and water, to prevent the sufferers from expiring. '*The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.*' "

Proceeding into Flanders, Mr. Howard spent a fortnight at Brussels, where he found the prisoners in the old house of correction all employed, under a careful and attentive keeper.

From this city he passed on to Ghent, and going over the noble house of correction there with one of the magistrates, found the prisoners still employed on a well-regulated manufactory of cloth, specimens of which he purchased and brought home with him, as he did also of the paper-hangings made at Brussels, and the marble ornaments carved at Bayreuth, to counteract the unfounded notion which prevailed, and still prevails, in England, that no manufacture can be carried on by convicts, to any valuable purpose.

In his way to the Hague, he inspected more attentively than he formerly had done, the prisons of Antwerp, and found in the principal one a cage, about six feet and a half square, into which prisoners were put before they underwent the torture, which was here administered in all its wonted severity, the prisoner while he suffered it, being clothed in a long shirt, having his eyes bound, and being attended by a physician and sur-

geon, to ascertain the precise degree of racking pain which he could undergo, without risking a release by death. Should a confession be forced from him, he was required to sign it, and forty-eight hours afterwards he was executed. In a small dungeon of this jail was a stone seat, on which it was said that prisoners were formerly suffocated by brimstone, when their families wished to avoid the disgrace of a public execution.

Returning home through France, Mr. Howard revisited the prisons of its metropolis. He spent two mornings of his stay in Paris at the *Bicêtre*, in whose two halls he saw above two hundred persons confined together in idleness, to the great corruption of their own manners, and the serious injury of the state. Many, he assures us, and on this point, we might readily believe a less credible witness, have, at their unhappy end, ascribed their ruin to the flagitious examples they had seen, and to the instructions given them in this place.

At Calais he found six-and-twenty of his countrymen in a spacious ward in the military hospital, to whom the greatest attention was paid. In the prison at this, as well as at the other places he had visited, many of them, however, had no change of linen, whilst some were almost destitute of clothes, being the crews of vessels wrecked on the French coast in the violent storm which had raged on the 31st of the preceding December. These objects of compassion, though, with his usual modesty, his own works contain not the slightest hint upon the subject, we are assured from an authority which cannot be questioned, he generously clothed at his own expense.

At Calais, Mr. Howard completed his third journey of benevolence upon the continent, in the course of

which he had travelled 4636 miles. Embarking for Dover, he proceeded direct to London. His first object when he reached the metropolis of his own country once more, was to wait upon the commissioners for sick and wounded seamen, to report to them the representations of the commissaries for prisoners of war, and other French gentlemen of very serious complaints having been made by their prisoners, of the treatment they met with in England; giving them, at the same time, an account of that, which those of our own nation experienced there, and announcing to them his intention of ascertaining, by personal inspection, whether these complaints were founded in truth.

As soon as he had dispatched his business with the members of this Board, he set off for Bedfordshire, where he had the happiness to find his dear boy in good health and spirits, and rejoicing in the opportunity of spending a few weeks with his father, after having been prevented that happiness by his absence on the continent during his last vacation. With him, his son continued during the remainder of his holidays, either at Cardington, or in travelling from place to place to visit his relatives. As soon, however, as he had returned to school, Mr. Howard lost not an hour in commencing a fresh inspection of the English jails, in order that he might be enabled to lay before the public, in an appendix to his former work, an accurate account of their condition, and of the alterations and improvements made in their construction and regulation since he last had visited them.

His first journey was into the west of England. After revisiting several jails in the counties of Somerset and Dorset, he returned home on the 11th or 12th of February,

After spending a fortnight at Cardington, on the 25th of this month, he commenced, at Aylesbury, what he terms his southern journey; in the outset of which he visited the county jail at Oxford, on whose condition he observes, that "it is very probable, that the rooms in this castle are the same that the prisoners occupied at the time of the Black assize," in 1577, when the lord chief baron, the sheriff, and all who were present, amounting to about three hundred men, died in the course of forty hours, in consequence of a disease with which the court was infected by the prisoners. "The wards are close and offensive, so that, if crowded, I should not greatly wonder to hear of another fatal assize at Oxford."

On his return, after a respite of about ten days, spent chiefly at Cardington, Mr. Howard set out upon his eastern journey, from which he returned to London on the 8th of April.

His next journey, commencing on the 15th of this month, was into Kent, Sussex, Berks, and part of Buckingham and Hertfordshire.

Returning home from this journey, on the 24th or 25th of April, on the 5th of May, he left Cardington for the north of England, taking his way through Folkingham, Lincoln, Gainsborough, and Beverley, to York. On the 10th of May, he concluded a tour, in the progress of which he had travelled 957 miles in fifteen days.

The partiality which Mr. Howard always entertained for Bristol Hot Wells, induces me to conclude, that the period during which I am unable to trace him in his circuit of philanthropy through the whole of the three kingdoms, namely, from the 19th of May to the 1st of June, was spent at that place, or in its neighbourhood.

On the day last mentioned, he visited the castle at Gloucester, where he learned that eight prisoners had lately died of the small pox; yet was there no infirmary. Another very serious defect in this inconvenient jail, was the want of a proper separation of the sexes, and of the bridewell prisoners from the rest. From the gross inattention of the magistrates to this point, the most licentious intercourse prevailed; so that all the endeavours of the chaplain to promote reformation amongst its wretched and abandoned inmates, were thwarted and defeated by the encouragement in vice which the less hardened offenders were daily receiving from those who were further advanced in their profligate career. Five or six children had lately drawn their first breath in this hot-bed of iniquity.

The jail at Cardigan, though built but three or four years, was very dirty, and swarmed with vermin, as was often the case where there was no water. The borough jail abounded also with vermin, and probably had never been washed since it had been a prison.

On the 5th and 6th of June, he was occupied with inspection of the places of confinement for French and American prisoners, in the town of Pembroke, 113 of whom he found in the jail and in two old houses; most of them with neither shoes nor stockings on, and some also without shirts.

Such observations as these, convinced their benevolent visitor, that humanity and good policy alike required the appointment of an inspector of prisoners of war, who should be obliged to report quarterly their state, as to health, provisions, &c.

Returning into England, he finished on the 9th of June, his sixth journey of inspection during the present year.

He had been at home but a fortnight, ere he set off on a tour through Scotland and Ireland. In his way to the former country, he found in the jail at Durham five boys, between thirteen and fifteen years of age, confined with the most abandoned of the felons. The county bridewell was much altered for the better; and to the bridewell at Newcastle six rooms had lately been added.

In the house of correction at Glasgow, seventeen women, decently clothed, were employed in spinning; but in no other prison in this country did he find above four or five prisoners. This he attributes partly to the shame and disgrace annexed to imprisonment, partly to the solemn manner in which oaths are administered, and trials and executions conducted; and partly—he might have said principally—to the general sobriety of manners produced by the care taken to instruct the rising generation. From these combined causes it appears that during the ten years and an half immediately preceding this visit, only thirty-nine persons were executed in the whole of Scotland, a number which falls short of that of one of the smallest English circuits, whilst it does not amount to a tenth part of those who suffered in the metropolis alone during that period. The debtors confined in prison here were also but few, principally from the humane law of the country, commonly called the *cessio bonorum*, by which a debtor, after being a month in prison, might obtain his liberty, and be secured against execution for any previous debts, by making a surrender of all his effects to his creditors; though the property he might afterwards acquire was liable to be attached for his old debts. Here, too, if a prisoner declared upon oath that he had not the means of maintaining himself, his creditor was compelled to aliment

him at three pence a-day at the least, though the magistrates generally ordered sixpence. Hence creditors seldom put their debtors in jail, but where they had good reason to believe that they were acting fraudulently. Criminals were here tried out of irons, and when acquitted, immediately discharged in open court. But, notwithstanding all these good signs, Mr. Howard observes that all the prisons which he saw in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Stirling, Jedburgh, Air, &c. were old buildings, dirty and offensive, without court-yards, and also generally without water. They were not visited by the magistrates, and their jailers were allowed the free sale of the most pernicious liquors. The treatment which the French prisoners of war experienced here was, however, far better than they generally met with in England; so that those whom he visited in the castle at Edinburgh had not a complaint to make.

But very different was the scene which presented itself when he landed at Belfast, on the 13th of July, as they there seemed to be very much neglected, many of them being sick, but not taken into the hospital, from the want both of room and accommodation.

In the Irish prisons the common and pernicious use of spirituous liquors generally prevailed; and acquitted prisoners were continued in confinement till they had discharged their fees to the clerk of the crown or of the peace, the sheriff, jailer, and turnkeys, so that even boys under the age of twelve years, and almost naked, would sometimes be kept in prison for them, for two years, with the aggravated cruelty of generally losing their allowance of bread the while. Some of these boys Mr. Howard humanely released from the county jail at Kilmainham, by paying half their fees, and procured the discharge of others from the Newgate at Dub

lin, on the sheriffs' relinquishing the whole of theirs. But, as they had been associated with the most profligate felons for many months, their generous liberator was too well aware of the necessary effects of such company, to be the least surprised at the return of some of them to their former habitation, in the course of a few days.*

Returning from a country, the condition of whose prisons he had so much occasion to condemn, and so little to commend, Mr. Howard, on the 4th of August, proceeded to London, for the purpose of revisiting its numerous jails.

He continued in the metropolis about a fortnight, busily occupied with the work which led him there, though rewarded for his unwearied labours by comparatively few improvements in the condition of the places of confinement which he visited. Some, however, had been made; and others were projected.

It deserves to be recorded as a proof of the anxiety which Mr. Howard felt, not to omit visiting any place of confinement, from which he could hope to derive information, that when his friend, Mr. Aikin, incidentally mentioned his having overlooked the Tower, he took an early opportunity of visiting it during his present stay in London, though he met with nothing there worthy of particular notice.

After spending about five days at Cardington, this indefatigable man set out upon what he calls his tour into North Wales, though, in fact, he only visited some few jails there, which lay out of the road, on his return from Ireland.

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* This is the class of prisoners for whom, in the United States, Houses of Refuge for Juvenile Delinquents are established. *Ed.*

Returning into Wales, he visited a bridewell for the county of Flint at Hanmer, consisting but of two rooms, in a ruinous thatched house, without court-yard, water, or employment for its prisoners.

At Taunton, he found in the county bridewell that all the prisoners were in irons. They were not at his former visit. Here he seems to have finished his journey, upon the 2d of September.

It was not until the 19th of this month that he left Cardington again, to reinspect the places of confinement in the counties of Nottingham and Huntingdon, making a circuit into Cambridgeshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Herts, on his return.

In that at Cambridge, in the spring of this year, seventeen women were confined in the day-time, and some of them at night, in the work-room, whose extreme offensiveness occasioned a sickness, which so alarmed the vice-chancellor, that he ordered them all to be discharged. Two or three of them died, however, within a few days after their release.

At Thetford he learnt that, at the preceding Lent assizes, twenty-seven persons were confined four nights, most of them in the suffocating dungeon formerly described.

In the county of Suffolk, he went over the workhouse, which he describes as the cleanest he had ever seen; adding that, "if all the parishes had been as careful to promote cleanliness and industry in their own work-houses, there would have been no occasion for other houses of industry."

He was informed at Hertfordshire, that a prisoner, brought out of the dungeon as dead of the jail fever, on being pumped upon in the yard, recovered; and he as-

sures us, that he had known other instances of the same kind.

The last place which he visited previous to his return to Cardington, was Buntingford, where was a county bridewell, without water or court-yard, though the keeper had a large garden.

His next journey, commencing on the 8th, and finished on the 14th of October, was through other parts of some of the counties he had last visited, and those of Lincoln, Northampton, and Buckingham.

Within two days after his return from this journey, Mr. Howard revisited the prisons of Bedford.

About the 25th of October, he left Cardington for London, where he remained until the middle of November, busily employed in arranging his papers for publication, and in occasionally visiting some of the prisons of the metropolis.

On the 16th of November, he reinspected the hulks, where he found the situation of the convicts greatly altered for the better.

Having completed, by this visit, the object of his journey to London, after spending about a week in Bedfordshire, Mr. Howard set off for Warrington, to superintend the printing of the Appendix to his State of Prisons, in which the result of his two years' extensive journeyings, at home and abroad, in the course of which he had travelled 10,955 miles, would be laid before the public.

Reaching this place about the 27th of November, he had no sooner, with Dr. Aikin's assistance, prepared a part of his work for the printer, than he proceeded to Liverpool, where he found the borough jail much cleaner than at his former visits, but the unhealthy dungeon still in use. The surgeon informed him that many

more prisoners had the jail fever here in 1775, than he had mentioned in his publication.

During his stay here, the corporation of Liverpool presented Mr. Howard with its freedom, as a just tribute to the extraordinary benevolence which had induced him to make such sacrifices of his time, his wealth, and his comfort, and to risk, as he had done, his health, and even his life, for procuring a reformation of the abuses existing in jails, and amongst others in the very defective ones under their superintendence and control.

In about two months after this, his book was completed, bearing for its title "Appendix to the State of the Prisons in England and Wales, &c. By John Howard, F. R. S. Containing a farther Account of Foreign Prisons and Hospitals, with additional Remarks on the Prisons of this Country." Its motto was the admirable inscription in the hospital of St. Michael, at Rome, which so well expressed his own views of the proper object of prison discipline—"*Parum est coercere Improbos Pœna, nisi Probos efficias Disciplina.*" This Appendix forms a quarto volume of 220 pages; but as it is illustrated by seven plates, most of them double, and two very highly finished, its price was a guinea; which, had all the copies been sold, would yet scarcely have paid the expense of paper and print. After it was completed, he was detained several weeks longer in Warrington, superintending through the press a cheaper edition, in octavo, of his former work, with which the new matter in his Appendix was incorporated. He also printed, at the same time, in a small pamphlet of about forty octavo pages, a translation of a very scarce tract, containing an account of the Bastille, by a person who had been a prisoner there, but the sale of whose exposure of the severities of this inquisitorial jail was

strictly prohibited by the French government, under the severest penalties; so that it was not until after many fruitless endeavours, that he was at length fortunate enough to meet with a copy of it, in the course of his last journey upon the continent, nor without some hazard that he brought it with him to England, where he now presented its contents, in their own language, to his countrymen; "not merely as an object of curiosity, but as affording a very interesting and instructive comparison between the horrors of despotic power, and the mild and just administration of equal laws in a free state."* He also reprinted, in the same size and form, the French original; accompanying both these editions of the work with a copy of the engraving of the plan of the Bastille, with which the original was furnished, and which he has also inserted in his Appendix to the State of Prisons; together with the most material circumstances of the description it was intended to illustrate. To each of these detached, but fuller accounts of this celebrated prison, he boldly affixed his name, as having caused it to be reprinted and translated.

Whilst these memoirs were passing through the press, I have conversed with the pressman principally employed in printing all Mr. Howard's works, and have learnt that whilst engaged in their superintendence, he behaved with his usual liberality to the workmen in the printing-office, and to every one who rendered the smallest assistance to their completion. With himself, and a journeyman with whom he worked, he

* Historical Remarks and Anecdotes on the Castle of the Bastille, translated from the French, published in 1774.

always took the opportunity when they were separate, to slip half-a-crown into their hands, at least once a week; and oftener, if either they, or the compositor, to whom he was still more liberal, had made any extra efforts to complete the daily proofs, which he was always particularly anxious to take home with him every night When the whole work was finished, he gave them two or three guineas each. The second time of his visiting Warrington, in 1779, instead of giving them their gratuities by a few shillings at a time, as he had done when he first went there, he made them each a present of a guinea, at such intervals as he thought proper, and as the exertions they made to meet his wishes might seem, to his liberal mind, to merit at his hands.

In the conclusion of the work, its benevolent author states the determination he had formed of retiring, immediately after its publication, "to the tranquil enjoyment of that easy competence a kind Providence had bestowed upon *him*;—happy in the idea, that he had in some degree been the instrument of alleviating the sufferings of a numerous and unhappy set of people, and had excited the attention of his countrymen to an important object of civil policy." But the resolution he had thus formed "of resigning all further public concern in this matter, was broken in upon," as he himself informs us, "by the urgent persuasions of some, who were pleased to think him a proper person to assist in the superintendence of one of those great and useful plans he had recommended to the public. It remains now to be tried," he continues, "how far the wise and humane intentions of the legislature can be accomplished in this country; and in what degree we can avail ourselves of those lights, which it was the particular purpose of my foreign journeys to collect." Such is the

concluding sentence of Mr. Howard's second work on prisons.

In the various tours in the course of the years 1778—9, he adopted the same mode of travelling as he had done upon his former tours, still ordering his meals and wine, as any other traveller would do, at the inns where he stopped, but directing his servant to take them away as soon as they were brought in, and to give what he himself did not eat and drink to the waiter. But on the continent he performed the greater part of his journeys in a German chaise, which he purchased for the purpose, never stopping on the road but to change horses, until he came to the town he meant to visit; travelling, if necessary to the effecting his purpose, the whole of the night; and sleeping, from habit, as well in his vehicle as in a bed. He always carried with him a small brass tea-kettle, a tea-pot, some cups and saucers, a supply of green tea, a pot of sweetmeats, and a few of the best loaves the country through which he passed could furnish. At the post-house he would get some boiling water, and where it was to be procured, some milk, and make his humble repast, while his man went to supply himself with more substantial food at the *auberge*.

It was his general custom, whenever he had obtained access to a place of confinement by means of persons in authority, to remain for some days longer in the town, for the purpose of revisiting every part, alone and unexpected. "Thus careful was he," observes his friend and biographer, Dr. Aikin, "to guard against deception; and with such coolness of investigation did he execute a design which it required so much ardour of mind to conceive."

It was in this spirit too, that, even before his first work was sent to press, he performed a second tour

through the whole of England and Wales, that he might be quite accurate in his statements of the condition of prisons, none of which he visited less than twice, and some of them as often as three, four, and even five times. "I was determined," said he, "that no one should have to accuse *mad Jack Howard* (for so he would often call himself, in allusion to some sarcastical remarks which had already been made upon his conduct) of falsehood; and thus religion should be disgraced in me."

The history of his private life during the two years which this chapter of our memoir embraces, is not very fruitful in incidents. One letter has, however, been confided to my hands, as a proof of the minute attention he always paid to the regulation of his private concerns; of his continual remembrance of his friends; and of his never forgetting, under any circumstances, the numerous pensioners on his bounty.

"*Ormond-Street, Oct.* 30, 1779.

"John Prole,

"I have settled the account; you have now in hand 12 : 16 : 8. You will sign the enclosed receipt for the interest. Let Haines' girls have each their half guinea, which you will directly pay to Mrs. Preston for them; and let their father make each of them a pair of shoes, which you will pay for. You keep the two horses constantly at work. Have you gone down the hedges with the shears? Has Joseph taken off any of the turf? One of the hats in the hamper give to Joseph Hopkins, at Finlake; the rest Ann will take care of. I have worked hard this week, but cannot yet fix my journey.

"Yours, JOHN HOWARD.

"When the cart goes for the doors, &c. carry a basket of pears for Mrs. Belsham, and another for Mrs. Gadsby."

It was a trait not the least surprising in his character, that whilst his heart was expanded to pity, and to succour the distresses of the most wretched and outcast of the human race, and every faculty of his being seemed to be absorbed in the glorious work of devising some general plan for their relief, he could yet individualize the objects of his private bounty, and administer to their wants with as constant and minute attention, as though he had no other pursuit to engage his time or his thoughts, and had been but the benefactor of his village, rather than of the world.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Howard's acting as supervisor of the penitentiary houses intended to be erected near the metropolis;—his resignation of that office;—his fourth journey upon the continent, in the course of which he inspected the prisons and hospitals of Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Poland, and revisited many of those of Holland and Germany;—his fourth general inspection of English prisons, and his third and fourth visits to Scotland and Ireland, 1780—1782.

The valuable and novel information which Mr. Howard's two first journeys to the continent of Europe had enabled him to communicate to his countrymen respecting the regulation of prisons in foreign states, could not fail to place before their eyes some of the principal defects in their own. As soon, therefore, as they were aware of the excellency of the discipline employed in Holland for the correction of offenders, our legislators deter-

mined to try the effects of a similar system in their own country, and accordingly passed the bill for the erection of penitentiary houses for the metropolis, in such situations as, to three supervisors, appointed by virtue of this act, should seem proper. Mr. Howard was accordingly the first supervisor named, having associated with Dr. Fothergill, and Mr. Whatley. For the appointment of the former of these gentlemen he made an express stipulation before he would consent to act upon his own; and it was with no small trouble that his unaffected modesty, and the low estimate which he at all times set upon his own abilities and exertions, yielded to the strong solicitations of his friends, particularly of the late Sir William Blackstone, the great promoter of the design, to take upon himself a duty which no man living could so well, or so satisfactorily perform.

He declined accepting any recompense for his services upon this occasion, and set himself, with his wonted zeal and perseverance, to the execution of his important trust.

The spot he fixed upon was Islington, and in this choice he was supported by Dr. Fothergill, whilst their colleague gave the preference to Limehouse, and adhered to his selection with much pertinacity.

Mr. Howard was therefore left, upon the decease of Dr. Fothergill, in the latter end of the year 1780, with no alternative between the giving up an opinion, of the propriety of which he was every day the more firmly convinced, and the resignation of an office which had occasioned him little but trouble and vexation. He therefore resigned his office. This resignation having been duly accepted, it is natural to suppose that Mr. Howard would gladly have availed himself of the opportunity now afforded him, of passing the remainder of his

days in the retirement he loved. But it was not his disposition to rest satisfied with what he had accomplished. Vast regions were still unexplored, and he therefore determined to visit, without delay, the northern courts of Europe, and to carry the torch of philanthropy to Denmark's seas of ice, and Russia's fields of snow.

In prosecution of this design, he reached Ostend on the 27th of May, 1781, and entering Holland by way of Rotterdam, spent a few days in reinspecting the prisons there.

At Bremen, the first town he stopped at in Germany, our traveller was obliged to apply to the magistrates for permission to visit the prison; one of the keepers having lately been confined for fourteen days to bread and water, for suffering a townsman to converse with a prisoner. In the jail in the tower of one of the gates, he found a prisoner in the same cell in which he had seen him five years ago.

In another prison, descending by ten steps from the street, were six close dungeons, without windows, one of them but six feet nine inches, by four feet and a half, and seven feet high. This dismal abode of human wretchedness contained at this time no prisoners; one who had been confined there having lately beat himself to death against the wall, which was stained with his blood.

Not long before this visit, Bremen was remarkable for the number of children begging in the street, but a workhouse had lately been established for the purpose of employing them, the expense of which was defrayed by voluntary contributions, collected weekly from house to house. Here he saw about one hundred and seventy of these little urchins from six to nine years of age,

clean, cheerful, and happy, whilst busily employed in spinning at small wheels, under the direction of proper masters and mistresses, being allowed twelve sous ($6\frac{1}{2}d.$) a week, at least.

At Rendsburg, the first town in the Danish territories of which we have any account, Mr. Howard found seventy-seven slaves, who were employed on the fortifications. Their countenances were more clear and healthy than those of the common people, who had opportunities of procuring spirituous liquors.

One of the modes of punishing offenders in the lower walks of life, resorted to in Denmark, was that of walking them through the streets, attended by the officer of justice, in what is called a Spanish mantle; which, as well as words can describe, what Mr. Howard has accurately represented in a plate, resembles as near as possible, one of those tubs which are formed of unbent staves, narrowing from the top to the bottom, through a hole in which the delinquent puts his head, his body being covered to the knees by the tub, whose weight is supported on his neck and shoulders. In that country gibbets and wheels are also placed on eminences, on which the bodies of malefactors are sometimes left after execution. The common mode of execution is beheading; but for more heinous offences, the barbarous custom of breaking on the wheel, was still resorted to. Executions in this country were rare; a great number of women for the murder of their children, being condemned to the spin-houses for life; a sentence so much more dreaded than death itself, that since its adoption, this crime had been of much less frequent occurrence.

In Copenhagen, where Mr. Howard arrived early in the month of July, he observed that the hospitals were

generally clean and well regulated, except the orphan-house in which were two hundred and twenty-five boys, most of whom had cutaneous disorders upon them, and were very sickly in their appearance; the rooms being close and dirty, and the whole establishment without proper management. When the director showed him the sick-rooms, he told him, with his usual plainness of speech, that they were all sick-rooms.

In travelling through Sweden, Mr. Howard found the houses much cleaner than in Denmark; whence he was very naturally led to hope that he should see the same difference in the prisons; but he found them full as dirty and offensive as those he had recently inspected.

The general mode of execution was by the axe; women being beheaded on a scaffold, which was afterwards set on fire, and consumed with the body. The reigning king, Gustavus III. had humanely abolished all torture in his dominions.

In the felons' prison for the city of Stockholm the rooms were very dirty, and the countenances of its wretched inmates bespoke neglect and oppression. In one of the two rooms appropriated to criminals sentenced to confinement on bread and water, were two persons who seemed to be almost starved, being allowed only two pennyworth of bread a day, and that sold to them by an unfeeling jailer. Seeing these miserable objects thankful for a small donation of bread, which his own liberal hand had no doubt bestowed, Mr. Howard remarked, that "a sentence for twenty-eight days must be very severe;" to which the savage brute replied, that "it was good for their health." Coffins were here kept ready for the dead, a precaution which in such a place, and with such a keeper, was any thing but needless.

Whilst in Sweden, Mr. Howard had been exposed t more than the usual hardships of travelling in tha cold and inhospitable clime, as he could get nothing t eat but sour bread and sour milk, neither fruit nor gar den stuff being frequently to be met with; though con firmed habit confined him to a vegetable diet, and th resolution of his earlier life, to which he always inflexi bly adhered, prevented his ever taking either wine o spirits on his journeys. His principal, and almost hi only support was, therefore, tea, and the unwholesom bread of the country, so that he had little reason to regre quitting Sweden for Russia, a country whose rapi march from barbarism to civilization, had at this tim powerfully directed the eyes of all Europe to her move ments, as an object of general curiosity.

In the modern capital of that country, rising as it ha done in the space of a few years from the midst of a desert into one of the largest cities in the world, he spent three weeks in inspecting its prisons and its char itable institutions.

He entered it in the most private manner, leaving his carriage and horses at some short distance from it, and walking in alone, in order that he might remain unknown, and visit the prisons in the state in which they were commonly to be found, not in one prepared for his inspection. The Empress had, however, gained intelligence of his arrival, and sent him a permission to come to court, of which he never availed himself, as he told the messenger who brought it, that he had devoted himself to visit the prisons of the captive, and not the courts or the palaces of kings.

At this time all the peasantry of Russia were the slaves of their feudal lords, who might inflict upon them any corporal punishment short of death, or banish them

to Siberia. Yet kindness and humanity lost none of their native influence on the human heart; and Mr. Howard was gratified in learning, that a gentleman in Petersburg, whose peasantry, hearing of his intention to sell his estate, gave him all the money they had saved, on condition that he should keep his land, and still continue to be their master.

So interwoven, indeed, was the spirit of slavery with the whole fabric of the Russian laws, that debtors were often employed as slaves by the government, who paid them the yearly wages of twelve rubles—about forty-eight shillings of our money—which went in discharge of their debts. Mr. Howard reminds us that a similar plan had lately been suggested by a writer in our own country. Whoever he may have been, I hope he lived to follow the example of the Marquis de Beccaria, who, in the first edition of his celebrated Treatise on Crimes and Punishments, proposed the adoption of this very principle, but being afterwards convinced of his mistake, very candidly confessed that he had injured the rights of humanity, and was heartily ashamed of ever having avowed so cruel an opinion.

No capital punishment was in use in Russia for any crime but treason, though that of the knout was often dreaded more than death, so that it sometimes happened that a criminal would endeavour to bribe the executioner to kill him.

Mr. Howard had heard that capital punishments had been abolished in Russia, and had even read that they were, in books of very high authority; but suspecting that this was not correct, he determined to satisfy himself as to the fact. He did not, however, look for exact information to the courtiers of the empress; but taking a hackney coach, he drove directly to the abode

of the executioner. The man was astonished and alarmed at seeing a gentleman enter his door, which was precisely the state of mind his visitor wished to find him in; and he endeavoured to increase his confusion by the tone, aspect, and manner which he assumed. Acting, therefore, as though he had authority to examine him, he told him that if his answers to the questions he should propose were conformable to truth, he had nothing to fear. He accordingly promised that they should be so; when Mr. Howard asked, "Can you inflict the knout in such a manner as to occasion death in a short time?" "Yes, I can," was the answer. "In how short a time?" "In a day or two." "Have you ever so inflicted it?" "I have." "Have you lately?" "Yes; the last man who was punished with my hands by the knout, died of the punishment." "In what manner do you thus render it mortal?" "By one or more strokes on the sides, which carry off large pieces of flesh." "Do you receive orders thus to inflict the punishment?" "I do." At the close of this curious dialogue, Mr. Howard left the executioner.

Of the fatal infliction of this barbarous punishment he himself was an eye-witness. He thus describes it:

"*Aug.* 10, 1781. I saw two criminals, a man and a woman, suffer the punishment of the *knoot*. They were conducted from prison by about fifteen hussars and ten soldiers. When they arrived at the place of punishment the hussars formed themselves into a ring round the whipping post, the drum beat a minute or two, and then some prayers were read, the populace taking off their hats. The woman was taken first; and after being roughly stripped to the waist, her hands and feet were bound with cords to a post made for the purpose, a man standing before the post, and holding the cords to keep them tight

A servant attended the executioner, and both were stout men. The servant first marked his ground and struck the woman five times on the back. Every stroke seemed to penetrate deep into her flesh. But his master, thinking him too gentle, pushed him aside, took his place, and gave all the remaining strokes himself, which were evidently more severe. The woman received twenty-five, and the man sixty. I pressed through the hussars, and counted the number as they were chalked on a board; and both seemed but just alive, especially the man, who yet had strength enough to receive a small donation, with some signs of gratitude. They were conducted back to prison in a little waggon. I saw the woman in a very weak condition some days after, but could not find the man any more."

The kind of weapon from which he no doubt received his death wound, is thus described amongst the instruments of punishment which the governor of the Petersburg police himself showed to our illustrious countryman, and explained to him their use.

"The *knoot* whip is fixed to a wooden handle, a foot long, and consists of several thongs about two feet in length twisted together, to the end of which is fastened a single tough thong of a foot and a half, tapering towards a point, and capable of being changed by the executioner, when too much softened by the blood of the criminal."

But besides this savage scourge, he was shown the axe and block; the machine then out of use for breaking the arms and legs, and the instrument for splitting the nostrils of offenders; that for branding them, by punctuation, and then rubbing a black powder on the wounds; and another called a cat, which consisted of a number of thongs, varying from two to ten.

From examining the instruments of a punishment, at whose severity his heart sickened, he turned to inspect the prisons in which those who had been, or might be subject to their cruel discipline, were confined—but there his harrowed feelings met with no relief. In the fortress were many vaulted rooms, used as a prison for deserters, and criminals of various sorts. Thirty-five of these poor wretches were crowded into one room, insufferably hot, from having no air but what was admitted through two small apertures of ten inches by nine. In another part of the building, seventy-five slaves, with logs fastened to both their legs, were lodged in four rooms still more close and offensive.

The new government prison exhibited a scene of equal wretchedness; for there, sixty-eight prisoners, including two confined for debt, and twenty-seven male and female vagrants, were crowded together into one little room.

The suburbs of the city contained another prison, in one of which were twenty-five prisoners, all of them with irons on both legs. Their whole number was near eighty; amongst whom were many boys of twelve or fifteen years of age. Nor was this the lot of felons only, but of debtors also; subsisting there entirely on what alms they could collect in the boxes hung out of their windows. One of them told his benevolent visitor, that he had been confined five years for a debt of fifteen roubles, (three pounds,) and another for four years, for one of five pounds.

It was not until after he had repeatedly visited every prison and hospital it contained, that Mr. Howard made preparations for leaving Petersburg, where he had been, if possible, more than usually diligent and minute in his inspections; because the first man in the empire had as-

sured him, that the publication which gave an account of them would certainly be translated into the Russian tongue. Before he set off he was, however, attacked by a fit of the ague ; but he did not suffer so unpleasant a visitor to prevent his pursuing a long and fatiguing journey through this inhospitable climate, and at an inclement season, in the course of which, to use his own expression, "he travelled his ague off."

The roads from Petersburg to Moscow were intolerably bad, and not very safe ; yet did he decline an offer pressed upon him by the Russian government, of the sure protection of a soldier, as his escort on the way ; and seating himself, with his servant, in a light and easy travelling carriage of the country, which he purchased for this purpose, he set off upon a journey of five hundred miles, which he accomplished in less than five days, never having his clothes off for a moment, either by night or by day.

In the course of this journey, though he delayed not his progress for a single hour to take either rest or refreshment, he visited the prisons at Wyschnei Wolotschok, and at Tver ; in the former of which he found sixteen prisoners, two of them being chained together by the neck. The rooms of the latter were so offensive, that a medical gentleman who visited them with him did not choose to look into more than one ; though, fearless in the path of duty, *he* ventured into all. The poor wretches confined in both these prisons subsisted entirely on charitable contributions. These were also the chief, though not the whole support of the seventy-four prisoners in the great prison at Moscow. In one part of this prison were four wooden cages, in which two men, with irons on their legs, were chained by the neck to the wall.

In the new government prison, in this city, sixty-nine petty offenders subsisted on charitable donations and looked dirty and sickly.

The prison for debtors was very dirty; and in five of its rooms its benevolent visitor saw above a hundred miserable wretches lying on the floor, most of them half naked: whilst, at a little distance, were six criminals in one of the most offensive rooms he ever entered.

Nor did even the soldiery of this absolute government meet with more merciful treatment at its hands; for the military prison of its ancient capital consisted of but one room, into which, though its dimensions were only twenty-nine feet by twenty-six, and nine feet high, one hundred and thirty prisoners were crowded. Fifty-five of their sick were crowded into one small ward in the military hospital. In another prison he found fifty-seven men and seventeen women huddled together in a single room.

During his stay in this city, our Philanthropist addressed a letter to his friend and pastor, Rev. Mr. Smith.

"*Moscow, Sept.* 7, 1781.

"Dear Sir,

"I am persuaded a line will not be unacceptable even from such a vagrant. I have unremittedly pursued the object of my journey, and have looked into no palaces or seen any curiosities—so my letters can afford little entertainment to my friends. I staid above three weeks at Petersburg. I declined every honour that was offered me; and when pressed to have a soldier to accompany me, I declined that also. Yet I fought my way pretty well—five hundred miles over bad roads in less than five days. I have a strong, yet light and easy carriage, which I happily bought for fifty rubles, (about ten guineas.)

This city is situated in a fine plane, totally different from all others, as each house has a garden which extends the city eight or ten miles; so that four and six horses are common in the streets. I content myself with a pair, though I think I drove to-day nearly twenty miles to see one prison and one hospital. I am told sad stories about what I am to suffer by the cold; yet I will not leave this city, till I have made repeated visits to the prisons and hospitals, as the first man in the kingdom assured me my publication would be translated into Russian. My next step is for Warsaw, about seven or eight hundred miles. Every step being homeward, I have spirit to encounter it, though through the worst country in Europe. I bless God I am well, with calm, easy spirits. I had a fit of the ague a day or two before I set out from Petersburg; but I travelled it off, the nights last week being warm. I thought I could live where any men did live; but on this northern journey, especially in Sweden, I have been pinched; no fruit, no garden stuff, sour bread, sour milk—but in this city every luxury, even pine apples and *potatoes*. Baron Dimsdale and his lady will be on their return about my time. We purpose meeting at Berlin: but I am under a promise to visit Professor Camper and Mr. Hope, in Holland, who has sent me into Russia an order to see the prisoners of war, so that I cannot accompany them. I must also review some places in Flanders, before my return. A line to the post house at Amsterdam would be a cordial to me. I have no time yet to write to John Prole. Please to acquaint my boy I am well and will write to him from Warsaw. I hope Mrs. Smith has any thing she chooses out of my garden. Remember me to our friends, Mr. Gadsby, Mr. Belsham Leachs, Mr. Costins, &c. How does Mr. * * * * * go on

at * * * * * * * * * *, shall I find him a useful neighbour, relative to my schools, &c. ?

Accept the best wishes of, dear Sir, your affectionate friend, JOHN HOWARD.

"*Rev. Mr. Smith, Bedford.*"

Proceeding into Silesia, our traveller was gratified to find a somewhat more humane mode of treatment adopted towards persons under confinement.

In the capital of the Prussian dominions, which was the next place he visited, several of the more atrocious criminals in the city prison were in irons, and chained to staples in the wall of dungeons ten steps under ground. Debtors were alimented by their creditors, at $3\frac{1}{4}d.$ a day: and on failure of payment but for one week, were immediately discharged.

In the prison at Hanover, he found twenty-nine prisoners, many of whom had been confined six months, and others even a year, without being brought to trial; a delay of justice which would seem to have been peculiar to England, and to the countries under her dominion.—The seven lower rooms of the prison were appropriated to the more atrocious criminals, one of whom Mr. Howard saw in each room secured by chains on his feet, fastened to the walls, and by irons on the wrists, with a bar between them, two feet long, so that he could neither make use of arms or legs.

It was with grief he learnt that, in the electoral dominions of the sovereign of his own free country, the horrid and execrable practice of the torture, on whose discontinuance, at his last visit to them, he had felicitated himself, had lately been revived, a prisoner having twice suffered the Osnaburgh torture in the jail here, about two years ago. The executioner had already torn off the

hairs from his victim's head, breast, &c. when a confession was wrung from him by the excrutiating pain he endured, and an end was then put to his sufferings by his execution. The time for performing these deeds of darkness here, as in other countries in which they were still permitted to disgrace humanity, was two o'clock in the morning: the scene, the gloomy cellar of the prison in which the horrid engines of this fiend-like cruelty were kept. On such occasions, a counsellor of justice and a secretary attended, with a doctor and surgeon, an Osnaburg executioner, and sometimes the jailer. If the criminal fainted, strong salts were here applied to him, instead of the vinegar used in other places.

At Dort he inspected the prison in the stadt-house, which seldom contained any prisoners, though the jurisdiction of its magistrates extended over thirty villages; and he was credibly informed, that for the last thirty or forty years, there had been but one debtor here, and he continued in confinement but for fourteen days.

At Groningen, on the gallows, placed on an eminence at a little distance from the town, he saw a criminal hanging, who had been executed the year before; malefactors being often left, in Holland, to hang thus until they dropped into a deep pit underneath, which was designed for the reception of their bones.

In the rasp-house at Bruges, he found fifty-eight men, spinning and weaving, each of them having a separate dormitory over the work rooms.

The hospital of this city was attended by twenty nuns, who, rising every morning at four, were constantly employed about their numerous patients. The directress of the pharmacy had celebrated but the last year her jubilee, or fiftieth year of her residence. These charitable

sisters asked their visitor whether he was a Catholic; to which, with his wonted liberality, he replied, "I love good people of all religions." "Then," said they, in the true spirit of those who think their faith the right one, "we hope you will die a Catholic."

At Bruges appears to have been the last prison which Mr. Howard visited during his present tour, in the course of which he had travelled four thousand four hundred and sixty-five miles. He returned to England about the middle of December, time enough to fetch his son home for the Christmas vacation, part of which was spent at Cardington, and part in London.

After continuing about a week in London, he returned to Cardington with his son, for whom he was anxious to mark out some plan for the completion of his education, which, whilst it should give him all the advantages he had such frequent occasion to wish that he had himself enjoyed, should keep his morals uncontaminated. Having determined to send him to Eton, and proceeded so far in the execution of his purpose as to have arranged every thing for his comfortable residence there on asking the master with whom these arrangements were made, what care was taken of the morals of his pupils and of their religious improvement, and learning that there was none, or at least, that in those respects their tutors could have no effectual control over them, the negociation was completely broken off. He then took a journey into the north of England, to advise with his friends on the course he should adopt, when he was induced to place him for a while under the care of the Rev. Mr. Walker, of Nottingham.

To this new seminary Mr. Howard himself conducted his son, and after spending a couple of days here with him

and his new tutor, he proceeded to his third general inspection of the jails in the north.

In the prison for debtors, at Sheffield, a cutler was at work, whose debt was only fifteen pence, though the charges of recovering it, for which he was imprisoned, were 17*s.* 6*d.*

In the jail at Ely the debtors and felons were together; one of the former, who had a wife and five children, being kept in prison for the costs of his debt, which amounted to 4*s.* 9*d.* and for 3*s.* 6*d.* more as the jailer's fees. There can be doubt, that he was soon set at liberty when his situation was thus made known to one who, in similar cases of distress, had so often proved himself the prisoner's friend.

Finishing his northern journey on the 7th of February, on the 22d of the same month he set out upon a tour to the west of England, in which he was occupied until the 5th of March.

At Devizes, the bridewell for the county of Wilts, at this time contained a weaver, who had five children, confined there for a debt of 10*s.* 2*d.* and the costs, amongst which was a charge of 10*s.* 6*d.* for bringing him to prison, though from a distance of but seven miles. The same charge was made for bringing a woman hither, whose original debt was only 2*s.* 3*d.*

Mr. Howard's third journey, in the course of this year, in or about the 25th of March, was into Scotland.

The *poor* criminals in the Tolbooth, at Edinburgh, were crammed into a horrid cage, the condemned being chained to an iron bar. "I say *poor*," observes their compassionate visitor, "because such as have money have too much liberty. For in the same prison, I lately saw some, who were confined for a riot, drinking whiskey in the taproom, in company with many profligate townsmen, who

were readily admitted, as they promoted the sale of the jailer's liquors."

As he considered that it would answer no end to describe all the prisons he saw in this country, Mr. Howard has only given us the particulars of those at Dumfries, Aberdeen, and Inverness.

Shortly after his return from this journey, early in the month of April, our Philanthropist proceeded to London, where he remained about ten days, in the course of which he reinspected a few of its prisons.

On the 24th of this month he set out upon a tour into the north-west and midland counties of England. He was surprised to learn that among the prisoners still confined in the old jail at Warwick, divine service had not been performed for two years, except to the condemned; yet was there a regular chaplain appointed, and in the receipt of a salary of fifty pounds, the largest the county could by law be charged with.

In the city jail, at Coventry, one of the felons had received his Majesty's *free* pardon, on condition of going to sea; but the clerk of assize wrote on the letter which enclosed that pardon, "the secretary of state's fee is £1 : 7 : 0, and my fee £1 : 1 : 0, which you'll take care to receive on the back of the pardon from the officer who receives him;" but as no officer would take him on condition of paying these and the jailer's and under sheriff's fees of 19*s.* 4*d.* Mr. Howard found this poor wretch still languishing in prison, on his pound of bread a-day, more than eight months after this *free* pardon had been received.

On the 7th of May, Mr. Howard finished this tour at St. Alban's, in whose borough jail debtors from the court of requests were confined with felons, and though cleared in forty-two days, as the act does not specify

the jailer's fees, these unfortunate beings were kept in this loathsome prison until they had paid whatever he thought proper to exact.

After a respite of a fortnight, this indefatigable man resumed his laborious undertaking, by a journey to Ireland; and on his way thither, inspected the prisons at Chester, where, both in the castle and the city jail, he found that there still was no proper separation of the sexes.

On his arrival in Dublin, the attention of the House of Commons was immediately directed to the object of his benevolent visit, and much to their honour, a bill was instantly brought in by the secretary of state, for discharging the prisoners then in custody for their fees; a committee having been previously appointed to inquire into the general state of the Irish jails. To that committee, Mr. Howard reported the condition of several of the prisons in the metropolis which he had revisited, especially the new Newgate, which he assured them, he had found in every respect the reverse of any idea he could form to himself of a well-regulated jail; as he even saw two or three of its prisoners dying upon its stone floors, destitute of all assistance. It contained a chapel, it was true; but from the best information he could obtain, there had been no service in it for two years; no wonder, therefore, that the morals of the prisoners should be, as he considered they were, totally neglected. Such indeed was the licentiousness permitted here, that spirits were openly sold in the jail, and he found fifteen or sixteen male felons mingled with the women on their side of the prison, and three women in that appropriated to the men. The day-room of the women was always locked up, and those sentenced to hard labour were confined in a room in which they could

not work. The jail was dirty beyond description, so that he was persuaded that should it be crowded with prisoners, confined in the under-ground cells as they now were, the jail fever would break out here, and destroy many of its wretched inmates. On the 11th of June, two of the committee accompanied him to this scene of misery and vice, when they were most fully convinced that his account of its wretchedness was not at all exaggerated; but though the prison was extremely dirty then, he assured them that it was much cleaner than it had been at his former visits. Several of the men they found living almost entirely among the women, having free access to their cells in the day-time; they were not, therefore, surprised to learn that many illegitimate children had been brought into the world in such a sink of iniquity.

The old Newgate here contained 32 prisoners of war, in one large room, on an allowance of 6*d.* a day each.

Whilst in this country, he directed his philanthropic labours into a new channel, by inspecting most of the Protestant charter-schools in the kingdom, in which he found the greatest abuses to prevail, though it was not until he had visited the whole, in 1787, that he laid before the public a minute account of them. Upon the present occasion, he took with him the sermon preached before the society incorporated for their management in 1781, to which was annexed an account of the several schools; and he was greatly surprised to find that this official statement gave a very false representation of their condition; as in the two schools near Dublin, he found the actual number of scholars was only 80, instead of 140, at which it was there stated; and there was a like deficiency in some others. But the committee of general management, learning that these

misrepresentations were detected, and would be exposed, discontinued the practice, and in their next annual account gave the true number, which was 700, or near a third less than that which they had formerly presented. The schoolmasters contracted for clothing and dieting the children, but at prices so low that the condition in which their visitor found most of them, sickly, naked, and half-starved, was so deplorable as, to use his own strong, but just expressions, "to disgrace Protestantism and encourage Popery in Ireland," rather than the contrary. Indeed so wretched and so disgraceful was that condition, that he expresses his decided conviction, that nothing but a thorough parliamentary inquiry could remedy an evil of such extent, and productive of consequences so injurious. And having suggested this measure, he quits the subject by offering some hints for the improvement of these institutions, characterised by his usual minute attention to the health, cleanliness, and comfort of the objects of his benevolent regard, especially where the interests of the rising generation were concerned. In a nation so grateful as are the Irish for any concern for the promotion of their real interests without attacking their national prejudices, we may be assured that the attention paid by Mr. Howard to the reform of their jails and their charter-schools could not fail to be highly acceptable; and as a proof that it was so, the university of Dublin conferred upon him the honorary degree of doctor of laws, a mark of respect on which he has publicly declared that he "should always reflect with pleasure." Never certainly had such a distinction been more richly merited, and never could it be more worthily bestowed.

In the county jail at Shrewsbury, the men and women felons were together in one common day-room, and

amongst the convicts was one not yet delivered in execution of the sentence of transportation passed upon him at the summer assizes of 1777, so that five years of imprisonment had thus been most unjustifiably added to his term.

A large, elegant, and convenient building, erected upon the banks of the Severn, contained at this time 338 Dutch prisoners of war; twenty-seven of whom were in a very roomy hospital, where they had the greatest attention paid them. Most of them were without shoes or stockings, having received no supply from the States, as the French and Spanish prisoners had from their courts. A subscription had, however, some time since been set on foot for the purpose of supplying them with necessary clothing; but at the time of his visit there was great difficulty in applying its produce to the objects for which it had been raised. Yet that difficulty was surmounted by his perseverance; and as his conduct upon this occasion evidenced both the benevolence and the firmness of his character, I shall give the particulars of it as they are to be collected from a letter from the gentleman who had the management of the business, published some years since in the Monthly Magazine, and from Mr. Howard's own account of the transaction, as communicated to his friend, Dr. Brown.

Learning from the surgeon who attended these prisoners, that such a subscription had been made for them, but that the commissary had forbidden the articles purchased for their use to be given, in order to compel the prisoners to enter into our navy with an officer whom he had in readiness to receive them, Mr. Howard went to the prison, and ascertained that this statement was correct. He then called upon the gentleman who had the chief direction of the subscription, requesting that he might

be allowed to deposit ten guineas in aid of this fund, and that if a second collection should be necessary, further application might be made to him. He learnt also that access to the prisoners could not be procured. Mr. Howard then desired that the shoes and stockings which had been purchased for them might be brought to the prison the next morning, and the commissary not daring to resist him, in consequence of the orders which he bore from the Transport Board for free admission into every part of the prison, and also no doubt from the weight of his own character, he had all the prisoners assembled together, and after distributing the different articles of clothing amongst them, told them that if any should so far forget their duty to their country as to serve against her, though in the pay of *his*, he would take care that their names should be transmitted to Holland, where they might be assured if ever they should be taken they would inevitably be hung. Charging some of the petty officers to take care that the clothing now given to the men was properly applied, and, giving them each a small gratuity to quicken their diligence, he dismissed the assembly which had been convoked by his sole authority.

Connected with this proof of the love of justice, and of the liberal spirit of a citizen of the world, which actuated this great man in all his public proceedings, is an anecdote of his private benevolence which cannot fail to be acceptable, even to such of my readers as may have met with it before. Amongst the unfortunate men whose distress he was thus the chief instrument of relieving, was one of a singular character for a common sailor. He was extremely attentive to those of his fellow-captives who were ill, in sitting up with them at night, administering medicines, praying by them,

and in discharging in a very rational and consistent manner, the offices of a nurse, and of a spiritual physician. It cannot, therefore, be surprising that Mr. Howard should have been most forcibly struck with the conduct and conversation of such a kindred spirit, nor that he should feel a particular inclination to do every thing in his power to make his temporary confinement as comfortable as it could be. And the manner in which he did it, furnished a striking instance of that minute and delicate attention to the feelings and the wishes of the objects of his bounty, in the mode of its bestowment, which always characterised his deeds of benevolence, and which to the feeling mind is often more valuable than the relief bestowed. In answer to his repeated inquiries how he could serve him, this modest but interesting prisoner told him, that when the necessities of his fellow-sufferers were provided for, he himself should feel no want, nor regret the deprivation of those little indulgences which he could not expect in his present situation. At length, however, he drew from him a confession, that when at home his greatest enjoyment was to partake of a comfortable dish of tea with his wife and family. About a week after this visit the gentleman upon whose authority this anecdote is related, received a letter from Mr. Howard, informing him that he had consigned a parcel from London to his care, which he requested him to deliver to this Dutch sailor. That parcel contained a small sugar loaf, a pound of tea, and, that, nothing might be wanting to enable the poor fellow to enjoy his favourite beverage, a tin tea-kettle with the other necessary apparatus.

From Shrewsbury this benevolent being proceeded to Birmingham, where he inspected the prison of the court for the recovery of small debts, whose prisoners were

not permitted to work; the keeper informing him that he himself had been obliged to pay the debt and costs of a shoemaker committed to his custody for sixteen or seventeen shillings, for permitting him to finish a piece of work which he had begun before his confinement; yet every prisoner was expected to pay eighteen pence a-week for his bed, though this absurd system of forcing the payment of a debt, by keeping the debtor in idleness, or of clearing him from it by a confinement of forty days, absolutely prohibited his using the means to procure it.

By a local act, debtors from the court of conscience at Norwich might be detained in prison until they obeyed the orders of the court, i. e. as long as that court should think proper to keep them there, though their debt might be only a few shillings.

In returning home to Cardington, he reinspected the county jail at Bedford; where he learnt with pleasure, that in winter the justices allowed firing both to felons and debtors, a practice which he strongly recommended to general adoption, not only as one which humanity demands in our climate, but as essential to the preservation of the health of prisoners, by promoting the circulation of air, and preventing those mortifications in the feet to which they are so liable. "I well know," he adds, "that the want of firing joined to scanty provision has been the cause of great mortality in our prisons during the winter."

Allowing himself but a week or ten days of tranquil enjoyment in his peaceful retreat, this unwearied Philanthropist recommenced his tour of examination at Exeter, on the 27th of July. The sheriff's ward in that city contained a woman prisoner, who had been there for nearly two and forty years.

With the new jail and bridewell at Bodmin, the more closely he inspected it, the more was he delighted. Situated on a fine eminence, at a little distance from the town, where there was a constant supply of water, it contained separate rooms and courts for each sex, of debtors, of felons, and of bridewell prisoners; and each prisoner had a separate lodging-room, furnished with a bedstead, a straw bed, two blankets, and a coverlid. It had both a chapel and an infirmary, and two of the court-yards were furnished with baths.

"By a spirited exertion, the gentlemen of the county," says our Philanthropist, "have here erected a monument of their humanity, and attention to the health and morals of prisoners." But when we look at what was the condition of the wretched jails whose place this noble building was intended to supply, when, in the course of his journeys of benevolence, a Howard's steps were first directed thither, and recollect too the condition in which, for at least three years after that visit, they were suffered to remain, we cannot fail to see to whom the cause of humanity was indebted, for calling those exertions forth. And had his labours been crowned with no other success, we may be assured that he would have considered himself well repaid for all his fatigue, and trouble, and expense, in producing such a general reformation in the construction and management of prisons as, in a particular instance, he had here the pleasure to see accomplished.

At Dorchester was a town jail, consisting of two small and offensive rooms, in one of which a debtor, the only prisoner in the jail, had been confined for fourteen weeks; and though he had eight children, he had not earned a halfpenny during the whole of that time.

It is most probable that Mr. Howard availed himself of the opportunity of being in the west of England, to spend, at Bristol Hot-wells, the greater part of the interval between his inspecting the jails at Dorchester, on the 3d of August, and his setting off upon a second visit to Edinburgh, where we find him re-examining the state of the prioners of war confined in the castle, on the 17th of the same month.

He returned to England on the 1st of September.

From Liverpool he sailed for Dublin, to reinspect the jails of that city, the prison at Kilkenny, and many of the places of confinement, and schools, which he had before visited. He had now the pleasure to learn, that the two bills for the regulation of jails, and the discharge of all their prisoners in confinement for their fees, in progress there in June, were, in the following month, duly passed into laws; and that the committee for the further improvement of jails was still pursuing its inquiries, from which he hoped the perpetual abolition of fees would result. By one of these acts, (21 and 22, Geo. III. c. 42,) the judges were required to give in charge to the grand juries at the assizes two former acts of the Irish legislature, for preventing the extortion of jailers, and preserving the health of prisoners; and on their default of presenting any jail which was out of repair, or wanted enlarging, were empowered to lay upon the county or city to which such jail should belong, a fine not exceeding 500*l.* to be applied to that purpose.

From the 27th of September, to the 18th of the following month, we lose sight of this benevolent traveller in the round of inspection in which he was engaged: and as it was still in Wales that we meet with him again, it is unreasonable to suppose that he went home

in the interim. He must therefore either have been stopped in his progress by illness, or have availed himself of the salubrity of the air and the beauty of the scenery of South Wales, to have snatched a short repose from his labours, with which he was not often in the habit of indulging himself.

Inspecting their several prisons, he made his way home through the counties of Monmouth, Gloucester, and Oxford.

It was to the counties of Herts, Berks, Hants, Dorset, Sussex, and Surrey, that, after remaining but three days at Cardington, our Philanthropist's footsteps were next directed.

In the prison at Forton, for prisoners of war, he found the wards dirty; and on weighing the bread with a pair of steelyards, which he always carried with him for the purpose, all the loaves wanted some ounces in weight.

At Portsmouth he was informed, that the sick in one of the hospital-ships were grossly neglected by the surgeon; and though this was an abuse not exactly falling in with those whose correction had brought him here, he no sooner learnt that any of his fellow-countrymen were suffering from the inattention of those whose duty it was to attend to them, than he hastened to their relief; and going through the whole ship, and inquiring of every sick sailor what was the treatment he met with, he found that the report which had accidentally reached his ears was but too true. Having satisfied himself upon this point, he sent for the surgeon, and represented to him in the strongest terms the infamous dereliction of duty of which he had been guilty, when the man pleaded in excuse for his conduct, the danger of going among so much contagion as was then

raging in the ship to which he was appointed. "Then," said Mr. Howard, "you should not take government wages for doing that which you are afraid to do; and I assure you that when I get to London, I will represent your conduct to the admiralty, and have you dismissed from a station whose duties you do not choose to perform."

At Horsham he very carefully inspected the new jail, with which he could not fail to be highly delighted, as, its every particular, the gentlemen who had the superintendence of its erection, seemed to have adopted the plan for a county jail which he had himself recommended. The county of Sussex had set a noble example of abolishing all fees, and had also put down the privilege of the tap, in consequence of which its inspector found this new prison as quiet as a private house.

But from this pleasing scene he passed to one of a very different description, and he himself tells us that he was most forcibly struck with the contrast to it which the wretched condition of the prisoners in the bridewell at Kingston exhibited, many of whom were lying sick upon the floors. One woman was in bed on the men's side, and two others in the room for faulty apprentices; a privilege for which they paid the keeper. There was a door from the men's court into the women's, the key of which was kept by one of the male prisoners, who could let himself, or any other person into the women's apartments. With this ill-regulated prison Mr. Howard ended his tour, and proceeded on to London, to put in execution his threat against the Portsmouth surgeon, who was instantly dismissed the service.

Four days only could have been spent at Cardington, after the completion of this tour, ere this extraordinary man set off upon another and a longer one, into York-

shire, and some of the midland counties. The representation he had given of the horrid jail at Knaresborough had not failed in producing its proper effect.

In the jail for debtors at Bradford, which now consisted of four rooms at the back of the keeper's public-house, a poor wretch was confined for a debt of four shillings, though he had never been in prison before, and had a wife and five children, to whom we may be assured he was soon restored, without completing the sixty days confinement which would clear him from his debt.

Returning home from this tour on the 27th or 28th of November, by way of Daventry, where his son was now placed, Mr. Howard entered upon his Kentish and Sussex journey, upon the 1st of the following month; in which he found that the town jail at East Grinstead consisted of a single room only six feet eight inches square, and five feet eight inches in height; and that during the Lent assizes the prisoners were confined in the garret of an ale-house.

The last journey which Mr. Howard took in the course of this year was one, on the 23d of December, into Gloucestershire, to reinspect the insignificant jail of St. Briavel's, which had undergone no alteration since he last was there. In his way back he visited several bridewells and town jails in Oxfordshire and Berkshire; and the day after his arrival in London went on board the hulks, which he found to be clean, and much better regulated even than when he last inspected them. He then closed his labours for the year by reinspecting the fleet prison on the 30th of December.

In the course of that year he had travelled eight thousand one hundred and sixty-five miles in revisiting the prisons of the British Isles; and when we add to

this four thousand four hundred and sixty-five miles of the European continent, which he traversed nearly from one extremity to the other, in the course of the preceding year, upon a similar errand of mercy, we must readily admit the justice, as well as the eloquence of the eulogium pronounced upon him, during that period, by the most powerful orator that ever graced the senate of his country, when in quoting his authority to justify himself from a charge made against him by his mercantile constituents, of having favoured a bill for the relief of debtors, he made use of this energetic language: "I cannot name this gentleman without remarking, that his labours and writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of mankind. He has visited all Europe—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals, or collate manuscripts—but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original; and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery; a circumnavigation of charity. Already the benefit of his labour is felt more or less in every country. I hope he will anticipate his final reward, by seeing all its effects fully realized in his own. He will receive, not by retail but by gross, the reward of those who visit the prisoner; and he has so forestalled and

monopolized this branch of charity, that there will be, I trust, little room to merit by such acts of benevolence hereafter."

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Howard's fifth journey upon the continent, for the purpose of inspecting the prisons and hospitals of Portugal, Spain, France, the Netherlands, and Holland—his fifth journey to Ireland—the completion of his fourth general inspection of English jails—and the publication of the second edition of his Appendix to the State of Prisons, 1783, 1784—*with the history of his private life to the close of the year* 1785.

Mr. Howard had visited every state in Europe, whence he could hope to derive assistance for the completion of his great design, except the two southern kingdoms of Spain and Portugal, and towards them he now determined to direct his course. Accordingly, after he had spent nearly the whole of January, 1783, with his friends, and with his son at Cardington, he took his departure on the last day of that month, by way of Falmouth, for Lisbon, whither his steps were now allured by a sublimer object than that, by which they had been attracted there, seven and twenty years ago. His object then was, to witness the grand, but melancholy spectacle, of a city smoking in its ruins, under a dreadful chastisement from heaven: Now it was to pierce into the depths of dungeons, in which man had unfeelingly immured his fellow man; to cheer

with a ray of mercy their drear and solitary gloom; to unveil the secrets of the torture chamber; to lighten the load of human suffering, and to set many a captive free.

In Portugal none but criminals were to be met with in the prisons, confinement for debt having been prohibited by an ordinance of 1774. Both in the jails and infirmaries an entire separation was made between the sexes. In the former no garnish was allowed; but the same bad custom prevailed here, as in England, of detaining prisoners for their fees, though those of Portugal had the advantage of being frequently released, by a charitable society. They sent provisions twice a week to several prisons, and, like the brotherhood of mercy at Rome, paid great attention to condemned criminals. It was no uncommon thing here to detain prisoners several years in custody before they were brought to trial; and even after condemnation, they were sometimes left years longer in jail before they were executed.

In the prison at the castle, in Lisbon, was a manufactory for the employment of vagrants and deserted children, in carding, spinning, and weaving, making lace, embroidery, &c. at which about a thousand children were at work. The two latter employments Mr. Howard has significantly marked in italics; and, with his rooted aversion to all finery in dress, asks whether it would not be better if greater numbers were employed in the arts which are more useful and necessary?

Mr. Howard entered Spain by Badajoz, on the 9th of March; and he found the country, which he now for the first time visited, abounding with charitable institutions, and having few or no beggars in it. Most of the prisons had courts for the men, with fountains, or

running water in the centre, and corridors surrounding them for shade. The same separation of the sexes was here observed as in Portugal; and in another point the customs of the two countries in the regulation of their prisons were alike—for fees were demanded by the jailers from discharged prisoners in both. But in the execution of justice upon the guilty, another and a more commendable course was adopted, as a condemned criminal was here seldom pardoned by the king; but being called into the chapel of the jail, where his sentence was read to him, a friar attended to administer spiritual consolation, and never left him till he was executed, which was generally on the Monday after his sentence had been communicated to him on the preceding Saturday. When a confession was extorted from a criminal by torture, a practice which was only in use in some provinces, it was always read to him twenty-four hours afterwards, that he might either confess or retract it.

The city prison in Madrid had only one court-yard. Its rooms and dungeons, too, were offensive, and very dirty, and the walls of one of its torture rooms were stained with blood. "I was sorry," says our Philanthropist, "to see such traces of this practice among a people, in other respects generous and humane."

At San Fernando, about eight miles from this city, was a house of correction for petty offenders, vagrants, and beggars, some of whom were employed in carrying stones to a lime kiln; others in spinning linen and worsted; and the women in making and washing the clothes of the house. The apartments of the men were clean; but, as was generally the case in the Spanish prisons and hospitals, those of the women were much cleaner. Every prisoner had a bed, a mattress,

and two coverlids. The women had a court as well as the men, and both were very properly commanded by the keeper's balcony. The provisions of this well conducted house were good and sufficient; there was a shop attached to it for the sale of wine of a fixed quality and price—but no spirituous liquors were permitted to be sold. The prison was regularly attended by a physician, a surgeon, and a chaplain, and had attached to it a guard of thirty horse and eight foot, changed every month. No fees were taken, either at the entrance, or on the discharge of a prisoner, and the keeper seemed humane and attentive.

A very similar institution existed in Madrid itself, which served the double purpose of a prison and a well regulated manufactory for the idle and the destitute. A considerable number of men advanced in years were there employed in picking the wool, which in one room one hundred and fifty boys were spinning into worsted; and in another sixty were engaged in carding; forty or fifty looms were also employed in weaving linen or wide cloth. In two rooms Mr. Howard observed stocking and waistcoat frames; in others some boys were engaged in carding and spinning hares and rabbits' down for gloves, and in the different branches of a pin manufactory. A number of men were at work also as tailors and carpenters, whilst fifty of the boys at least were under instruction in the school, so that the lazy Spaniards, as we are apt, with our national superciliousness, to call them, here set an example of training to habits of industry the idle and the dissolute, from which the notable English might learn a very useful lesson. The sexes were here entirely separated, and the provisions of the whole were good and sufficient.

The hospitals of this capital were most of them upon a scale of splendid magnificence, the *real* hospital-general being attended by one principal, and eighteen other physicians, six surgeons, and two hundred assistants, and twenty-three priests, all of them lodged and boarded in the house, which contained somewhat less than nine hundred patients.

In this country the old popish custom of fleeing for refuge from debt, and for a sanctuary from crime, to the porch of a church, still existed. The large city of Madrid contained but two, one for men and another for women. The former sheltered five persons, one of whom had been there for two years: at the latter there was but one. In both cases, a pavement of about three feet wide was the verge of this dangerous privilege.

In inspecting the public institutions of the Spanish capital, Mr. Howard was indebted to the introduction with which he was kindly furnished by the Spanish ambassador at Lisbon. By his orders, every prison was thrown open to his inspection, except one—that of the Inquisition. Yet even here the effort was made, and our fearless countryman was introduced to the grand inquisitor, who receiving him at prayers, at seven in the morning, conducted him to the tribunal of his dreadful court, which was hung with red, having over the inquisitor's seat a crucifix, and before it a table, with seats for the two secretaries, and a stool for the prisoner, on his examination before them. Beyond this room Mr. Howard could not prevail upon his guide to suffer him to go a single step.

At Valladolid he was, however, somewhat more fortunate in gratifying the curiosity he felt to penetrate into the secret chambers of that dreadful engine of ecclesiastical tyranny, whose object was to forge fetters

for the mind, and to prohibit men from speaking, or even thinking, but as the Pope should dictate, or an assemblage of priests, calling themselves the church, should think proper to approve. Yet even here his success fell far short of his wishes, though it went beyond his expectations. His admission to the prison of the Inquisition in this city was owing to letters with which he was furnished to every town in the provinces through which he purposed to pass, on whose receipt the gates of every other prison were flung wide open for his entrance; and even those of this turned further on their hinges than they ever had done before for the admission of a heretic, whom they were not to enclose for ever in the gloomy caverns to which they led, or open for him again, on his passage to a martyr's grave. He was received here by two of the inquisitors, their secretaries, and two magistrates, who conducted him into several rooms, one of which was graced by a fit ornament for such a place—a representation of an *Auto de Fé* in 1677, when ninety-seven persons were burnt in the presence of the Spanish court, whose residence was then at Valladolid. This scene was well characterized by Pegna, himself an inquisitor of no small note, as *horrendum ac trememdum spectaculum;* yet it was here enshrined as a memorial of the church's power, and of the zeal with which this most holy court then earnestly contended for the faith. The tribunal-room resembled that of Madrid, except that it had an altar, and a door, with three locks, into the secretary's room, over which was inscribed the greater excommunication denounced against all strangers who should presume to enter there. In two other tribunal-rooms were the insignia of the holy office; whilst a large room near them contained many of the books, whose

pages these saintly guardians of the public morals and of the public faith, had, in the plenitude of their power, forbidden all who did not wish to feel its weight, to venture to peruse;—some because their tendency was vicious, but many more because it was what they thought proper to style heretical. Another was filled with crosses, together with the painted cap and vestments of the unhappy victims of the tender mercies of the church. After much deliberation amongst his conductors, he was permitted to go up the private staircase by which prisoners were brought to their dread tribunal, and which led to a passage with several doors in it, which he was not allowed to enter. So ardent, however, was his desire to ascertain what was the cruelty and rigour of confinement practised here, that on one of the secretaries assuring him that none but prisoners ever passed that threshold, he courageously answered, that he would willingly be confined there a month to gratify his curiosity; but being told that none ever came out under three years, he was compelled to rest satisfied with what he had seen. By walking in the court, and conversing with the inquisitors he learned, however, that the cells of this horrid prison had double doors, and were separated by two walls, to prevent prisoners communicating with each other; and that over those walls was a sort of funnel, enclosed at the top, but having perforations in the sides, through which some air, and a glimmering of light, might enter. They were double barred, and one of them served two cells; the passages having also small apertures for the admission of light. A gloomy area at the back of the prison contained only a great mastiff dog. From the sentence of the court to which these cells of hopeless misery belonged no appeal could ever lay; the irrevocable certainty of its doom

the horrid severity, and the impenetrable secrecy of its proceedings, excited, therefore, such general alarm in those who, for aught they knew, might the next hour be its victims, that the very sight of the walls of this inquisitorial jail struck terror into the common people as they passed; yet, by a monstrous perversion of language, the tribunal, whose house of incarceration, of torture, and of death, it was, styled itself a holy and apostolic court!

Pamplona was the last place whose prisons Mr. Howard visited in Spain; but whilst taking a day or two's rest here, before he crossed the Pyrenees, he addressed to his friend, the Rev. Mr. Smith, the following account of his journey, and plan of his future course:—

"*Pamplona, April* 17, 1783.

'Dear Sir,

"I am still in Spain. The manner of travelling with mules is very slow. I was fourteen days betwixt Lisbon and Madrid—400 miles. You carry all your provisions. The luxury of milk with my tea I very seldom could get. one morning robbed a kid of two cups of its mother's milk. I bless God I am well,—calm spirits. The greatest kindness I received from Count Fernan Nunez, the Spanish Ambassador at Lisbon, through whose recommendation Count Compomanes, every prison has been flung open me. I have a letter to one of the magistrates in every ty through which I pass. I have been here three days, it must stay a few days longer before I cross the mountains. The Spaniards are very sober, and very honest; nd if he can live sparingly and lay on the floor, the raveller may pass tolerably well through their country. have come into many an inn, and paid only five pence the noise, (as they term it,) I made in the house; as

no bread, eggs, milk, or wine do they sell. Peace has no been declared—many will hardly believe it; they talk o Gen. Elliot with a spirit of enthusiasm. Never were tw nations so often at war, and individuals in such esteen and complacency one towards another. I travelled som time with an English gentleman, but my stops for th prisons, &c. not being convenient, he went off with hi Spanish servant.

"I go through Bayonne, stopping only one day, and pitc my tent at Bourdeaux, where I have much business—som horrid dungeons, &c. I am still in time for my Irish journey in July and August, as I promised the Provost— Parliament meeting in October. I have very little mor to do in England before I go to the press; after which, hope to be in comfort at my own fire-side. Remembe me to Mr. Barham, Gadsby, and our united friends.

"With much esteem, I remain, your friend and servant "JOHN HOWARD.

"I hope you have fine weather, as I have every shut ter open till night. Many towns have not one pane c glass. Thermometer 68° in the shade."

The anticipations he had formed of the wretched state c the prisons at Bourdeaux, were too fully realized; for reach ing that city about ten days after this letter was writte he found in its town-house three rooms, or rather dun geons, twenty-seven steps under ground, in which wer fifteen prisoners in irons, who never were permitted to g out of the holes in which they were confined, either b night or day. In two rooms, still four steps lower, he sa ten men, and in another, on the same level, a solitar woman—all pent up in custody, close and destructive o their health.

Proceeding to the French capital he found two of the worst prisons there, with their horrid dungeons, entirely abolished. The declaration issued by the king for this alteration, promulgated some of the most humane and enlightened sentiments on the conduct of prisons, amongst which was the construction of airy and spacious infirmaries, separate places of confinement, and court-yards for men and women, and for offenders of different classes, and the total abolition of under-ground dungeons for the confinement of prisoners who had not yet taken their trial.

The Hotel de la Force, an airy and spacious building, with several courts and areas for the separation of the men from the women, and of prisoners of different kinds, debtors, vagrants, deserters, and petty offenders, from each other. Those courts were all clean, and well supplied with water. For debtors, beds were provided at from five to thirty sous a-night, and rooms and beds of an inferior description were also furnished to those who could not pay; each of these being allowed a pound and a half of bread and a mess of soup every day. Here was a chapel and an airy infirmary for each sex, together with a well-furnished apothecary's shop, from which the other prisons were supplied with drugs. The arrêt of parliament for the regulation of this prison was ordered to be read in the chapel on the first Sunday in every month, and to be fixed up in several conspicuous parts of the building. Amongst other judicious rules, it contained one which prohibited the payment of fees.

The great hospital, or *Salpétriere*, near this city, for women and girls, amongst upwards of 5000 poor, insane, and orphans, contained 825 juvenile delinquents of the female sex, most of them sent here by their relatives, and kept quite separate from the rest; generally unemployed, and seldom seen by strangers. The other girls were at

work, chiefly on the finest embroidery, and owing to the very great attention of the religious sisterhood who resided in, and had the superintendence of the house, every part of it was kept clean and quiet. In the very minute inspection which he now bestowed upon the hospitals and other charitable institutions of this celebrated metropolis, our benevolent tourist was much gratified; as, upon the whole, he found them clean, airy, and well-regulated; so much so indeed, that to some of them he made repeated visits, to gather that useful information which he thought his own country might derive from institutions which did so much honour to that in which they are found.

After passing about ten days in Paris, Mr. Howard proceeded to Lisle. The general hospital, or work-house for the poor, and the infirmary of this city, were well regulated; upwards of three hundred girls being employed in the former in making lace, for each piece of which they received a small gratuity. Many of the boys, though lodged and boarded here, learned trades in the city; and at twenty years of age both sexes were discharged from this useful institution, taught to get an honest livelihood.

But very different was the condition of the Tour de St. Pierre, an old building, in which were three debtors, five smugglers, and five vagrants,—a motley group—but none of them in the small and dark dungeons, fifteen steps under ground, which were now, as they always should have been, unoccupied. Four of them, however, were sick in a very offensive room, with only one bed in it; and in repeating his visit to them for the benevolent purpose of administering to their wants, this good Samaritan had nearly fallen himself a victim to the malignancy of their disorder. But he was mercifully preserved for some few added years of usefulness, and he has thus publicly re-

corded his acknowledgments for so gracious an interposition in his behalf:

"I have abundant reason for thankfulness to Divine Providence, for recovering me from a fever which I caught of the sick, in this prison, at my last visit."

But his private expressions of gratitude are still more fervent; for in his diary he thus gives utterance to the feelings of his heart:

"Record and remember the mercy and goodness of God—for many days I have been in pain and sorrow—the sentence of death was as it were upon me—but I cried unto the Lord, and he delivered me. Blessed, for ever blessed, be the name of the Lord. Oh God! do my soul good by this affliction. Make me more sensible of my native dependence on thee; more serious, more humble, more watchful, more abstracted from this world, and better prepared to leave it, by a life of faith in the great Redeemer, whom having not seen, yet I hope I love, and desire to serve to the end of my life. J. H."

Though his danger upon the present occasion seems to have been very great, his life was not long in jeopardy, nor his recovery tardy, as in about ten days he was able to go on to Amsterdam, where he continued for four or five days, reinspecting its prisons. It is worthy of remark, however, because it shows us the firmness of his trust in Providence for protection in the discharge of his duty, that though it was only on the 26th of May that he had caught the contagious fever at Lisle, on the 6th of the next month, he was to be found accompanying the physicians at Amsterdam in their rounds through a prison which had no infirmary.

In the orphan-house he found about 1,300 children of both sexes. For want of air, the work-rooms, schoolrooms, and refectories were so unhealthy, that the chil-

dren here, as indeed in three other orphan-houses in this city, and in that at Rotterdam, were objects of great compassion: many of the servants of these houses being old and indolent, and suffering the children to be miserably filthy, in consequence of which most of them were troubled with cutaneous disorders to a very great degree. On pointing out this latter circumstance to the directors of this institution, our Philanthropist felt his pity and his indignation at once aroused, when they coolly replied: "It is the house disorder; all our children must have a seasoning." "Thus," he exclaims, "do the physicians and governors excuse the abuse of their trust: the consequence must be, that few of the children reach manhood, and *that such as do*, are a feeble and sickly race."

On the 15th of June, Mr. Howard entered the Netherlands by the way of Antwerp.

Thence he proceeded to Ghent, where he found, that the house of correction, which he had formerly so much admired, and held up as a pattern for imitation in his own country, had lately undergone a melancholy alteration. When he waited on the burgomaster for permission to inspect it, he was told that the Emperor had issued an order prohibiting any person's entrance there. "But you, sir," said the worthy magistrate, "are an exception to all rules: you must not, however, impute to me the unhappy changes which you will observe in this prison." He was accordingly admitted, and was grieved to find that the encouragement to those habits of industry, which ought to be the leading object of all such houses, was now completely lost sight of here. Many had formerly ascribed the comfort and happiness of their future lives to the trades which they had learnt, and the attention paid to the correction of their evil habits in this prison; but now,

las! the useful manufactory, whose flourishing condition ut a year and a half ago afforded him so much satisfac- ion, was destroyed, and the looms sold; so that the four undred and seventy-six prisoners here did not earn, one with another, so much as seven farthings a-day. With his reduction in their labour, a correspondent one had een made in the quantity and quality of their food. In onsequence of this vile policy, Mr. Howard found the spect of the prisoners quite changed; and was not at ll surprised to learn, that an entire quarter of this noble uilding was soon to be fitted up as an infirmary. This hange was owing entirely to the too hasty attention which he Emperor Joseph had paid to a petition from a few in- erested persons, in consequence of which he had ordered he manufactory here to be discontinued, as injurious to he private manufacturers of his vast dominions. Besides he alteration in their diet, he also directed that less care hould be taken to keep the rooms of the prisoners neat nd clean, in the mistaken hope that their confinement would thus be rendered so disagreeable, that they would e more cautious how they rendered themselves obnox- ous to it again. As some encouragement to good and rderly behaviour in this prison, its imperial visitor had, owever, commanded, that a list of the best subjects f its discipline,—if anything worthy the name of disci- line he can be said to have left,—should annually be sent o him: and, in the course of the year before, twelve had ccordingly received a pardon.

Revisiting the prisons of Alost on the 18th, and those f Ostend upon the 21st, of June, our traveller embarked t the latter place for England, and reached his home on he 24th or 25th of the same month, after having been bsent nearly five months, in the course of which he had ravelled 3,304 miles, a great part of them in a mode to

which he was unaccustomed, and which all who have been compelled to use it represent as most irksome and wearying; and often, too, without being able to procure the little refreshment his abstemious habits required, to recruit his spirits, and reinvigorate his frame.

After spending about a month, in the circle of his friends and the company of his son, whose vacation commenced but on the day he embarked for England, he set out upon his tour to Ireland, which he had promised to take, for the purpose of again going through some of the principal jails before its parliament should reassemble. In that tour he was accompanied by his son, now about eighteen years of age, and who had finally left the last academy in England at which he was placed.

Arriving in Dublin the latter end of this month, he immediately set about the careful inspection of its various jails, especially of the new Newgate, of whose defects he gives us a brief, but a most melancholy summary. It was not kept clean, and had no regular supply of water; the sexes were not properly separated; petty offenders were confined with the most abandoned criminals; numbers of acquitted felons were still in custody for their fees, whilst such as were committed to hard labour were confined in idleness. Spirituous liquors were openly sold in the prison; whiskey at so low a rate, that the prisoners would often intoxicate themselves almost to madness; whilst to procure it new comers were robbed, or stripped, and grossly abused for their garnish of 3*s*. 9½*d*. Those for whose use day-rooms were provided, were, in some cases, never allowed to enter them; that on the women's side being always shut up, for the accommodation of two or three felons, who lodged in the deputy-keeper's house, to play there at tennis and other diversions; whilst in that for the men, the condemned criminals were locked up,

prisoners who had not yet been tried being lodged the while in the dungeons under ground. The jail contained no bath; and one of the two physicians who, since Mr. Howard's former visit, had been ordered to attend its sick, having fallen in the vigour of youth, and the dawn of splendid talents, a lamented victim to the contagion of a fever, which a jail wretched and filthy as was this, could not fail to breed,—the efforts of the survivor to stop the progress of such dreadful ravages were rendered abortive, by the disgraceful parsimony, or the gross neglect, which left the sick without bedding, change of diet, or nurses of any kind to administer to their wants. And if their temporal ills were thus unprovided for, their spiritual welfare and moral improvement was as shamefully overlooked, divine service never being performed within the walls of this wretched and most profligate place. Yet, with all these abuses to correct, the keeper did not reside in the prison; whilst the criminals themselves were its turnkeys. Its floors were of stone, yet were they without bedding, or anything for the prisoners to lie upon; and though their allowance was two-penny worth of bread each day, as it was delivered but twice a week, and not fixed by weight; this description of the miserable condition of these unfortunate beings closes by a statement, for which we may well be prepared, that some of them were almost starved. Yet this jail had ample appointments, "but such appointments," its visitor very justly remarks, "can be of little consequence, while the sheriffs and magistrates neglect their duty, and seldom or never visit the jails or punish defaulters. Are not such magistrates," he pointedly asks, "inexcusably guilty? should they not be considered as accessary to the crimes and abuses and miseries occasioned by their neglect?"

Yet was this neglect a very prevailing one, as we are told that these remarks were applicable to many of the county jails in Ireland.

Mr. Howard was not backward in doing everything in his power to mitigate the evils described. He procured from the keeper of the new prison at Dublin a list of sixteen prisoners detained in his custody for the payment of their fees, and finding fifteen others confined in the dungeons of the neighbouring jail at Kilmainham, upon the same account, he restored to their families such of these unhappy beings as seemed to be the most proper objects of compassion; some of them having children dying with the small-pox, whilst others had hardly a rag to cover them: yet, strange to say, this distress had no more effect on the clerks of the crown, the sheriffs, and jailers, than to engage them to take half their fees from the private purse of this benevolent Englishman, instead of continuing the confinement of their own unhappy countrymen until the whole was paid, a period which, from their poverty or death, never might arrive.

On his return to England, about the middle of August, Mr. Howard and his son took their passage in one of the regular packets to Holyhead; and in the course of their short voyage two little incidents occurred, which have been rescued from oblivion by an anonymous correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine, who happened to be their fellow-passenger; and as they are both strikingly illustrative of the benevolence of that great and good man's character, I transcribe them here in the words of their narrator:—"Whilst we were on the deck of the packet, young Howard spoke with great roughness to a child that was playing with his coat, and drove it from him. This appearance of inhumanity his father

instantly took notice of, and reprimanded him for not behaving with greater tenderness. But at night Mr. Howard had an opportunity of showing his disposition more plainly. On coming to take possession of his birth, he found that a maid-servant belonging to some of the passengers was not provided with a bed, and immediately giving up to her his own, he spent the night upon the cabin floor, choosing rather to inconvenience himself than to disturb his son. In these little incidents," continues my authority for relating them, "we see a man alive to every feeling of humanity; uneasy at a word spoken with harshness to a child; submitting to an inconvenience to relieve from a trifling distress a stranger whose rank gave no claim to attention; and leaving his son in possession of an accommodation which his own age rendered almost necessary. I knew not," he adds, "Mr. Howard's name during these transactions, and learned it only by accident a short time before we landed."

On his arrival in England, he immediately proceeded to its metropolis, where he was closely occupied for about ten days in another reinspection of its jails, his son accompanying him to town, as he now usually did in all his journeyings. About ten days afterwards he returned to London, where he spent another fortnight in arranging his papers for publication, a work in which he availed himself of the same friendly assistance as he had experienced on former occasions; after which he took a short tour to Worcester and Gloucester. The former part of the month of October was spent either at Cardington or in London, in the further arrangement of his papers; the latter in visiting some of the prisons of the metropolis, and in re-inspecting the hulks. He

afterwards took three short trips to Kingston, Hertford, and Chelmsford.

Having now completed his fourth general inspection of our English gaols, Mr. Howard, early in the month of November, set off for Warrington, to arrange with Dr. Aikin, and to superintend through the press a second edition of his Appendix to the State of Prisons, and a third edition of the whole work, in both of which the important information obtained during his lengthened journeys, both at home and abroad, in the years 1781, 2, 3, was carefully interwoven with the original text.

When those journeys were finished, he summed up the number of miles which, in less than ten years, he had travelled in his own country and abroad, on the reform of prisons, and found that they formed a total of 42, 033. I cannot refrain from transcribing here the ascription of all the praise and merit of these deeds of benevolence to the Almighty, with which this record of their extent is so characteristically closed:—"To God alone be all the praise. I do not regret the loss of the many conveniencies of life, but bless God who inclined my mind to such a scheme."

In the former of the publications, he assigns as a principal reason for the cleanliness and order which he observed in the prisons and work-houses of Holland, the attention and humanity of the governesses, four of whom took the charge of inspection in each institution. From the observations which he made, both in that country and in Switzerland, he expresses himself also to be but the more confirmed in the opinion he had formerly advanced, that no mercenary views whatever should be held out to those who are charged with the inspection of such places, whose services there ought

to be gratuitous, as they were particularly honourable.

"Nor can I doubt," he adds, "that in our own country, as well as abroad, men might readily be found, who, merely from a sense of duty, and love to humanity and their country, would faithfully and diligently execute such an office, with no other reward than the approbation of their fellow-citizens, and of their own consciences." In closing his account of the plans of improvement of the latter republic he observes, "a principal object here is to make the prisoners *better men*. This, indeed, should always be the *leading view* in every house of correction; and the earnings of the prisoners should only be a *secondary* object. As *rational* and *immortal* beings, we owe this to them; nor can *any* criminality of theirs justify our neglect in this particular."

In connection with the police regulations of his own country, he points out two customs in the metropolis which have since been discontinued. The one is a remnant of the ancient mode of torture observed at the Old Bailey, in the executioner's slipping a whip-cord noose about the thumbs of convicts when asked what they had to say why judgment of death should not be pronounced upon them: a practice which he recommended to be abolished, as it accordingly has long since been. The other was the improper custom of parading criminals through the heart of the metropolis to the gallows at Tyburn, in consequence of which, as he very justly observes, "an execution-day was too much, with us, a day of riot and idleness, and it was found by experience that the minds of the populace were rather hardened by the spectacle than affected in any salutary manner." For remedying these evils, he suggests the propriety of taking the report within a week after the sentence,

and ordering the execution soon after, either in the area before Newgate, or before the Sessions-house. The latter of these judicious hints has been acted upon; and it would be well, for the more efficient administration of justice, were the former also attended to, as the crime and its punishment would not then be separated from each other at such a distance as they now frequently are. It would be of still more importance, however, to the general interests of humanity, and of a sound and liberal policy, would our legislators deign to listen to the voice of a man, from whose enlightened philanthropy they have already derived so many important lessons and might, if they would, derive so many more, when on mentioning the tables published in 1772, by Sir Stephen Theodore Janssen, of the number of criminals executed in London in the twenty-three preceding years he observes, "I am sorry to be reminded by these tables of a judicious remark of Mr. *Eden's Principles of Penal Laws, page* 306: 'the accumulation of sanguinary laws is the worst distemper of a state. Let it not be supposed the extirpation of mankind is the chief object of legislation,' I would wish," adds the benevolent being, whose chief object was their preservation and reformation, "that no persons might suffer capitally but for murder—for setting houses on fire—for house-breaking, attended with acts of cruelty. The highwayman—the footpad—the habitual thief, and people of this clan, should end their days in a penitentiary-house, rather than on a gallows." For the government of such houses, he offers, at the close of his work, some general heads of regulation, to which those who may be called upon to legislate upon this important subject will do well to attend.

By the addition of new matter, this reprint of his Appendix was swelled from 218 to 302 more closely-printed pages, whilst the number of plates was increased from eight to eighteen, some of them being very beautiful views, executed in a style of highly-finished engraving. The whole of these were of course added to the third edition of the entire work, which consisted of 516 pages of a very large and closely-printed quarto. When he had completed the task of superintending these two works through the press,—and he must at least have been engaged in it for three or four months,—he returned to London, and distributed copies of them with the same liberality as he had exercised upon former occasions. One of these he presented to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, when he embraced the opportunity of informing him of the existence in his principality of that excruciating system of torture, whose pre-eminence in barbarity has already been stated. The young Prince was very anxious to know in what its particular cruelty consisted, but Mr. Howard assured him that he would not shock his feelings by such a dreadful detail; and begged of him to give orders to his ministers to inquire into the circumstances of its infliction. The result of this interview was a promise for the abolition of the practice when the Prince came of age, and he now delicately reminded him of it, by fixing a riband at the place in an elegantly-bound copy of the work, where that practice is described. "Mr. Howard," says the reverend gentleman, to whose urbanity I am indebted for this anecdote, "told me, that if he had chosen, he might have filled a book with an infinite variety of tortures practised in Europe. But although the horrid narrative would have secured the rapid and extensive sale of the collection, he preferred

to bury in silence such shocking scenes, for fear of instructing some in certain modes of tormenting with which they were unacquainted, and leading ferocious natures to introduce them where they were unknown —what a picture of human depravity!" What a picture, I would add, of human benevolence, when Mr. Howard thus took care to abstain from furnishing fresh food for cruelty to glut itself upon.

There are no other circumstances of the journeys, of near 5,000 miles, performed in the course of this active year of his valuable existence, which this chapter of his memoirs embraces, upon record, but those which have already been related. The kindness of Dr. Brown has, however, put me in possession of an anecdote of the extraordinary influence which he had acquired over the unhappy objects of his solicitude, as exemplified at this period of his life. "When Ryland, the celebrated engraver, was under sentence of death for forgery, a gentleman came one morning to Mr. Howard, during one of his temporary visits to London, and informed him that some years ago a maid-servant, in a house opposite to Ryland's, had suddenly left her situation, and could not be heard from. In her room, however, some scraps of his writing were discovered, and application was immediately made to him to learn what had become of her. But the only answer he would give was, that she was provided for; and with this, during the days of his prosperity, her friends were obliged to be satisfied. When, however, his fortune was ruined by his condemnation, they desired to be more particularly informed of her condition, in order that they might take her home. They accordingly applied to him in Newgate, but could get no specific answer to their inquiries; when hearing that Mr. Howard had great influence over persons in

Ryland's situation, they had determined upon soliciting his assistance, in hope that he would be able to procure from the criminal the desired information. Mr. Howard obtained and brought back an account of the unfortunate girl's situation in twenty-four hours. She had been kept by Ryland, in a village at some distance from London, where she was found by her relations, and restored to their protection." From the same authentic source, I am also enabled to furnish my readers with a proof of Mr. Howard's courage and presence of mind at this period of his life. "During an alarming riot at the Savoy," says Dr. Brown, "the prisoners had killed two of their keepers, and no person dared to approach them, until Mr. Howard insisted on entering their prison. In vain his friends, in vain the gaolers endeavoured to dissuade him: in he went among two hundred ruffians, when such was the effect of his mild and benign manner, that they soon listened to his remonstrances, represented their grievances, and at last allowed themselves to be quietly re-conducted to their cells."

When, in the spring of 1784, Mr. Howard had laid before the public the result of his minute inspection of the prisons, and many of the hospitals of his own country, and of the principal states of Europe, he retired to his estate at Cardington, in whose calm seclusion he purposed to spend the remaining years of his existence. During his protracted absences from the society of the friends by whom he was surrounded there, he never was absent from their remembrance, and the few letters which he wrote during his tours abroad evince, that they still lived in his: nor is it easy to describe the joy with which the friendly epistles that proved they did so

were received, or the eagerness with which they were perused by the little band with whom his hours of social converse were generally spent at home. But in that band one individual held a most distinguished place; and, when Mr. Howard was in Bedfordshire, Mr. Smith gave up, for the enjoyment of his society, all other engagements but those which his pastoral duties called him to; whilst upon his part, Mr. Howard was equally delighted with the opportunity of such frequent communion with the companion of his most private thoughts. He would then often call upon his pastor to ride out with him on horseback, and there was nothing he more enjoyed than engaging him in conversation so earnestly, as to keep him out an hour or two after his dinner-time, when he would smile and say, "I find, my friend, that you can fast as long as I can; but now you must go to Cardington and spend the day with me as Mrs. Smith will have dined long before this time." "My father," says the lady to whom I am indebted for the principal circumstances of our Philanthropist's private history, contained in this chapter of his memoirs, "has often said those were some of the most delightful hours of his life; for that Mr. Howard would then completely unbend himself, and give him the most entertaining accounts of his past travels; open to him all his future plans—all his trials and sorrows; in short, every feeling of his heart, in the most free and confidential manner." Mr. Howard often spent several days together with him in this delightful intercourse at Cardington, where, during its owner's absence, Mr. Smith and his family frequently took up their abode, and at such times had a discretionary power over his household, and the general superintendence of his domestic affairs. To his other friends his behaviour was still marked by that

kindness and readiness to oblige which had always distinguished it; whilst with his neighbours, he continued to live in the constant interchange of mutual good offices.

His house was at all times open to his friends, as it had been before those tours of philanthrophy, which had rendered him an object of general curiosity, and attracted thither many to whom the more private virtues of his heart either might not have been known, or, if they had been, would not have induced a wish for a more intimate acquaintance with their possessor. Upon the grounds attached to it, he had always bestowed the greatest pains. And it was his strict charge to his gardener that they should not be neglected during his absence. The celebrity which their owner had attained, gave to both house and grounds a general attraction; and hence they were frequently visited by parties from the neighbourhood, and even from a distance. Mr. Howard had a very great objection to the custom of giving vails to servants, and therefore issued strict orders to his own never to receive them. They knew, if their having done so should ever come to his knowledge, they should forfeit his favour, than which nothing could have been a greater affliction. Having been long in that service, they had become as regular in their habits as he was in his.

At this period of his life his attachment to a vegetable diet was so confirmed, that he never tasted any animal food, not so much as an oyster. Some have supposed, that he did this upon principles of humanity, as not thinking it right that the life of any creature should needlessly be taken away to pamper his appetite: but though this consideration might have had some weight with him, it is certain, from the concurrent testimony of many of his surviving friends, that his chief motive

for this abstinence was an idea he had imbibed, that animal food had a decided tendency to irritate the system; whilst a vegetable diet contributed at once to keep the intellect clear, and the whole frame free from the effects of the irascible passions. To his adherence to it, he in a great measure ascribed the unvarying calmness of his temper, and the presence of mind which he possessed upon all occasions. Those who saw him the most frequently, and under circumstances of the least reserve, declare that they never were in a house whose domestic arrangements exhibited more regularity and real comfort than his. His singular temperance has justly been ranked high in the scale of his extraordinary virtues. "The merit of it consisted," as the daughter of his most intimate friend very truly remarks, "in the command he had acquired over his inclinations, so as to enable him to forego every comfort in the prosecution of his extensive schemes of benevolence." Besides his house at Cardington, he had since the death of his sister, another in Great Ormond-street, London, which he kept for his occasional residence, in town; his table being supplied, when there, by vegetables, bread, butter, and cheese, from his own farm. He frequently spent a few days or a week there, even during the short period that his jail schemes, as he himself used to call them, were laid aside; sometimes travelling to and fro in his own chaise, or on horseback, at others going by the coach. It was upon one of these latter occasions, that he exhibited an instance of the kindness of his disposition, and his habitual attention to the female sex in every rank of life, which the object of it, a respectable woman, who lived seven and twenty years in the families of the late Mrs. Belsham, and of the Reverend Mr. Smith, assured the daughter of the latter that she never

should forget. Having met with some family misfortunes, this worthy woman was coming back from London, when Mr. Howard happened to be in the coach, and seeing, at the first inn, that she was in trouble and unwell, he fetched her a glass of warm wine and water, speaking to her at the same time with so much kindness, that the impression it made upon her mind will never be effaced. But his attentions stopped not here; for as soon as there was room inside the coach, he desired that she might come in, and he would pay the additional fare; when he talked to her in so fatherly and affectionate a manner on her misfortunes, as greatly to calm her mind, and to enable her to support her trials with patience and resignation. "I found," said she to Mrs. Greene, "more consolation from his conversation and kindness than I can possibly express." He left the coach at Cardington Cross, about three miles from Bedford, but he gave the coachman something to see his passenger safe home, and told him to take particular care of her and of her luggage; "for," said he, turning to the object of his kind solicitude, "you appear so ill and distressed as not to be able to take care of yourself." Well, then, may she say, as she does from her own experience, as well as from the opportunity which her long residence in his neighbourhood gave her of learning from others, that Mr. Howard was beloved by every body, so kind was he to them, especially to poor widows.

Another such proof of the general benevolence of his conduct in private life has come to my knowledge. A lady of Bedford, who knew Mr. Howard well for many years, when about fifteen years of age, was attacked by fever of so malignant a description, that many persons were fearful of coming into the house; but even when the disorder was at its height, Mr. Howard visited her

every day: and so constant was his kindness and attention, that her mother ever spoke, as she herself still speaks of it, in terms of the warmest gratitude; adding that if it had not been for his truly Christian advice, she must have sunk under the fatigue and anxiety she underwent, but she always felt fresh strength and support after his visits. He gave her many useful directions as to the proper management of the fever, and when her patient got better, brought her recipes for jellies and other strengthening things; and, when she was sufficiently recovered, very kindly asked her to go over to Cardington for a change of scene.

To female society he was very much attached, and nothing could delight him more, in his hours of relaxation, than the conversation of women of education and of cultivated manners. Of the respect due to the sex he had indeed a very high idea, and his behaviour to them was always singularly kind, polite, and respectful.

To his tenants he was still a most indulgent landlord, to the poor the kindest benefactor. "It is impossible," says Dr. Aikin, with equal force and truth, that "any stronger proof can be given, that the habit of doing good was wrought into his very nature, than that while his public actions placed him without a rival for deeds of philanthropy, he should be unable to satisfy his benevolent desires without his accustomed benefits to his neighbours and dependents." On all his tours of benevolence he had them in his remembrance, sending from Sheffield, and the other manufacturing towns of his own country, presents to be distributed amongst them, and generally bringing them with him, for their use, some of the articles manufactured by the prisoners whom he visited both at home and abroad. Whilst absent on these journeys, he left Mr. Smith and John

Prole to be his almoners, in his private charities, desiring them, when they gave any thing in *his* name to put themselves in his place, and give what they thought became his circumstances.

In his Christian profession Mr. Howard was uniform and consistent. When at Cardington, he was regular in his attendance upon the ministry of his friend Mr. Smith; and when he came on foot to Bedford on the Sabbath morning, he invariably called at his pastor's house, which was just at the entrance of the town, in order to walk to meeting in the family party, of which, upon these occasions, he always desired to be one. "I well remember," says the lady who in her childhood formed one of this happy group, "how anxously we used to watch for his knock, and how pleased we were to walk to meeting by his side." By the members, as by the minister of that church with which he thus regularly worshipped, when at home, he was always esteemed one of its brightest ornaments; and even to the present hour, such of them as are still numbered with the church militant on earth, speak of him in terms of attachment and fond regret. During his occasional residences in London, he generally attended the ministry of Dr. Stennet, to the erection of whose meeting house in Wild street, he was a liberal contributor, accounting it, as he himself declared, an honour to join his name with the congregation which assembled there. Nor was he less generous in other instances, many a place of worship having been largely indebted for its building or repairs to the contributions of his Christian benevolence. Yet with all this zeal for the truth, he was no bigot, but faithfully discharged all the offices of friendship, and mingled in all the intimacies and charities of social life, with many an one

whose opinions upon some of the leading doctrines of the Christian faith were diametrically opposite to his own.

Thus eminently consistent in every relation of life, which he was called upon to sustain, our illustrious Philanthropist passed nearly two years in retirement. But it was not in his nature to be idle there; and, besides the occupation of a large portion of his time by works of private benevolence, in his village and its neighbourhood, he was much taken up in fixing on a plan for completing his son's education.

A hint in the earlier part of these Memoirs will, I doubt not, have excited in the mind of the reader a suspicion of the fidelity of Mr. Howard's favourite servant. He was utterly unworthy of the good opinion which, to the hour of his death, his generous master entertained of him, having taken advantage of the situation of trust in which he was placed about his person, to inflict upon him the deadliest wound a parent's heart can feel. As he always accompanied him to London, when his son was with him during his vacations, and after he had left school, he embraced the opportunity of his absence from home in visiting the jails of the metropolis, or of his close engagements there, to instil into the mind of his youthful charge every thing that was bad; and, ere he had completed his seventeenth year, after his father had retired to rest at his usual early hour, wearied with his labours of philanthrophy during the day, he had the unparalleled baseness to take his son out to places of the worst resort, particularly on the last time that they were all in London together, just before his master went abroad in 1765. To the day of his death, John Prole, therefore, attributed the ruin of young Howard to the scenes of depravity

into which he was initiated by Thomasson. But from the contagious influence of his society he was removed for some time, soon after he had commenced the disgraceful work of corrupting him, by his entrance at the university of Edinburgh, whither his anxious parent accompanied him, when he was in the eighteenth or nineteenth year of his age, and placed him under the immediate care of the venerable Dr. Blacklock, in whose house he resided. At this time he was a fine, tall, pleasing, and promising young man; nor did he exhibit the slightest symptoms of that mental derangement with which he afterwards was so severely afflicted. Whilst at Edinburgh those symptoms, however, made their appearance. Having materially injured his health whilst in that city, by an indulgence in some excesses, in which he had been but too well schooled in London, he unhappily attempted to conceal the conduct, of which he was not too far gone in vice to be ashamed, by the administration of some very powerful medicine, whose eventual operation was the cause of that mental malady which cut him off in the meridian of his days. The first sign of this dreadful disease, was a nervous and hypochondriacal temperament, and an occasional aberration of mind. This operated in disposing him, to discover and play upon the follies and peculiarities of his fellow-students and others, to such a degree, as to render his society generally unpleasant. "But, whatever was the prevailing disposition of the moment," says a friend of Mr. Howard, "if the name of his father was mentioned, he never failed to manifest the strongest degree of filial affection, and spoke of him with that exultation which manifested the pride he took in his descent. Any encomium upon his father operated with much greater

force upon his mind than any other subject whatever
And, on the other hand, when those whom he had pro
voked, wished to irritate him, they could not do it s
effectually by any other means as by throwing out re
flections on his father. At the time young Howar
was nearly of age, he and Dr. Darwin, dined togeth
er with a lady who was a friend of the family. La
menting the expense of what she was pleased to call hi
father's extravagant, though amiable eccentricities, sh
said, that charity began at home, and that his father'
pursuits might ultimately ruin his family. She hoped
therefore, that when his son came of age, if any of th
property was settled, he would not join to cut off the en
tail The young gentleman, with great warmth an
indignation, replied, that he would with delight cut o
the last shilling; as the only credit he had in life wa
derived from his being the offspring of such a parent
adding, "what good can I do with money, which wi
bear any comparison with the good he has done?" Afte
leaving the room, he observed, with great indignatio
to his friend, who had been present at this conversa
tion,—"See this * * * * * * * * * * * * *, who call
herself the friend of my father, wishes me to embarras
him!" and again repeated with great warmth, and
degree of enthusiasm,—"What good could I possibly d
compared with that which has been effected by m
parent!" Such was the uniform tenor of Mr. Joh
Howard's conduct and conversation respecting h
father, during the whole time Dr. Darwin lived wit
him at Edinburgh." Mr. Howard however thought
necessary to remove his son from Edinburgh, in ord
to break off the improper connections which he wa
daily forming there. For some time after his retur
he continued at Cardington, where, as he was no

grown up to manhood, he kept a phaeton and horses, and lived in much greater style than ever his father did. But he had now unhappily contracted habits of dissipation and extravagance which were his own ruin, and well nigh broke his father's heart. But the affection which Mr. Howard still bore his son, was most fully evinced by his accompanying him to Cambridge, to introduce him to his friends there, and to commend him to their kind attentions during his residence in the university, where he was entered a fellow-commoner of St. John's college, in the summer of the year 1784.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Howard's sixth journey upon the continent, for the purpose of inspecting the prisons, hospitals, and lazarettos of Holland, France, Italy, Malta, Turkey, and Germany;—his fourth journey to Scotland;—his fifth and sixth to Ireland;—his fourth general inspection of English jails;—the publication of his account of the principal lazarettos of Europe, 1785—9;—with the history of his private life during that period.

After having devoted more than eleven years of his aluable existence to the reformation of the jails, and ie improvement of the hospitals of his own country, nd, with a view to this sole object, having traversed s many thousand miles of foreign land, Mr. Howard etermined again to quit the bosom of his family, on a urney of benevolence, more important to the interests the human race, though fraught with greater danger himself, than any he had yet undertaken. His plan

was, indeed, as has been correctly stated by one of his biographers, "the most humane and beneficent that ever entered into the mind of man;" for it was "to check the progress of devouring pestilence," that, unattended and alone,—for he would neither suffer son nor servant to share with him the dangers of his voyage,—he bade adieu for many months to England, and every thing dear to him that it contained. Conceiving that the examination of the principal lazarettos in Europe might throw considerable light on that most dreadful of all the scourges of mankind, the plague. Towards the latter end of November, 1785, he accordingly set sail for Holland, having previously furnished himself with a set of queries, drawn up by his friends, Dr Aikin and Dr. Jebb, with a view to ascertain, from the opinions of continental physicians, the nature, symptoms, and treatment of this infectious disorder.

The point at which he wished to commence his new investigations was Marseilles; but the extreme jealousy of the French government respecting their Levant trade had long kept the lazaretto of that port carefully concealed from the eye of every foreigner; but, as Mr Howard's object was such as ought to have awakened neither political nor commercial jealousy in any one Lord Caermarthen, then secretary of state for foreign affairs, undertook to make an application to the French minister, to permit him to view this celebrated building. After waiting some time at the Hague expecting the permit, he went to Utrecht to visit his friend, Dr. Brown, at whose house he received a letter from his lordship, informing him not only that the request he had preferred had been peremptorily refused, but that he must not think of entering France at all, as he would run a risk of being committed to the Bastille

When he showed this unwelcome epistle to his friend Dr. Brown, he kindly endeavoured to dissuade him from persisting in his project, but without effect; as he told him that the die was cast, and he was determined to run the hazard, in a full reliance on the protection of Providence, as he thought it essential to his plans that he should personally inspect the lazarettos of Marseilles and Toulon. He accordingly returned to the Hague, whence, by the way of Dort and Antwerp, he went to Brussels, and took his place in the diligence for Paris, which he reached in a couple of days. Immediately on his arrival, he took his ticket for a seat in the Lyons diligence; and that he might incur less risk of discovery, lodged in an obscure inn, near the place whence that conveyance started. Having gone to bed, however, according to his usual custom, about ten o'clock at night, he was awoke between twelve and one in the morning by a tremendous knocking at his room door, which, starting up in alarm, he immediately opened; and having returned instantly to bed, he saw the chamber maid enter with a candle in each hand, followed by a man in a black coat, with a sword by his side, and his hands enveloped in an enormous muff. This singular personage immediately asked him if his name was Howard. Vexed at this interruption, he hastily answered, "Yes,—and what of that?" He was again asked if he had not come to Paris in the Brussels diligence, in company with a man in a black wig? To this question he returned some such answer, as that he paid no attention to such trifles; and his visitor immediately withdrew in silence. Not a little alarmed at this strange adventure, though losing none of his self-possession, and being unable to recompose himself to sleep, Mr.

Howard got up, and having discharged his bill the night before, took his small trunk, and removing from this house, at the regular hour of starting, took his seat in the diligence, and set off for Lyons. In this journey he met with agreeable company, and had the good fortune to conciliate their favour, by acting as physician to a lady of the party, who found herself indisposed, but to whom his prescriptions afforded immediate relief. At Lyons he kept himself as private as possible, visiting only two or three Protestant clergymen.

On his arrival at Marseilles, Mr. Howard observed the same privacy as he had done at Lyons, visiting no one but a Protestant clergyman of the name of Durand; who, upon his entering the house, said, "Mr. Howard, I have always been happy to see you till now. Leave France as fast as you can; I know they are searching for you in all directions." He learned here also, that the man in the black wig was a spy sent with him to Paris by the French ambassador at the Hague, and that he himself would have been arrested there, if Mons Le Noir had not been at Versailles on the day of his arrival, and several persons having recently been arrested on very false or frivolous grounds, he had left orders for no arrests being made before his return, which was not until late in the evening of the next day, when he was pursued, but not overtaken. Yet, notwithstanding the conviction he now felt, that his personal safety was in jeopardy, he persisted in attempting to execute the intention which had induced him to incur so much danger; and by the assistance of Mons. Durand, he eventually succeeded in gaining admission to the lazaretto of Marseilles, which he found to be spacious, commodious, and calculated to afford important information for the

furtherance of the purposes of his voyage; he procured, therefore, a plan of it, of which he gave to the public the first engraving ever made, with an ample description attached.

Having procured all the information he wished, he was most anxious to get safely out of France, which his friend, M. Durand, apprehended to be impossible. By land he himself thought it too difficult to attempt; but, after staying four days at Toulon, he succeeded in inducing the master of a vessel wind-bound there, to put to sea in spite of contrary winds, and convey him to Nice. Scarcely, however, had they got out of harbour when they were forced to put into the little island of Port Crosce, near its mouth, where he was obliged to pass a night or two in the old castle of Portman.

After tossing about for several days, our intrepid countryman got safe to Nice, and thus escaped the researches of the French government after him.

We are not left at all in the dark as to the grounds upon which this measure of attempting to arrest Mr. Howard was resorted to; the principal of which were his conduct in dissuading the English prisoners of war at Dunkirk from yielding to the enticements of the French officers to enter into their navy, and threatening them, if they did commit such an act of treason to their own country, that he would have their names reported, in order, that if they ever should be captured they might receive the punishment due to their treachery; and his having republished in French, as well as in English, the prohibited exposure of the economy of the Bastille.

Soon after his arrival at Nice, he addressed to Mr. Smith the following letter:

"*Nice, Jan.* 30, 1786.

"Sir,

"I persuade myself that a line to acquaint you that I am safe and well out of France will give you pleasure. I had a nice part to act. I travelled as an English Doctor, and perhaps among the number of empirics, I did as little mischief as most of them. I never dined or supped in public. The secret was only trusted to the French Protestant ministers. I was five days at Marseilles, and four at Toulon. It was thought I could not get out of France by land, so I forced out a Genoese ship, and have been many days striving against wind and tide,—three days in an almost desolate Island, overgrown with myrtle, rosemary, and thyme.

"I am bound this week for Genoa, and thence to Leghorn, where a lazaretto has been built within these few years. I know, sir, you will not treat any new attempt as wild and chimerical; yet I must say it requires a steadiness of resolution not to be shaken, to pursue it.

"My best compliments to Mrs. Smith, and our Bedford friends, and please to inform John Prole that I am well.

"I write this with my windows open in full view of an orange grove, though the mountains at a great distance I see covered with snow.

"With my best wishes I remain your affectionate friend, JOHN HOWARD."

It was most probably at this place that he entered in his diary two or three thoughts as they occurred to his mind, strikingly illustrative of the correctness of his views, the general benevolence of his character, and the firmness of his trust in Providence.

"Is it not injustice to individuals and cruelty to the public *frequently* to pardon notorious offenders?"

"Let this maxim be a leading feature in my life, constantly to favour and relieve those that are lowest."

"The ways of God are a uniform scheme of Providence. What God does now, we shall know hereafter."

During the short stay which he made in Nice, Mr. Howard inspected the prison there. And the lazaretto at Genoa he found spacious and convenient, being plentifully supplied with a stream of water descending from the mountains into its area, but its windows were too small. He visited another, but a smaller lazaretto of the Genoese at Varignano, in the gulf of Spezia, of which, as of that at Genoa, he has given in his work a very beautiful view; the magistrates of this republic having not only granted him permission freely to inspect those buildings, but to copy the plan on which they were erected, besides furnishing him themselves with their regulations.

At Leghorn, whither he next proceeded by sea, the lazaretto of San Leopoldo, upon whose erection he saw, in 1778, forty-seven slaves employed, was now finished; and ships with the plague on board were received there, instead of being chased away or burnt, as was the practice but at too many places. The greatest attention was here paid to the health of the passengers, and to the preservation of goods. Mr. Howard was accompanied in his visit to this place, and to the lazaretto of San Roco, by the governor of the city, who presented him with plans of the three lazarettos of this extensive port, and with the rules for their regulation, which he himself had just published, in a quarto volume. In consequence of the great pains which had been taken to render them so, these lazarettos were now admitted to be the best in Europe.

At Rome, he passed two mornings in the noble hospital of San Michaele. The favourite institution of the reigning pontiff was a seminary for young women "whose neatness, economy, and industry," says its delighted inspector, "must give pleasure to every visitant." To its venerable patron, the dignified but unfortunate Pius VI. Mr. Howard was privately introduced; and upon this occasion the ceremony of kissing the pope's toe, indeed every ceremony of every kind was dispensed with; as the independence, as well as the piety of our illustrious countryman's character, would never have permitted him to prostrate himself before a fallible mortal like himself. At parting, however, his holiness laid his hand upon his heretical visitor's head, at the same time good-humouredly observing, "I know you Englishmen do not mind these things, but the blessing of an old man can do you no harm:" and I am persuaded that the spirit of Howard was too catholic a one to hold the benediction of such an old man in light esteem, not on account of the dignity of his station, but of the solidity of his virtues.

After spending about a fortnight in this capital, Mr. Howard went on to Naples. The lazaretto here was very small; and too little attention was paid to passengers and shipping under quarantine.

From this city he took shipping for Malta, but on his way thither encountered a violent tempest, in which the vessel he was in, had nearly perished, though it happily escaped, without sustaining any injury. As he passed the island of Sicily in his voyage, he had a full view of the lazaretto at Messina, but did not land to visit it, because the city was almost depopulated, and its trade destroyed, by the dreadful earthquakes, which two years since had ingulfed some of the fairest and most popu-

lous portions of this devoted island in the bowels of the earth. He afterwards obtained, however, a plan of this building from the English consul at Trieste, from which he had a very fine engraving made for the illustration of his work.

He arrived at Malta on the 29th of March. The greatest care was taken here to prevent the spread of the plague, and for this purpose lazarettos were provided, which, when completed, would be very convenient ones.

During his residence at Malta, Mr. Howard addressed two letters to his friends at home. The first was to his faithful bailiff.

"*Malta, March* 31, 1786.

"John Prole,

"I am well, with intrepid firm spirits, and resolution in pursuing my determined object, but have had a sad winter to combat; some days on a desolate island on the south of France; and last Sunday morning a sad storm from 12 to 4—we expected a watery grave:—though our sailors cried to St. Anthony to save them, it was God that had mercy on us.

"I have had my audience with the Grand Master, and he granted my request; so that every place is flung open to me. We are here as warm as June; yet the first salutation is, 'It is cold, Sir,'—and accordingly they are wrapt up in great coats. I see peas and beans in plenty in the streets; but I take my tea in the morning, and a little weak chocolate in the evening. I sail for Turkey in ten days. If every thing succeeds as I have laid my plan, I have hopes to be at Vienna in Germany, on my return home, the latter end of July, or beginning of August. My object is great and liable to a fatal miscarriage. My zeal, I hope, will not abate,

nor will I look back. My best compliments to my Cardington friends—Mr. Smith, Mr. Gadsby, Mr. Costin, Mr. King, Mr. Leachs, &c. &c.

"The old smith's shop you and Jos. may take down. Mr. Smith may directly have all the materials for the henhouse that he desired. He too set it up with his workmen; and tell him, I will allow and pay him the expense thereof.

"I remain yours, JOHN HOWARD."

The second letter, I have no doubt, was addressed to Mr. Tatnall.

"*Malta, April* 9, 1786.

"Dear Sir,

"As the French minister thought proper to deny Lord Caermarthen's request for me, I travelled as on a physician's tour, and did my business both at Marseilles and Toulon. In the latter place, in one of the galleys in the arsenal, there is one Protestant, who openly makes profession of his religion; and his exemplary character for thirty years does us credit. I was informed that no strangers are to enter; but particularly no Englishman, on any account. However, I passed several hours there on two days, but was advised to get off by shipping as soon as possible. My advisers were the Protestant ministers, who alone were trusted with the secret, and who perhaps were the only persons to be trusted. At Genoa and Leghorn I was received in the most generous manner—was allowed to visit the lazarettos—the plans were sent to my lodgings to copy, &c.

"I have paid two visits to the Grand Master. Every place is flung open to me. He has sent me what is

thought a great present, a pound of nice butter, as we are here all burnt up; yet peas, beans, in plenty; melons are ripe, roses and flowers in abundance; but at night tormented with millions of fleas, knats, &c.

"I am bound for Zante, Smyrna, and Constantinople. We have here many Turks: the accounts they bring are not favourable. A ship to-day arrived from Tripoli: the plague now ravages that city. The crew, &c. went into strict quarantine.

"One effect I find during my visits to the lazaretto, viz. a heavy headache, a pain across my forehead, which has always quite left me in one hour after I have come from these places. As I am quite alone, I have need to summon all my courage and resolution. You will say it is a great design, and so liable to a fatal miscarriage. I must adopt the motto of a Maltese Baron—*Non nisi per ardua.* I will not think my friend is amongst the many who treat every new attempt as wild and chimerical, and as was first said of my former attempt, that it would produce no real or lasting advantage. But I persevere 'through good report and evil report.' I know I run the greatest risk of my life. Permit me to declare the feelings of my mind in the expressive words of Dr. Doddridge—'I have no hope in what I have been or done. Yet there is a hope set before me. In him, the Lord Jesus Christ, I trust. In him I have strong consolation.'

"Sundays I go little out. I have the notes of several sermons, and my Bible with me.

"I am, bless God, pretty well; calm, steady spirits. All see, at the inns, that I have a mode of travelling, and try to oblige me; but I inflexibly keep to my mode of living, with regimen or low diet. The physicians in Turkey, I hear, are very attentive, too, in the time

that the plague is there. In many instances God has disappointed my fears, and exceeded my hopes.

"Remember me to any of our friends. A share in your serious moments. Thanks for kindness shown to mind and body.

"With great esteem, I am, dear Sir, your affectionate friend, JOHN HOWARD."

It was not until ten days after this letter was written, that our intrepid countryman embarked on board a vessel for Smyrna, for the express purpose of visiting the cities of the plague, and ascertaining there, at the risk of falling a victim to its fury, more of the nature, progress, and cure of this dreadful scourge, than he had been able to obtain in any part of Europe: pleasing himself, as he said, "with the idea of not only learning, but of being able to communicate somewhat to the inhabitants of those distant regions.

The first port which he made in the course of this voyage, was Zante, where he found a convenient and well regulated lazaretto.

In a room adjoining the health office, was a prison, in which the principal pirate concerned in seizing the ship the Grand Dutchess, from Leghorn to London, had been confined; and where, after three volleys of shot had been aimed at him without killing him, he was despatched by a pistol applied to his ear. His head, and those of his two companions, were afterwards fixed on poles, when the two latter became mere skulls within two months; while that of the chief desperado, even to the very countenance, continued, as Mr. Howard was assured, much the same, though three years had elapsed since his execution.

Reaching the place of his destination about the middle of May, 1786, he found it not quite free from the plague, though it prevailed but very partially; taking, therefore, a dragoman into his service, he immediately set about examining the prisons and hospitals which the city of Smyrna contained.

At the gate of the principal prison he found three Turks sitting, smoking their pipes, who made a very surly reply to his application for admittance, though after his interpreter told them he was a physician, they addressed him with more civility, and allowed him to enter. They showed him a young man who had been bastinadoed so severely, that his whole body was prodigiously swelled, from head to foot. He said he thought he could cure him; and desired them to bathe him in the sea, to apply to the soles of his feet plaisters of salt and vinegar, and to keep him upon a cooling regimen. These remedies, with the addition of two doses of Glauber's salts, had the desired effect: so that, contrary to the expectation of his keepers, the prisoner recovered; and he acquired such credit with them, that at his subsequent visits they were particularly attentive to him, and soon spread his fame as a physician through the whole city.

The hospital belonging to the Italian States generally, was under the government of Father Luigi di Pavia, who, having formerly been ill of the plague, made a vow, in fulfilment of which he had ever since assiduously attended on others in the like perilous situation. Conceiving, therefore, that though like himself no physician, he must be a man much experienced in this dreadful malady, Mr. Howard proposed to him the questions with which he had been furnished before he left England; and, from his answers, it appears that, from the

care taken of patients infected with this dreadful disorder, in the hospital under his superintendence, the number of those who recovered had, for the last eighteen years, exceeded that of its victims.

In the English factory in this city he had an opportunity, which he did not enjoy at any of the hotels of our ambassadors, of attending public worship on the Sabbath.

He consulted the members of this mercantile establishment on the propriety of erecting a lazaretto in England, an idea with which he was struck on seeing three English ships perform a long and tedious quarantine at Malta. In the importance of it to the interests of commerce, in saving both time and expense, these most competent judges fully coincided, as appears by a letter which they addressed to him at Constantinople, and which he has inserted in his work, with some few omissions, which his singular modesty induced him to make.

From this city he proceeded by sea to the Turkish capital, where he remained for a month, not without imminent hazard of catching the plague, from frequently visiting all the hospitals or pest houses there. The medical reputation he had acquired at Smyrna, and which in this country was so essential to the execution of his benevolent design, happily followed him hither, and afforded him free access to the various institutions he was so anxious to visit, and thus facilitated the inquiries he had taken so long and so hazardous a journey to institute. In this character he was called upon to visit the daughter of a Turk, high in office at the Ottoman Porte, whose disease baffled all the skill of the Constantinopolitan physicians; but the medicines which he prescribed, happily succeeded in giving her relief;—when her delighted parent evinced the gratitude for

which his countrymen are so deservedly celebrated, by pressing on his acceptance a purse of two thousand sequins, (about nine hundred pounds,) which he positively refused, alleging that he never took money; adding, that a plate of grapes from his garden would not be unacceptable. Astonished at its moderation, this request was immediately complied with, and an ample supply of the finest fruit was regularly sent to him during his residence in the neighbourhood.

In the prisons of Constantinople, their visitor found nothing remarkable, except that they were very still and quiet—a circumstance for which he was at a loss to account, until he learned that the only beverage of their inmates was water. Prisoners of different sects,—Greeks, Jews, Armenians, and Mahommedans, had very properly, different apartments allotted them; the number of the latter being always, according to Mr. Howard's observation, fewer than those of any other faith. Into this prison a fine stream of water had lately been brought by a pious Greek, as a proof of his devotion, in the loss of his only son. It were well if superstition could always be directed into so useful a channel.

To the prison of the seven towers he could not gain admittance. Through an aperture he had a view of one of the dungeons, which seemed to be about five feet below the surface of the ground: to that dungeon the Russian ambassador had lately been conveyed, in outrage of all the laws of nations, on the breaking out of war between his government and the Porte, though he soon had a better apartment assigned him.

The Turks themselves had a few hospitals in Constantinople; but they were a sort of caravansaries, in

one of which he was shocked by the sight of many sick and dying objects lying on dirty mats on the floors; the surgeon who attended them being either extremely stupid, or intoxicated with opium. In the midst of all this neglect of the miseries of human beings, the feeling commiserator of their sufferings noticed with astonishment, an asylum for cats.

When he had been about a fortnight in this singular capital of so singular a race, he addressed a letter to his friend, Dr. Price, dated June 22, 1786, which contained the following particulars of his proceedings:

"After viewing the effects of the earthquake in Sicily, I arrived at Malta, where I repeatedly visited the prisons, hospitals, poor-houses, and lazarettos, as I staid three weeks. From thence I went to Zante; from thence to Smyrna. Here I boldly visited the hospitals and prisons; but as some accidents happened, a few dying of the plague, several shrunk at me. I came thence about a fortnight ago. As I was in a miserable Turk's boat, I was lucky in a passage of six days and a half. A family arriving just before me, had been between two and three months.

"I am sorry to say some die of the plague about us. One is just carried before my window: yet I visit where none of my conductors will accompany me. In some hospitals, as in the lazarettos, and yesterday among the sick slaves, I have had a constant headache; but in about an hour it always leaves me. Sir Robert Ainslie is very kind; but for the above, and other reasons, I could not lodge in his house. I am at a physician's, and I keep some of my visits a secret."

During his stay in this infected city, he furnishes an instance of the despotism of its government.

About a fortnight before Mr. Howard's arrival in Constantinople, the Grand Vizier sent for the Grand Chamberlain, who had the charge of supplying the city with bread. Yielding immediate obedience to the summons, this officer arrived at the palace of the minister, in great state; and being introduced into his presence, was asked why the bread was so bad. He answered, that the last harvest had been but a very indifferent one. "Why," continued the Vizier, apparently satisfied with this excuse, "is the weight so short?" "That," replied the chamberlain, "might have happened by accident to two or three amongst such an immense number of loaves as are required for the supply of so large a city;" but he assured his highness that greater care should be taken for the future. Without further observation the Vizier ordered him to quit his presence; but no sooner had he left it, than he commanded an executioner to follow him, and strike off his head in the street, where his body was publicly exposed for a day and a half, with three light loaves beside it, to denote his crime. When Mr. Howard was told that the body had lain there for three days, he expressed his surprise that it had not bred a contagion. He learnt, however, that in point of fact, it had not been left so long, as they were not entire days; for it was evening when the head was struck off, and this was reckoned one; it remained the whole of the second, and was removed early in the succeeding morning, which was accounted the third.—Thus," as Dr. Brown very properly remarks on this circumstance, "the manner of computation in use at the time of our Saviour's crucifixion and burial, still subsists among the eastern nations."

Mr. Howard was about making arrangements for returning home, when suddenly struck by the thought,

that all his information concerning the economy of pest houses and lazarettos was mere hearsay, and might as easily have been procured by a written application to our ministers and consuls, he resolved on the bold and hazardous measure of silencing this objection by personally undergoing their discipline himself. With this view he determined to sail again for Smyrna, where the plague had lately raged. He proceeded thither however, by way of Salonica, in order that he might inspect two celebrated hospitals there for persons infected with this dreadful malady. In the course of his voyage to this place, the captain of the little Greek boat in which he sailed, considering him to be a physician, brought to him one of his passengers who was very much indisposed, and begged his advice. He accordingly felt the man's pulse, and soon perceived, from his fetid breath, that he was infected by some contagious disorder, an opinion which was completely confirmed, when he found behind his ear the black spot which was a sure indication of the plague. Convinced now, that the danger was unavoidable, he resolved to show no sign of terror, for fear of spreading it amongst the crew, and he therefore communicated the discovery he had made to no one but a French officer, who was with him in the cabin, and whom he cautioned not to approach the infected person, advising him also to abstain from animal food. The day after their arrival at Salonica the man died of the plague.

Whilst there, he submitted to the only two English mercantile houses in the place, the letter he had received from the gentlemen of the factory at Smyrna with whom they most fully agreed in opinion on the great importance of establishing a lazaretto in England.

Previous to his departure he addressed to a friend an account of his residence in Turkey.

"*Salonica, July* 22, 1786.

"With pleasure I will converse an hour with my worthy friend, who, I doubt not, has been informed of my intention to visit and collect all the plans, regulations, &c. of the principal lazarettos in Europe. I have been at Marseilles, Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, Malta, &c. &c. Several questions (with consulting fees) have been put to the first physicians of those places, relative to their treatment of persons in the plague; but thinking I should gain more knowledge in the Greek hospitals for that disorder, I have been at Zante, Smyrna, and Constantinople, and I came hither about a week ago. I visit boldly, but am forced to keep it secret. I always have in those places a painful head-ache, but it has ever left me in an hour after my removal.

I came hither on Saturday in a Greek boat, full of passengers, one of whom being taken ill, he was brought to me, as I always pass for a physician. I felt his pulse, looked at the swelling, and ordered him to keep warm in a little cabin, as he had caught cold; in two hours after, I sent for a French captain, desiring him to give no alarm, but said I was persuaded that man had the plague; and, on Tuesday after, I saw the grave in which he was buried.

"I visit all the prisons, to inform myself; but my interpreters are very cross with me. I am bound for Scio, as in that island is the most famous hospital in the Levant. My quarantine of forty days imprisonment is to be, I hope, at Venice. I could easily have made my route by land to Vienna, without being stopped, as no

quarantine is performed on the confines of the emperor's dominions; but should such an establishment for our shipping be ever introduced into England, things which now may appear trivial, may be of future importance, to such a new foundation; I have therefore procured from the Venetian ambassador, the strongest recommendation, to assist me in the minutest observations I may make during my quarantine. I bless God, I am quite well, calm, and in steady spirits; but I have at times need of determined resolution, as, since I left Helvoetsluys, I have never met with any English ship, or travelled one mile with any of my countrymen.

"I am persuaded I am engaged in a good cause, and confirmed of having a good God and Master; his approbation will be an abundant recompense for all the little pleasures I may have given up.

"At Smyrna, the Franks, or foreigners' houses are shut up; everything they receive is fumigated, and their provisions pass through water; but in Constantinople, where many of the natives drop down dead, houses of the Franks are still kept open. I there conversed with an Italian merchant on Thursday, and had observed to a gentleman how sprightly he was. He replied, he had a fine trade, and was in the prime of life; but, alas! on Saturday he died, and was buried, having every sign of the plague.

"A line, through our ambassador's, at Vienna, will be a cordial to the drooping spirits of your affectionate friend, JOHN HOWARD."

On his arrival at Scio, our traveller visited the only hospital for lepers he had ever seen, containing 120 patients of both sexes, lodged in separate rooms elevated above the ground, most of them being furnished with

ittle gardens, which supplied them with pot-herbs, al-
nonds, and delicious figs and grapes.

On his arrival at Smyrna he succeeded in getting
nto a vessel bound to Venice, with a foul bill of health.
n his voyage thither, the vessel was attacked by a
Tunisian privateer, which fired into them with great
iolence. The men defended themselves for a consid-
erable time with much bravery, but were at length re-
luced, as it would seem, to the alternative of striking,
r being butchered by the Moors, when, having one
very large cannon on board, they loaded it with spikes,
ails, and whatever missiles they could lay their hands
pon, and, pointed by Mr. Howard himself, it was dis-
harged amongst the corsair crew with such effect, that
great number of them were killed, and the others
hought it prudent immediately to sheer off. During
he whole of this engagement our intrepid countryman
ound himself supported, as he himself declares, in the
ost surprising manner by the Almighty Being who
ad hitherto so wonderfully protected him. After this
erciful deliverance the ship proceeded on its way,
ouching at Corfu and at Castel-Novo, in Dalmatia,
either of whose lazarettos its passenger was permitted
o enter, from the vessel having a foul bill. The care
aken to prevent the spread of infection here was how-
ver very trifling, or rather none at all.

On their arrival at Venice, he himself was conducted
y a messenger to the new lazaretto, being placed with
is baggage in a gondola, fastened by a cord to another
oat, in which were six rowers, who, when they reached
e landing-place, pushed his boat on shore, where he
as received by the person appointed to be his guard,
d conducted to his lodging in a very dirty room, full
vermin, and without table, chair, or bed, in the laza-

retto chiefly assigned to the use of Turks, soldiers, and the crews of ships infected with plague. The whole of the first, and part of the second day of his residence in this miserable place, a person was employed by him in cleaning his room; but this purification did not remove its offensiveness, or prevent that constant head-ache, which he so often complains of having felt in visiting other lazarettos, and some of the hospitals of Turkey. In a few days he was removed to the old lazaretto, where he hoped to have a more confortable lodging. But in this expectation he was disappointed, the apartment assigned him being no less offensive and disagreeable than the former one, as in the lower room, in which he lay, he was almost surrounded with water; having made a large fire to dry the flags nearest to it, upon which he fixed his bed. But, after six days, the prior thought proper to remove him to an apartment in some respects better, consisting of four rooms, but they were without furniture, very dirty, and as offensive as the sick wards of the worst hospitals. The walls of his chamber not having been cleaned, in all probability, for half a century, were saturated with infection. He therefore got them repeatedly washed with warm water, in the hope of removing the offensive smell, but without any effect, so that he found his appetite fail him, and concluded that he was in danger of the slow hospital fever, to save himself from whose contagion he proposed to whitewash his room, but was opposed by strong prejudices. These, however, he surmounted, or rather frustrated, by the assistance of the English consul, who furnished him with brushes and some lime, which he bribed his attendant to assist him in reducing to whitewash, and in purifying the walls of his apartment with it, having previously determined to lock up his guard i

he offered any resistance to his operations. The consequence of this salutary precaution was, that his room was immediately rendered so sweet and fresh, that he was able to drink tea in it that afternoon, and to lie there with comfort on the following night. On the next day, the walls were dry as well as sweet, and he very soon recovered his appetite. "Thus," he observes, "at a small expense, and to the admiration of the other inhabitants of this lazaretto, I provided for myself and successors, an agreeable and wholesome room, instead of a contagious one." He was chiefly occupied, during his confinement, in translating and abridging the sketch of an information sent to the British government on the state and regulations of the office. These regulations were in theory most wise and wholesome, but there was much remissness in their execution. But whilst thus occupied in the detection of the abuses of this neglected institution, by voluntarily exposing himself to all the dangers which those abuses created or increased, he received from England intelligence of two circumstances which had transpired there; both of them the occasion of the deepest affliction to his mind. The first was the formation of a fund for the erection of a statue to his honour;—the second, the misconduct of his only son.

It was in the Gentleman's Magazine, for May, 1786, that a writer, signing himself *Anglus*, proposed the erection of a public monument to the worth of a man whom he styles "the most truly glorious of mortal beings." His person had just returned from Italy, where he had enjoyed the pleasure of Mr. Howard's conversation for an hour at Rome, and had imbibed such an exalted opinion of his character, that, in his own language,

"he all but worshipped him." In this design he calculated on the assistance of all the generous and humane. This expectation was almost completely realized. The subscription went on; peers, ministers, and others who were first in rank and character in the nation, enrolling their names upon the list. But those who knew Mr. Howard best, withheld their countenance from every plan which could draw him into a publicity, which they were convinced he was most desirous to shun.

At the same time, it was the painful duty of some of the most intimate of his friends to acquaint him with conduct on the part of his son, that could not fail to be most painful to a father's heart. When that father quitted England upon his hazardous expedition his son was left the uncontrolled master of his house, whenever he thought proper to take up his abode in it. Towards the old and valued domestics of the family, who had all of them dandled him as an infant on their knees, and felt every disposition to obey his commands, and even anticipate his wishes, where they were reasonable, he at times, behaved in the most capricious and tyrannical manner, so much so, indeed, that they would often go over to Mr. Smith to complain that his temper was so violent that they could not live with him. Even thus early Mr. Smith thought he saw in young Howard the seeds of that dreadful malady which destroyed him.

How deeply the intelligence of the double misfortune which had befallen him in his public character, and in his nearest domestic relation, affected this great and good man, the letters which he wrote whilst under quarantine at Venice will sufficiently evince. The first was addressed to Thomasson.

" *Venice lazaretto, Oct.* 12, 1786.

" Thomas,

" I am now in an infectious lazaretto, yet my steady spirits never forsook me, till yesterday on the receipt of my letters. The accumulated misfortunes almost sink me. I am sorry, very sorry, on your account. I will hasten home. No time will I lose by night or day; but forty days I have still to be confined here, as our ship had a foul bill of health, the plague being in the place from whence we sailed; but we were healthy, whilst others anchored to burn the clothes of those that died of the plague aboard two ships. I am fully persuaded, had you been with me on this Turkish tour, you would have died by the fatigue or plague that rages in that country.

" That very hasty and disagreeable measure that is taken in London, wounds me sadly indeed. Alas! what a sad mixture of folly and sin is there in our best performances. Such praise is highly displeasing to a thinking mind. Never have I returned to my country with such a heavy heart as I now do.

" Our Consul deceived me in not sending the currants for my poor friends at Cardington; but the Vice Consul will cheerfully send them from Zante,—and they are much finer this year than last: distribute them to my tenants and the poor cottagers.

" Make my compliments, and tell my friends that I am pretty well, namely, Mr. Smith, Mr. Leach, Mr. King, Mr. Caston, Mr. Gadsby, Mr. Lovesey, Mr. Symonds, Mr. Odel, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Willan, Mrs. Morgan, Ruben, &c.

" I hope Samuel Preston's family, John Prole's, farmer Smith's, &c. are all well.

"Desire John Prole in about ten weeks to write t me at the post-house in Amsterdam.

"I have such an head-ache I can only add, that I an your friend, &c. JOHN HOWARD."

The second letter was addressed to Mr. Smith. Th two first pages of that letter are lost, except a short ex tract, which I here retranscribe.

"To hasten to the other very distressing affair: oh why could not my friends, who know how much I de test such parade, have stopped such a hasty measure As a private man, with some peculiarities, I wished t retire into obscurity and silence. Indeed, my friend, cannot bear the thought of being thus dragged out. immediately wrote, and hope something may be done t stop it. My best friends must disapprove it. It de ranges and confounds all my schemes. My exaltatio is my fall, my misfortune."

The fragment of this epistle is as follows:

"*a* As to my burial, not to exceed ten pounds.

"*b* My tomb to be a plain slip of marble, placed un der that of my dear Henrietta's in Cardington churc with this inscription—

JOHN HOWARD, DIED ———, AGED ——.

'*My hope is in Christ.*'

"This Thomas will remember I also repeated to hi just before I left Cardington; knowing I was goin on a long and dangerous expedition.

"I am now in the secret relative to that officer of th police who forced himself into my room the night I la at Paris: a happy escape for me.

"If my son is at Cardington, please to tell him I wi write to him in about a week; and to John Prole in

ortnight. I see you have had constant rains in Eng-
and. I did not see showers for four months in Turkey.
Yet by the dews a fine climate—a fruitful country. In
Dalmatia I saw fine beef bought at 2 pence 1 farthing
he Oke, which is 2lb. 12oz.; mutton the same price;
calf 6*s.* 3*d.*; claret, 1 penny, 1 farthing, three pints.

"Do me the favour of writing to Sir Robert Keith's,
t Vienna; it must be seven weeks before I get there.

"Adieu. Adieu. J. H."

In the course of the following week he addressed to
he friend, whom I suppose to have been Mr. Tatnall, a
etter, in which, with all the confidence of friendship,
e unbosoms the state of his feelings upon the two dis-
ressing events which occupied so much of his thoughts.

"*Venice lazaretto, Oct.* 25, 1786.

Dear Sir,

"I fear you think your wandering friend lost; but
hen I was at Constantinople, it struck my mind, that
ould I perform quarantine I might make some observa-
ons that other passengers, who are weary of their con-
nement, never think of, and that otherwise the observa-
ons would be only what government might have from
mbassadors, consuls, &c. I with no little reluctance
ent again to sea, as with ease I could have been at Vi-
ma in 26 days, not travelling post. So I went to
alonica, Scio, and again to Smyrna; as I preferred a
ul bill to see the strictest quarantine. I have been these
vo months tossed about with the equinoctial and con-
ary winds, but arrived about ten days ago, just before
ship in which the Captain and four of the passengers
id crew died of the plague on the voyage. In conse-
uence, I was ordered to a sad infectious place; but being

alone, my guard reported to the magistrates that I was well, and they had compassion on me, and removed me to another lazaretto. Here, for a few nights I was in a room almost swimming with water; but I was told I should soon be removed to a better lodging. But neither here, nor at sea, when my cabin and baskets floated with water, or during an engagement with a Tunis privateer, did my spirits or resolution forsake me. But, alas! I was nearly overset, when about ten days past, I received my letters. My son gives me no little concern; but I must say with Job, 'Shall I receive good at the hand of God, and shall I not receive evil?' All hearts are in his hands, there I must leave it. Many comfortable Sabbaths I have had in my little cabins, as one to myself is a *sine qua non*. In all my voyages, the notes of many sermons that I have taken, my Bible, and two admirable old sermons in a little book which I bought at a stall in Zante, for five paras, ($2\frac{1}{2}d.$) is my library.

But to hasten to the other distressing affair. Could none of my friends, who know how much I hate show and parade, have stopped it? When I have been publicly desired to sit for my picture, not a moment have I hesitated in showing my aversion to it. A hasty, sad, unkind measure. I hope I have drank into the spirit of one of my most admired characters, Mr. Scougal, who on his death-bed said to his friends, 'If you have the charity to remember me in your prayers, do not think me a better man than I am; but look upon me, as indeed I am, a most miserable sinner.' And in our best performances what a sad mixture of corruption, so that the desire of praise is vanity and presumption. As a private man, a firm dissenter, some peculiarities. I ever wished to have retired into obscurity and silence.

"My burial, tomb, &c. I had fixed to this purpose. I have written to one or two friends. Nothing I hope will be done in my life time. It deranges and confounds all my schemes. Little shall I be able to do more. My exaltation is my fall, my misfortune. I shall hasten home. I hope the German snows will not stop me. But I have still thirty days quarantine. Compliments to Mr. Brown or any inquiring friends, not forgetting my Bath and Leeds friends.

"With much esteem, I remain, dear sir, your affectionate friend, JOHN HOWARD."

Amongst the friends to whom he wrote, to request them so use their influence in preventing a measure from which every feeling in his nature revolted, Dr. Price was one. I am unable to give more of the contents of his letter to him than two short sentences.

"My truest, intimate, and best friends have, I see by the papers, been so kind as not to subscribe to what you so justly term a *hasty measure*. Indeed, indeed, if nothing now can be done, I speak *from my heart*, never poor creature was more dragged out in public."

In a similar strain, in a letter to Dr. Stennett:

"Alas! our best performances have such a mixture of folly and sin, that praise is vanity and presumption, and pain to a thinking mind."

Nor was this language which he held only to such of his friends whom he might expect to communicate his sentiments to the world, but even to his faithful domestics he could not write without pouring out the bitterness of his disappointment.

" *Venice lazaretto, Oct.* 31, 1786.

" John Prole,

" It is with great concern I hear the account of my son's behaviour. I fear he gives you, as well as others, a great deal of trouble. A great loss to children, is their mother; for they check and form the mind, curbing the corrupt passions of pride and self-will, which is seen very early in children. I must leave it to Him, with whom are all hearts, and sigh in secret; trusting, that the blessing of such an excellent mother is laid up for him.

As to another affair, it distresses my mind. Whoever set it on foot, I know not; but sure I am, they were totally unacquainted with my temper and disposition. As I knew I was going on a dangerous expedition, Thomas will remember, almost the last words I said to him: 'If I die abroad, do not let me be moved; let there be only a plain slip of marble, placed under that of my wife Henrietta's, with this inscription: 'John Howard died ———, aged ——. My hope is in Christ.' This I said that Mr. Leeds and my son might know that my mind was fixed, and still unaltered. I have set many engines to work, to check the flames, for I bless God, I know myself too well, to be pleased with such praise; when, alas! we have nothing of our own, but folly and sin.

" Now as to our Cardington affairs, I hope everything goes smoothly on. Mr. ******, &c. and cottagers, do not get behind hand in their rent; when Ruben leaves his farm, if you choose it, it shall not be raised; if otherwise, should it not be nearly the same as Smith's? I wish to give a look on my garden, the hedge in Close lane and Clumps; I hope the sheep are prevented from jumping over. Walker's Close and my Closes I hope are neat; the latter were very indifferent when I last

returned; there were many nettles and weeds. Take in for a month Jno. Nott. or William Wiltshire, to keep them down, by spading them quite up. After Christmas desire Mr. Lilburn to settle your accounts to the two Christmasses; as it will be easier for me,—separating the school bills, donations, taxes, &c. from other things.

"Samuel Preston I hope is well; if otherwise, anything I will do for the two widows. Mrs. Morgan I hope is well. Tell her if Nottingham's girl continues good, two guineas she will lay out for her, in any manner she thinks proper. Some fine new currants will I hope soon come; as I was about six weeks ago at Zante. They are finer this year than usual, though I have not seen a shower of rain in Turkey, for four or five months, but fine dews. They are for my tenants, widows, and poor families, at Cardington, about three pounds each. You will pay to Mr. Symmonds my subscription to Michaelmas. At Christmas give Mrs. Thompson and Beccles, each *l*.1 : 1 : 0; Rayner what I usually give him, *s*.10 : 6—if not given last Christmas then *l*.1 : 1 : 0; Dolly Basset, *l*.1 : 1 : 0; the blind man's widow, 10s.; five guineas to ten poor widows, that is, to each half a guinea, where you think it will be most acceptable,—one of which widows, Mrs. Tingey, in memory of Joshua Tingey, whom I promised to excuse one year's rent; five guineas also to ten families that you think proper objects, one of which Richard Ward. I think you said Abraham Stevens left a girl and a boy, one of which is dead; privately inquire the character, disposition, circumstances of the other. You will accept of coat, waistcoat, and breeches. I hope the walks before my house, Joshua Crockford's, the new one near the bridge, and by Broadfield's and Walker's, are neat. Tell

Joseph Walker to remind Mr. Whitbread relative to his brother's pay, &c.

"Is my chaise horse gone blind, or spoiled? Duke, if well, must have his range when past his labour; not doing such a cruel thing as I did with the old mare; I have a thousand times repented it. I mentioned in Thomas's letter that you will write to me at Amsterdam; but when my confinement is finished, I have a long journey, through bad roads and snow; but through mercy, my calm spirits and steady resolution do not forsake me; which the sailors observed, during the action with the Barbary pirate. And I well remember I had a good night, when one evening my cabin baskets, &c. were floated with water. Thinking I should be some hours in drying it up, I went to bed, to forget it."

The currants mentioned in this and in a preceding letter were duly sent and distributed; but such was the veneration in which his character was held, that several most respectable inhabitants of Bedford, came over to beg a handful as a memorial of his kindness and his worth.

After the expiration of the period of his quarantine, he came out in a very weak state of health, and with a remitting fever upon him. He continued therefore in Venice a week to recruit himself for the long and fatiguing journey that still lay before him.

Of the despotism of this *free* government, he learnt, whilst residing under its protection, two instances, which, on his return to England, he related to his friend Dr. Brown, from whose memoranda they are now transcribed nearly *verbatim*:—

"A German merchant happening to be at Venice on business, supped every night at a small inn, in company

with a few other persons. An officer of the state inquisition came to him one evening, and ordered him to follow whither he led, and to deliver to him his trunk, after having put his seal upon it. The merchant asked why he must do this; but received no answer to his inquiry, except by the officer's putting his hand to his lips as a signal for silence. He then muffled his head in a cloak, and guided him, through different streets, to a low gate which he was ordered to enter; and, stooping down, he was led through various passages under ground to a small, dark apartment, where he continued all that night. The next day he was conducted into a larger room hung with black, with a single wax light, and a crucifix on its mantle-piece. Having remained here in perfect solitude for a couple of days, he suddenly saw a curtain drawn, and heard a voice questioning him concerning his name, his business, the company he kept, and particularly whether he had not been, on a certain day, in the society of persons who were mentioned, and heard an Abbé, who was also named, make use of expressions now accurately repeated. At last he was asked if he should know the Abbé if he saw him; on his answering that he should, a long curtain was drawn aside, and he saw this very person hanging on a gibbet. He was then dismissed.

The other circumstance, or rather combination of circumstances, happened but a short time before Mr. Howard's visit, to a senator of this arbitrary republic. Called up from his bed one night by an officer of this same inquisition, and commanded to follow him, he obeyed the summons, and found a gondola waiting near his door, in which he was rowed out of the harbour to a spot where another gondola was fastened to a post. Into this he was ordered to step, and the cabin door being

opened he was conducted into it, and as a dead body with a rope about its neck was shown to him, he was asked if he knew it. He answered that he did, and shook through every limb as he spoke; but he was then conveyed back to his house, and nothing more was ever said to him upon the subject. The body he had seen was that of the tutor to his children, who had been carried out of his house that very night and strangled. The senator, delighted with this young man's conversation, used to treat him with great familiarity, and in those unguarded moments communicated to him some political matters of no great importance, but which he thoughtlessly mentioned again to others; an imprudence for which he paid dearly with his life, whilst his generous patron was thus admonished of his indiscretion by the sight of his strangled body." "Has not the vengeance of Heaven," asks Dr. Brown, "been justly inflicted on such a government, by sweeping it from the face of the earth?"

From Venice Mr. Howard crossed the Adriatic to Trieste. The two lazarettos here were both clean, and a contrast to those he had lately seen at Venice. He was kindly furnished with the rules and regulations of the new one by the director of the health-office, who also gave him permission to copy its plan, with which he afterwards embellished his work. At this place he continued, to suffer, from the effects of the slow fever contracted amidst the filth of the Venetian lazaretto. He attempted, nevertheless, to push on for Vienna with his usual rapidity, but was forced to allow himself one night's repose out of the four which were taken up in this journey.

He soon, however, set himself to his great work, commencing it, with the reinspection of the great pris-

on, where twelve women were crowded into three of the most horrid dungeons. All the male prisoners lived in total darkness, not being permitted to shed a ray of light on their gloomy cells, to whose walls they were constantly chained. No clergyman had been near them for eight or nine months: a privation which was reckoned, even by these criminals, so great a punishment, that they complained of it with tears. Their visitor recollected the horrid dungeon in which he had seen a prisoner dying unpitied and unattended to; and on inquiring this poor wretch's fate, one of the turnkeys said that he had died about a year ago.

In the Great Casern were eighty-six male convicts, all in one large room, in which they lay at night, with their clothes on, chained to the floor; and their room having no other windows than two holes in the ceiling.

Whilst actively engaged in this inspection of the prisons of the capital of the Austrian dominions, Mr. Howard received intelligence from home of the continuance of both the causes of his uneasiness, in unabated force. The design of erecting a statue to his honour was still persisted in, and those who knew him not, were ardent in their expectations that his objections to the measure must at length yield to the public voice. But these hopes were soon levelled with the dust on the receipt of a letter which I now transcribe :—

' Gentlemen,

" I shall ever think it an honour to have my weak endeavours approved by so many respectable persons, who devote their time, and have so generously subscribed, towards a fund for relieving prisoners and reforming prisons. But to the erecting a monument, permit me in the most unequivocal manner to declare

my repugnancy. The execution of it will be a *punishment* to me. It is therefore, Gentlemen, my particular and earnest request, that it may *forever* be laid aside.

" With great respect, I am, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient servant, J. H."

" *Vienna, Dec.* 15, 1786."

The same letter which assured this most excellent man that nothing short of a direct application from himself could induce those who had imprudently engaged in a scheme so painful to him, to lay aside their design, brought him the intelligence of the continuance of the gross impropriety of his only son, which had well nigh broken his heart.

The following letter was written about this time.

" *Vienna, Dec.* 17, 1786.

" My good Friend,

" I acknowledge it is too long since I last wrote to you. Various occurrences as a traveller in an unfrequented path, have happened to me. " Perils by land, perils by water." After a long and dangerous voyage, the immediate confinement in one of the most offensive lazarettos, without chair, table, or a board to lay my bed on, with the dreadful accounts I received of my son, almost broke my steady spirits. The ill judged zeal of some persons in another affair vexed me not a little; but in this, my mind was fixed; a statue I detest. I should have carefully avoided the sight of it. It would indeed have been a punishment to me; and as I wrote to the Committee in the most plain and unequivocal manner, I am persuaded that affair is at an end. The money will be far better employed in the fund for relieving prisoners and reforming prisons.

"My son's conduct is a bitter affliction to me. The loss of his mother and such a mother, to check and guide the infant passions, was productive of many an anxious thought, yet I hoped the best. By my accounts he has lost his senses; if so, calm restraint and confinement, with proper medical assistance, is necessary. I wrote last post to Mr. Tatnall, with my free consent, and full acquiescence in whatever steps he and his uncles may think proper to take; as I can form no proper judgment at this distance; and my presence or commands would have little weight with him, if distracted. Yet I shall hasten home as fast as possible.

"As my apartment at the lazaretto was as offensive as a sick ward is at night, (the Venetians being very dirty, the walls probably not washed these fifty years) I soon lost all stomach to my bread and tea, and was listless; as I have known several persons in similar circumstances by their confinement in our jails. I talked of lime whiting my room, but I soon found the prejudices the Venetians had against it; so I privately procured one quarter of a bushel of lime, and a few days after, proper brushes. Early one morning, three hours before my guard was up, I began with my valet, who was sent to light my fires, (having determined to lock up my guard if he opposed me) and slacking the fresh lime at different times, always with boiling water, (my brick walls and ceiling being before brushed down) we washed every part of my room, and afterwards the floor with boiling water, and finished our job by noon, so that at 6 o'clock I drank my tea, and at night lay in a sweet and fresh room. In a few days my appetite and strength returned. I had before tried the washing of the walls with boiling water, but it had no effect on the infectious walls, &c.

"I staid a week after I left the lazaretto, at Venice, and in three days came by sea to Trieste. I found at the former, and at this place, the slow hospital fever creeping upon me, by my long confinement; the whole air of the lazaretto being infected. Mr. Murray our last ambassador from Constantinople died there of the putrid fever. But the sub-governor of Trieste spared me his easy and good carriage, and I came here last Tuesday, in four nights and five days. Three of the former I travelled; but one night I was forced to stop. I am much reduced by fatigue of body and mind. I bless God that my steadiness of resolution does not forsake me in so many solitary hours. If my night fever keeps off, I will soon go the long stride to Amsterdam. Pray let me there receive a letter from you, at Messrs. Hopes, bankers. Give me your advice, fully and freely: Is my son distracted? Is it from his vice and folly at Edinburgh? How could Mr. ******* receive him to the sacrament? What do you advise? My old servants, John Prole, Thomas, and Joshua Crockford, have had a sad time. I hear they have been faithful, wise, and prudent. Please to thank them particularly in my name for their conduct. Two of them I am persuaded, have acted out of regard to his excellent mother.

"Remember me to our connected friends at Bedford.

"I am, with all good wishes, ever yours,

JOHN HOWARD."

"P. S. What I suffered in the lazaretto I am persuaded I should disregard, as I gained useful information. The regulations are admirable, if they were better kept. Venice is the mother of all lazarettos. But O my son! my son!

"P. S. The post not going out till this evening, the 19th, I ust add, that I had a poor night, much of my fever, hough quite off now—6 o'clock; yet must stop two or hree days longer. The mountain air I hope will take it off, and I shall get on by the light nights. I only want a nonth's rest, for indeed nobody knows what I have suf-ered on this journey; many weeks dry biscuits and tea. Often have I wished for a little of my skimmed milk; yet I bless God for many comfortable Sabbaths, and my mind steadily approving the object I had in pursuit. Adieu."

"To Rev. Mr. Smith."

For six days after this letter was dispatched, its benev-olent author was actively engaged in the inspection of the nospitals and charitable institutions of Vienna. "Being he objects of the emperor's particular attention, they nanifested," he tells us, "a public spirit which did him great honour, and gave a striking example to other po-entates."

When he had finished his visits to them, Mr. Howard eceived from our ambassador at his court, a notification f their imperial patron's desire to have a private con-erence with him. "Can I do any good by going?" was ne first question which Mr. Howard asked; at the same me declaring, that, as he had many things to object to is majesty's plans, he would, if interrogated respecting nem, freely speak his mind. Being told that it would do, e was admitted to an audience with the emperor; his wn account of which I now transcribe from his diary:

"*Vienna, Christmas day*, 1786. I this day had the hon-ur of near two hours private conversation with the emperor. lis very condescending and affable manner gave me that eedom of speech which enabled me plainly and freely

to tell him my mind. His majesty began on his military hospital—then the great hospital—also, the lunatic hospital, the defects of which I told him. On prisons I fully opened my mind. It pleased God to give me full recollection and freedom of speech. His majesty stopped me, and said, 'You hang in your country.' I said, yes, but death is more desirable than the misery such wretches endure in total darkness, chained to the wall, no visitor, no priest, even for two years together: a punishment too great for human nature to bear; many having lost their rational faculties by it. His majesty asked me the condition our prisons were in at London. I said, they were bad, but in a way of improvement: but that all Europe had their eyes on his majesty, who had made such alterations in his hospitals and prisons. I said, the object was to make them *better* men, and *useful* subjects. The emperor shaked me by the hand, and said I had given him much pleasure. The emperor freely and openly conversed with me. I admire his thirst and desire to do good, and to strike out great objects. He was not a month on the throne before he saw every prison and hospital. Now he continually and unexpectedly looks into all his establishments. I have seen him go out in his chariot with only one footman; no guards, no attendance, sometimes driving himself with his only coachman behind. Looks into everything—knows everything: I think means well."

Of the circumstances of this interesting meeting, I am happy in having an opportunity of communicating some further particulars.

It was in a little apartment, up three pair of stairs, that Mr. Howard received an intimation from the emperor, that he should be pleased by a visit from him; to which he returned for answer, that his intention of leaving Vi-

enna on the next morning would prevent him the pleasure of waiting upon his majesty. He then received a second message informing him that the emperor would receive him at the earliest hour he chose to name; and he named nine o'clock. Punctually at that hour he was announced at the palace, and was ushered into an apartment resembling a counting-house, where he found the emperor attended by a single secretary. He was desired to step into another room, so plainly furnished, that it had neither looking-glass nor chair. Hither his imperial majesty followed, and asked his visitor's opinion of his new military hospital. Mr. Howard begged to know whether he might speak freely; and being assured that he might, he replied, "I must then take the liberty of saying, that your majesty's military hospital is loaded with defects. The allowance of bread is too small; the apartments are not kept clean; and are also, in many respects, ill-constructed. One defect particularly struck me; the care of the sick is committed to *men*, who are very unfit for that office, especially when it is imposed upon them as a punishment, as I understand to be the case here." To these free observations, the emperor replied, that "as to the bread, the allowance was the same as that of every other soldier, a pound per day;" to which our philanthropist unceremoniously rejoined, that "it was not sufficient for a man who was obliged to do any kind of work, or who was recovering from sickness, being barely adequate to the support of life." The next question was concerning the new tower for lunatics, of whose condition Mr. Howard briefly observed, "by no means such as I could wish. It is too confined, and not properly managed." Next of prisons:—here he hesitated. "Speak without fear," said the emperor. "I saw in them, then," said his fearless monitor, "many things that filled me with astonishment

and grief. They have all dungeons. The torture has been said to be abolished in your majesty's dominions—but it is only so in appearance: for what is now practised is in reality worse than any other torture. Poor wretches are confined twenty feet below ground, in places just fitted to receive their bodies, and some of them are kept there for eighteen months. Others are in dungeons, chained so closely to the wall that they can hardly breathe. All of them are deprived of proper consolation and religious support." Here the monarch seemed to feel some uneasiness, and abruptly said, "Sir, in your country they hang for the slightest offences." "I grant," replied Mr. Howard, "that the multiplicity of her capital punishments is a disgrace to England; but as one fault does not excuse another, so neither in this case is the parallel just; for I declare that I would rather be hanged, if it were possible ten times over, than undergo such a continuance of sufferings as the unhappy beings endure who have the misfortune to be confined in your majesty's prisons. Many of these men have not yet been brought to trial, and should they be found innocent of the crimes laid to their charge, it is out of your majesty's power to make them a reparation for the injuries you have done them; for it is now too late to do them justice, weakened and deranged in their health and faculties as they are, by so long a solitary confinement." The next topic of conversation was work-houses. "Where," asked his majesty, "did you see any better institutions of this kind?" "There *was* one better," replied the hero, (for how much more is this title due to such characters than to those who drench the earth with blood!) "at Ghent; but not so now! not so now!" At this the emperor started, and seemed a great deal shocked; but he had magnanimity enough to take the bold reprover of his conduct by the hand, as he had done

more than once during the preceding part of their discourse, and, on his taking leave, thanked him most cordially for his advice. On the next day, he told our ambassador that his countryman was without ceremony or compliment; that he liked him the better for it.

During this protracted stay, the very gracious reception which he had experienced from the emperor, rendered the sycophants of his court anxious to pay him every attention; and none more so than the vain governor of Upper Austria, with his still vainer countess, who (as they thought) honoured him by a visit. The former, in a tone of *hauteur*, inquired into the state of the prisons in the government to which he had recently been appointed. "The worst in all Germany," said Mr. Howard, without a moment's hesitation, "particularly in the condition of the female prisoners; and I recommend your countess to visit them personally, as the best means of rectifying the abuses in their management." "I!" said she haughtily, "I go into prisons!" and Mr. Howard told Dr. Lettsom, that she so rapidly descended the staircase with her husband, that he was afraid some accident would befal them before they got into the street. Yet, notwithstanding the precipitancy of their retreat, the indignant Philanthropist called after her, in a loud tone of voice, "Madam, remember that you are a woman yourself, and must soon, like the most miserable female prisoner in a dungeon, inhabit but a small space of that earth from which you equally originated."

In making the best of his way into Holland, Mr. Howard travelled the first five hundred miles without stopping for rest or refreshment. Passing on thence through Nassau, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Bois-le-Duc, he reached Utrecht on the 15th of January, 1787.

From this city he proceeded to Amsterdam. Whilst here he noticed that perjury was not so frequent as in other countries; owing, as he thought, in part, to the solemnity of the administration of oaths. "I could wish," he goes on to observe upon this point, "from the clearest principles of reason and sound policy, that the use of *oaths*, in almost all cases were abolished, and that the *affirmation* of the fact should be sufficient; and he who asserted or affirmed a falsity, should be punished and disgraced as a perjurer."

Agreeably to his urgent request, he received in this city a letter from his friend Mr. Smith, to inform him of the real state of things at Cardington; and melancholy indeed was the intelligence which that letter conveyed. Shortly after he had first written him an account of his son's extraordinary behaviour, Mr. Smith was fully confirmed in the suspicion, which he even then entertained, that this behaviour proceeded from, at least, a temporary derangement of the intellect.

One morning, at college, young Howard took a violent prejudice against the persons who waited upon him, and insisted that they had put poison into his milk. Full of this idea, he went to Mr. Hollick and begged of him to come and examine the provisions they had brought him for his breakfast, which he accordingly did, and found nothing the matter with them; yet it was with some difficulty, and not without himself drinking a considerable portion of his milk, that he could persuade him that it was good, and that no person had any intention to injure him.

Another symptom of insanity, and, with those who knew him best, the strongest one was the aversion he now manifested to his father, and the stories he circulated to his prejudice. Another was a deep rooted antipathy to Thomasson, who before had been one of his chief favour-

ites, the companion of his guilty pleasures, and his initiator into every scene of gaiety and vice. To Thomasson his aversion was so strong and decided that he would not suffer him to come near; and when he one day accidentally came into the room in which he was sitting, he threw the poker at his head with such force that, had he hit his aim, it must inevitably have killed him.

Mr. Belsham, observing that his conduct upon these and other occasions, was often violent, very prudently wrote to Mr. Whitbread, and he immediately sent two keepers from a private lunatic asylum in London, to take him back to Cardington, where he remained under their care until his father's return. Here Dr. Monro visited him, and immediately pronounced his disorder to be the worst kind of insanity, brought on in the worst way.

When these measures were taken, it does not appear that any one but his faithful servant Prole had had the courage to communicate to Mr. Howard the dreadful intelligence, on the receipt of which he wrote to Mr. Smith the following letter from Amsterdam.

"*Amsterdam, Jan.* 18, 1787.

"Dear Sir,

"I thank you for your kind letter which I have just received. I came here last night. The first five hundred miles I never stopped but to change horses. In the remaining three hundred miles I stopped a night or two, as they were so very cold, and perhaps I was more sensible of it, as we had a hot summer in Turkey.

"I have a melancholy letter from John Prole relative to my unhappy son. It is indeed a bitter affliction; a son, an only son!

"Mr. Leeds has kindly done, what I think I should have done for the first trial, to see what effect it will have

on him. I shall request once more a line to meet me the 7th of next month, and inform me how things *really* go at Cardington. I am anxious to know the true state of things.

"With all good wishes, I am sincerely yours,

JOHN HOWARD."

"P. S. Please, sir, to order Thomas or John Prole to send to Mr. Whitbread's in Chiswell-Street, what mourning clothes they shall find in my trunk, in my study, on Monday, the 5th of Feb.

"Excuse yours, &c. J. H."

Sad indeed was the scene of domestic affliction, and worse than desolation, to which this disinterested friend of the human race was introduced, on his return to England, early in February, 1787. After a very short stay in London, he went to Cardington, and found his son a raving maniac, ready to vent his fury upon the very author of his being.

Mr. Howard returned to the metropolis, and strove to divert his attention from this heavy calamity, which seemed forever to have withered the happiness of his domestic life.

The design of erecting a statue to his honour was still persisted in, as reflection, it was contended, would "correct the wrong suggestions of sensibility, and Mr. Howard would at last respect that decision which he was unable to control. But those who argued thus knew not the man whose character was formed upon the principles of Christianity. They were soon, therefore, undeceived on the publication of the following letter:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"You are entitled to all the gratitude I can express for the testimony of approbation you have intended me; but

at the same time you must permit me to inform you that I cannot, without violating all my feelings, consent to it. It is therefore my earnest request, that those friends, who wish my happiness and future comfort in life, would withdraw their names from the subscription, and that the execution of your design may be laid aside forever.

"I shall always think the reform now going on in several of the jails of this kingdom, and which I hope will become general, the most ample reward I can possibly receive.

"I am, my Lords and Gentlemen, your obedient and faithful humble servant, JOHN HOWARD."

"*London, Feb.* 16, 1787."

On the receipt of this letter Dr. Lettsom sought and obtained an interview with its author; but, though he was closetted with him for three hours, he could not induce him to accept of any marks of public approbation whatever. Nor was there any affectation of modesty in this conduct, as he uniformly expressed the same determination to the most intimate of his friends. A relative said to Mr. Howard, "you may be sure you would have seen my name in the subscription set on foot during your absence, if I had thought the measure would be acceptable to you." To which he replied, "My dear friend, I am sure you know me too well. I thank you, and all my best friends, for not assisting to wound my feelings." The Rev. Mr. Symonds also said to him, "So, sir, you would not receive the honour which was intended you." "O no, sir," replied Mr. Howard, "who that knew his own heart, could receive it?" To his bosom friend, Mr. Smith, he said, "conscious as I

am of my many sins and imperfections, I must always view with pain and abhorrence every attempt of my friends to bring me forward to public view and public approbation. If, therefore, you love me, if you value my peace of mind, you will use your utmost endeavours to prevent any similar attempt in future." To him, he also declared, that had the design of erecting his statue been persisted in, he should in that case have been banished from his country forever. Precisely to the same effect was his reply to prince Kaunitz, when he had told him, that though he would not suffer a statue to be erected to him in his own country, one would certainly be placed by their grateful inhabitants in the prisons of Vienna:— "I have no objection to its being erected where it shall be invisible."

Finding, therefore, that his objections to their schemes were insurmountable, the committee expressed their readiness to return the money of such as should think proper to receive it; and about 500*l.* was accordingly refunded, out of a subscription of 1,533*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*, the remainder being placed in the stocks, either to be applied to the purposes for which it was originally contributed, or to the promotion of the objects to which Mr. Howard had devoted so large a portion of his existence. Two hundred pounds of this sum were afterwards appropriated to the discharge of fifty-five poor prisoners in the metropolis: whilst the surplus was employed in erecting a memorial to the worth of Mr. Howard after his decease.

Mr. Howard embraced the earliest opportunity which the distressing state of his family affairs would allow, to apply to the English ministry to interest themselves in behalf of the unfortunate Protestant slave, who had

so long been languishing the victim of religious intolerance in the galleys at Toulon : nor was his application unavailing, the English and French courts then being on very amicable terms ; and he soon had the satisfaction to learn that he was made the providential instrument of loosing the chains of a deserving and patient sufferer in the cause of religion and of conscience.

Soon after this Mr. Howard entered upon another, and, as it eventually proved, a final inspection of the prisons of his own country.

In the bridewell for the county of Surrey, no alteration had been made, except a very singular expedient of the justices, adopted also in those of Guilford and Kingston, to keep its prisoners from the dangerous effects of idleness, by ordering some loads of gravel, or dirt, to be brought into the men's and women's court, for them to remove it in baskets from one side to the other. " This reminds me," says Mr. Howard, " of what I once heard a keeper say, ' I endeavour to *plague* my prisoners by making them saw wood with a blunt saw.' "

In the Fleet, the King's Bench, and the Marshalsea, he found the provisions of a late act of parliament, absolutely prohibiting jailers from having any concern or interest in the sale of liquors, totally disregarded. Observing to the marshal's substitute of the latter ruinous, yet unaltered jail, that several prisoners were drinking, he very truly replied, " the chief vice among prisoners is drunkenness; and *that* brings them here; and while they can drink and riot in prison, they disregard the confinement."

On the 4th of April, the last visit was paid, and it is not until the 15th of May that we meet with any further traces of his benevolent inquiries. He then wrote

to his faithful bailiff a letter, in which he communicates his intention of soon setting out for Ireland.

He reached Dublin on the 28th of May, and in the Newgate, he found that many of the women were still lying upon the flagstones with nothing under them but a little straw, worn to dust; whilst on the men's side, boys of not more than nine years were left to associate with the most daring and obdurate offenders. Garnish was not abolished, and prisoners would sell their bread at any price to procure whiskey, with which they were here so plentifully supplied, that a puncheon had been drank in a week. The consequence of this pernicious practice was, that prisoners frequently died of intoxication, and of the fighting to which it led. One, indeed, lay dead from this cause, in the infirmary, at the period of Mr. Howard's visit, and another was killed in a drunken affray a few days after. The rooms of the Four-court Marshalsea prison were dirty, without furniture, yet crowded with wives, or reputed wives of prisoners, children, and dogs. In most of the lower rooms whiskey was sold by the debtors, and, as a means of procuring it, one of them was converted into a pawn-broker's shop. The marshal assured his visitor that when his prison was full, a hogshead of whiskey had been disposed of in a clandestine manner in a week, besides what was sold at his own tap.

A repetition of this disgraceful exhibition presented itself in the City Marshalsea, where there had been so serious a riot the night before Mr. Howard's visit, in consequence of the intoxication of the prisoners, that the sheriff and city guard had been brought thither, and succeeded in quelling the disturbance, only by taking three of the rioters to Newgate. The garnish here was two bottles of whiskey, a liquor with which the jail was

plentifully, and but too cheaply supplied, by the wives of debtors bringing in spirits, and converting most of the lower rooms into gin-shops. Such, however, were the dreadful effects of this system, that the physician said he had just lost three men out of four, from a drunken carousal in this prison, in which they had, in the course of one morning, drank twelve shillings worth of brandy, in punch, beside porter and other liquors.

After having completed his inspection of the jails of this metropolis, Mr. Howard occupied himself for three or four days in visiting its hospitals and charitable institutions; and he then commenced a regular round of examination into the abuses and defects of the Irish charter-schools.

He visited also in this tour three out of the four nurseries for the reception of children, from two to six years of age, and he paid the more minute attention to their condition, because their tender years rendered them incapable of struggling with hardships, or of making complaints. He was sorry, therefore, to find the same gross neglect of their health and cleanliness, as disgraced the schools for the elder children. The master of that at Monastereven pretended to be an apothecary; but a pretty correct judgment may be formed of his medical skill, from his giving all his infant scholars regularly, sulphur and milk for their breakfast, and from his declaring his intention of having a general anointing for the itch, whether they had, or only might have, that disorder. It was still further proclaimed too, by the uncommon mortality amongst his nursling patients, for whom in one quarter's bill, there was a charge for eleven coffins. At the time Mr. Howard visited these most pitiable objects, they were dining at three

o'clock, on potatoes not properly boiled; five or six of the most sickly being indulged with a piece of half-baked cake or bread, but drinking the common beverage of the whole, sour butter-milk.

In performing this inspection of these ill-conducted schools, Mr. Howard took two distinct journeys, the one into the north, the other into the south of Ireland, in the course of both of them inspecting the prisons at every town which came in his way.

From Ireland Mr. Howard proceeded to Scotland. At Glasgow the transports were confined in a new prison, where each had a separate room, but, not being strong, the transports had chains on their necks, as well as on their feet. No endeavours were made to reclaim these unhappy beings, whom long confinement, together with the great severity of their chains, and the scantiness of their food, had reduced to the extremity of misery and desperation. In the house of correction there was no religious service on the Sabbath; a singular stain upon the piety of this religious country. Passing on to the capital, to the chief magistrate in office, he freely stated his opinions of the condition of the prisons under his jurisdiction; that "in the house of correction there were forty-seven women in three close rooms, some of them lying sick; that no magistrate ever looked in upon them, and that no clergyman ever attended them, or used any endeavours to reclaim them. He replied, "they were so hardened it could have no effect." Mr. Howard told him, that, on seriously conversing with several of these prisoners, he saw tears in their eyes; and he further added, with his wonted faithfulness to the cause he had espoused, that "the splendid improvements carrying on in their places of *entertainment*, streets, squares, bridges, and the like,

seemed to occupy all the attention of the gentlemen in office, to the total neglect of this essential branch of the police." He also observed, that, "though, as a private person, he might not expect their regard to the remarks he had made in his repeated visits and publications; yet he hoped they would have paid some deference to the opinion of the legislature, expressed in the humane and salutary clauses of the late acts of parliament, which, from the unaltered state of the prisons of this city, they seemed entirely to have disregarded." On returning into England, he found in the county jail at Morpeth, a woman committed there but for stealing a handkerchief, heavily ironed, though lately brought to-bed; but, on his humane interposition, her irons were taken off.

After a repose of about three weeks, Mr. Howard set off upon a tour into the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridge.

In the town jail at Yarmouth liquors were still sold by the jailer, who had no salary. The bridewells for the county of Suffolk had been still further improved, whilst, in its jail at Ipswich, the total abolition of the tap had wrought an evident alteration in the health and morals of the prisoners.

It was on the last day of September, that this journey was completed, and it was not until the 21st of October, that Mr. Howard left Cardington on another tour into some of the Midland counties.

After his return, and during his continuance in London, for about a week, Mr. Howard inspected the close and ill constructed jail in Horsemonger-lane, and found there the same dreadful assemblage of criminals, of all descriptions, as he had done upon former occasions. Of these, fifty were transports, sentenced

in 1783 and the following years, almost perishing in jail, not yet delivered in execution of their sentence, their allowance the while being only three half-pence a day in bread, and the precarious charity of a little meat, broth, &c. collected from the neighbours, who knew their distress. Many had worn out their shoes, stockings, and shirts, and had hardly clothes to cover them; whilst, by being forced to live in idleness, and to associate together, they were driven to acts of desperation. "Such dreadful nurseries," says our author, "have been a principal cause of the increased number of crimes, and the shocking destruction of our fellow-creatures. I am persuaded this would have been in a great measure prevented, if penitentiary houses had been built on the salutary spot at Islington, fixed on by Dr. Fothergill and myself: the gentlemen whose continued opposition defeated the design, and adopted the expensive, dangerous, and destructive scheme of transportation to *Botany Bay*, I leave to their own reflections upon their conduct."

Within a day or two after this visit, Mr. Howard directed his benevolent course into the west of England, arriving at Plymouth, on the 10th of November, where he reached the house of a friend, about four in the afternoon; and though he had been travelling two nights, without having been in bed, or taking any other refreshment than a cup of tea in the morning, he appeared to be in as good spirits, and as active and fit for business as if neither sleep nor food had been wanting. He at this time mentioned to the gentleman upon whose authority this anecdote is given, his being sixty-one years old, adding that he hoped to hold out four years longer, "and this," says his friend, "in the ordinary course of things, there was all reason to expect he might, as few,

even at half his age, would have been able to go through the fatigue he did."

At Exeter he met with an extraordinary instance of conjugal affection, in the high jail, in the case of a man who was working as a shoemaker, in the women's ward, where his wife was under sentence of transportation, for stealing a calf's skin, and he himself remained a voluntary prisoner, declaring his firm purpose to accompany her to Botany Bay, or wherever she was removed. Soon after Mr. Howard's return to London, the woman, however, received a free pardon, through his application in her behalf to Lord Sydney, and he had afterwards the satisfaction to learn that this couple were useful and worthy members of the community.

The county jail at Salisbury was close and confined, and had not been white-washed since 1784, when a turnkey and seventeen prisoners died of the jail fever. At Dorchester a new jail had been very slightly built, on a bad plan, having no free ward for debtors. Their rooms too were very dirty, and the bread bad. "White without and foul within," is the brief description he gives us of the close Newgate at Bristol. In his way home he inspected a new county jail erecting at Oxford, under the direction of Mr. Blackburn; the favourite scheme of Dr. Fothergill, to employ convicts in the erection of such places, being adopted with much success. So orderly, too, was their behaviour, that they required but one guard, and for their good conduct several were permitted to work without their irons. "This proves," says their humane inspector, "that among such delinquents many are reclaimable, and not so entirely abandoned as some are apt to suppose. The encouragement here given with respect to their diet, clothes, and term of confinement, have been the means

of recovering many from their bad habits, and of rendering them useful members of society." A new county jail, he informs us, was intended to be built at Bedford; whilst in that part of his work, which notices the unaltered condition of the old one, he makes a short digression to recommend to notice and imitation the neat and most convenient work-house of his own parish at Cardington, whose poor were comfortably clad, and their diet, employment, and treatment in sickness and in health, all regulated with strict order, and humane attention, by the unremitting zeal and assiduity of a young lady, whom it were easy to name—but that like the illustrious Philanthropist, whose able coadjutor in many of his schemes of benevolence for the benefit of the parish in which he resided, she had long the honour to be, she does not wish her deeds to be spoken of beyond the district where they cannot be concealed.

Completing this journey on the 6th of December, on the 17th or 18th of the same month he commenced a more extensive one into the north of England.

In Chester, the city jail was still insecure, in consequence of which the convicts and prisoners for trial were alike strongly ironed by the neck, hands, waist, and feet, besides being chained to the floor of their room in the day-time, and to the beds in their horrid dungeon at night. Here Mr. Howard saw the first iron glove he had met with in England, which, though not yet used, showed the severity of the jailer's disposition. Debtors and felons were permitted to beg for some hours in the day; but, as their visitor truly remarked, it was a disgrace to this opulent city that its prisoners were not supplied with necessary food.

In the bridewell at Liverpool, all the men were in heavy irons, and seven out of eight women were chained

to the floors, and in bed at noon on Sunday, having had no fire for several days, though it was the depth of a most inclement winter. At Manchester, a new bridewell upon Mr. Blackburn's plan, and on a very large scale, was building at the expense of the hundred of Salford, upon "whose good sense and liberality," says our philanthropist, "it will reflect much credit." He has not, however, told us to whom the enlightened magistrates of that spirited hundred conceived themselves indebted for the chief excellence of their plan: but the following extract from the inscription on the foundation stone of the prison they erected must supply the deficiency his modesty has created:—"That there may remain to posterity a monument of the affection and gratitude of this county, to that most excellent person, who hath so fully proved the wisdom and humanity of the separate and solitary confinement of offenders, this prison is inscribed with the name of JOHN HOWARD."

In the county jail at Appleby, and the prison for debtors at Batley, the jailers had killed themselves by drinking from their own tap; a fate by no means uncommon whilst this nuisance was allowed. In the Hall-garth, at Beverley, a prisoner had lately been killed in one of the drunken quarrels which so baneful a practice engendered.

Taking about ten days' repose after his return from this northern tour, on the 29th of January Mr. Howard took a direction for the southern parts of the kingdom.

In the wretched jail at St. Briavelts, some of the poor debtors would have perished for want, but for the humanity of Mr. Milson, a maltster, who, living near, sent them provisions, and procured collections in the neighbouring towns for their release. One prisoner had been confined here for nearly a twelvemonth, for a debt of

three shillings, the costs of recovering it amounting to 4*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.*; another for nearly two years for a debt of forty shillings, costs 7*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.*

Entering South Wales by way of Brecon, Mr. Howard released from the new county jail, a poor shoemaker, with a wife and four children, who was in custody for a debt of twelve shillings, and 17*s.* 6*d.* costs; from that at Presteign, which was still in its former bad condition, he set some others free, whose debts were yet less, and costs greater. At the county jail in Hereford, he found most of the women in irons, a fact upon which he makes an observation not at all too strong in its expressions of abhorrence of such a practice, when he terms it an *indecent*, *wanton*, and *cruel* custom, not practised in any of the most *uncivilized* countries he had visited.

In the castle at Worcester, notwithstanding the fearful lesson, which in the space of a very few years, had been read him, by the death of his two predecessors of the jail fever, the jailer was so inattentive to the health of his prisoners, as to suffer their cells not only to be extremely dirty, but to have every aperture for air stopped up. It was in this large, but ill-regulated jail, that, three years before his visit, Dr. Johnstone, a young, but very rising physician of this city, fell a lamented victim to his humanity, in attending the prisoners confined here during the prevalence of that virulent distemper, from whose contagion Mr. Howard, in all his visits, was so mercifully preserved. "In the course of my pursuits," he observes, with his usual benevolent regard to the welfare of his fellow-creatures, "I have known several amiable young gentlemen, who, in their zeal to do good, have been carried off by this dreadful disorder; and this has been one in-

centive to my endeavours for its extirpation from our prisons."

At Shrewsbury the women were in irons, though closely confined to their day rooms and dungeons; the men, meanwhile, being doubly ironed, and chained to the floor at night.

The jail at Stafford was without any alteration in its wretched condition, as in the dungeon for male felons he saw fifty-two chained down to the floors, with hardly fourteen inches allowed to each of them to move in. The moisture from their breath ran down the walls. The very year before, seven had died here of the jail fever, and the free ward for the debtors being directly over it, nine out of fourteen of its unfortunate inmates, fell victims to the negligence and inhumanity of the magistrates of this opulent county. The women were in irons, and lay in a dungeon.

"The great and increasing number of *ale-houses*, that I observe in my tours through this kingdom," says Mr. Howard, "I cannot but lament; as it is one *great* and obvious reason why our prisons are so crowded, both with debtors and felons. Many magistrates are sensible of this evil, yet so dreadfully supine and timid, as to grant fresh licenses, (often at the intercession of those most interested) in which *their* conduct is highly culpable. It should be remembered, that it is the *spirit* of our laws, and therefore the *duty* of magistrates, by every means to *prevent*, if possible, the commission of crimes."

The jail for the county, at Warwick, was sadly crowded, thirty-two men lying chained in a dungeon thirty-one steps under ground, and but twenty-two feet in diameter; two of whom were ill of a slow fever, as were three others, in a room in which they also were in irons.

Before the convicts were sent off to Plymouth, the condition of this black-hole was, however, still more intolerable, as some of the poor wretches confined in it were then forced to stand up and keep a sort of miserable night-watch while the others slept. From the aperture of this dungeon, which was but three feet three inches wide, as from the door and the two funnels of that at Stafford, the steam of the prisoners' breath came out in winter like the smoke of a chimney. In two rooms, seven feet and a half by six and a half, with apertures only in the doors, lay fourteen women almost suffocated, but not in irons. No coals being here allowed, the prisoners of this sex, as in other jails similarly circumstanced, often sold their bread to procure fuel.

It was on the 16th or 17th of February that this long tour was completed, and on the 28th of the same month Mr. Howard left Cardington upon his sixth journey to Ireland.

In the county jail at Kilmainham, spirituous liquors were so freely conveyed into the prison, through the windows of the rooms which fronted the street, that prisoners were often so intoxicated, as to endanger their own lives, and the lives of their fellow-prisoners. At one of his visits, indeed, Mr. Howard providentially came into the jail just in time to extinguish a fire, which, in one of their drunken carousals, had been kindled in the straw upon which they lay. The debtors here were drinking wine so freely as to be drunk by eleven in the morning.

It was on the 18th of May, 1788, that Mr. Howard finally left the shores of the sister-kingdom; and probably the last act he performed there was the consecration afresh of all that he was, to his Maker and his Preserver, of which we have the following short minute in

his memorandum-book:—"I hope the renewal of my vows was sincere. Ireland, May 18, 1788. Help me, O Lord God of my salvation."

In his way home through some of the counties of Wales and of the south of England, he found, in the town jail at Swansea, that prisoners of both sexes were, during the quarter sessions, confined, for some days, in a room called the black-hole, which had only a small aperture for air, in the door, the same being the case also at Neath.

In the new county bridewell at Devizes, a prisoner had lately died in one of the solitary cells, and the verdict of the coroner's jury was, *died by hunger and cold.*

At Marlborough the two poor-houses were in such a wretched condition, that the putrid fever had lately raged there, and exposed the inhabitants of the town to the danger of its infection.

Spending probably the interval, from the 30th of May to the 25th of June, at Bristol Hot Wells, Mr. Howard resumed his western tour at Bodmin.

The bridewell for the county of Berks, at Reading, was a new prison, consisting of six close cells for the refractory, eight solitary cells, and six wards for prisoners, permitted to be together. Some of those confined alone, were sentenced for a year, "a severe confinement," observes their compassionate visitor, "to be so long in solitude, unemployed, in nauseous cells, and without fire in winter."

But, as very erroneous impressions are still abroad of Mr. Howard's sentiments upon this subject, it is but justice to his memory, that he should be permitted to state for himself his views of the uses and abuses of a species of prison discipline, for which, when confined within its proper limits, he was an advocate, as he does in the fol-

lowing note upon this passage :—" I wish all prisoners to have separate rooms; for hours of thoughtfulness and reflection are necessary. I am glad to take this occasion of making some remarks on *solitary confinement*. The intention of this, I mean by day as well as by night, is either to reclaim the most atrocious and daring criminals; to punish the refractory for crimes committed in prison; or to make a strong impression, in a short time, upon thoughtless and irregular young persons, as faulty apprentices, and the like. It should, therefore, be considered by those who are ready to commit, for a *long* term, petty offenders to *absolute* solitude, that such a state is more than human nature can bear, without the hazard of distraction or despair; that it is repugnant to the *Act* which orders all persons in houses of correction, to *work;* and that for want of some employment in the day (as in several houses of correction,) health is injured, and a habit of idleness or inability to labour in future, is in danger of being acquired. The beneficial effects on the mind, of such a punishment, are speedy, proceeding from the horror of a vicious person left entirely to his own reflections. This may wear off by long continuance, and a sullen insensibility may succeed."

At Windsor Castle, the old keeper had been murdered by his prisoners in his tap-room.

At Rochester, the windows of the city jail were towards the street, and its keeper informed Mr. Howard that the liberality of the public was so great, that he could not keep his prisoners sober: some persons having even desired to be confined there, merely that they might have the liberty of the begging grate.

On the 2d of August our philanthropist left Cardington upon a short circuit through some of the midland counties, which occupied him about a week, and ex-

tended as far as Sheffield, in whose prison for debtors, he found that people were sometimes confined for a debt of but sixpence and the costs. "I have often wished," he observes, and the wish is well worthy the attentive consideration of the legislature "that in *all* bills for *small debts*, there was a *clause to prohibit arrests for debts contracted in public-houses*."

Mr. Howard spent the latter part of the month of August and the beginning of September in London, re-inspected the prisons of the metropolis and its neighbourhood, and digested, with the same assistance that he had before received, for publication, the results of his recent visits.

It was on the 8th of September that Mr. Howard left London on a short tour into Norfolk, where his principal object was the inspection of the newly-erected bridewell at Wymondham. He was the more particular in his account of this prison, because it afforded one of the best examples he had anywhere met with, of the proper management of a house of correction; so as to render it, what it ought to be, a place of reformation for the idle and the dissolute. It was to the unremitted attention of a neighbouring magistrate, Sir Thomas Beevor, excited by Mr. Howard's pathetic representation of its former condition, that the public was indebted for the improvement of this house, and for the strict execution of its salutary regulations.

On his return to London he completed his inspection of the metropolitan prisons, which presented little further requiring particular notice.

From the 17th to the 26th of September he was closely occupied in examining the principal hospitals of this metropolis, of whose condition he gives a minute account.

The chief defects of a more general nature, which he pointed out, are those of the securities and fees required on admission, bearing hard on the poor; the want of proper inspection in the governors; of clerical assistance to the sick; of rooms for convalescents; and of a due attention to cleanliness, and to the purification of the wards, from the prejudices absurdly entertained against the washing of floors, and the admission of fresh air. To these he adds the neglect of bathing, from its giving too much trouble to the attendants; the too free introduction of beer from the ale-houses; and the preference given to governors in furnishing food and necessaries to the house, in which he never would suffer them, directly or indirectly, to be concerned. He closes his observations upon the subject by some hints for the proper construction and regulation of such institutions, from which those who are engaged in their erection, or management, may derive much useful information.

It was whilst he was pursuing this useful investigation that he wrote a letter to his bailiff:—

"John Prole,

"I made a good meal, I bless God, from the nice bread you sent to-day; you did not receive my letter, or you would have sent me some sweetmeats. Next time will do, as I cannot leave town till Friday or Saturday night in the next week. But I have a very important business now on my hands, the examination of all the London Hospitals: The public know it, and look for my free thoughts on those institutions, so that I cannot have my thoughts diverted from my object by coming to Cardington.

"I will send money to settle with Mr. Morgan, &c. As when I now leave London to go to Warrington I will not owe one guinea there.

"As there is to be no further rates for the poor, I can have no objection to Miss W. continuing another three years, for if she marries or leaves it, all the furniture belongs to the parish; and I am trying to persuade Mr. W * * * *, to make over the buildings in fee to the parish: of this you will acquaint Mr. Smith. I am trying to get a school house erected, but have not yet succeeded. I cannot do it at present—600*l.* I have already paid for paper, engravings, &c.; yet should it please God that I should live some few years longer, I will live in a cottage sooner than not accomplish my plan. I still exult in free and vigorous spirits, and am not afraid to undertake any task.

"I *do* go abroad again. I think it my duty, and a call of providence, and I durst not go back. I will spend some weeks at Cardington, when my publication is finished. My mind will be at ease and rest, and perhaps the only rest on this side the grave; for my time of zeal and activity is soon passing away.

"Respects to friends at Cardington. I shall write from Warrington for my horse, I think just before Christmas. Thank your wife for her kind care and attention to my house. The widow Thompson may as well continue there.

"Yours, J. HOWARD."

At the time he had proposed, about the 9th or 10th of October, Mr. Howard left London for Warrington, where, for sixteen weeks, he was closely occupied in superintending the printing of the result of his philanthropic tours during the last three years. Though the weather at this time was intensely cold, he was always up, and at work before three o'clock in the morning, taking

his breakfast, which his servant had laid ready for him over night, at about six, that he might be dressed, and in the printing-office by eight. When there, he kept the men close to work by his presence, but he rewarded them most bountifully for their diligence; so that the fame of his liberality was widely spread in the town. Yet he never employed, or presented with a gratuity, a second time, any one from whose lips an oath or profane expression was ever known to proceed. And whilst conducting himself in this manner towards those amongst whom, for a short period, his lot was cast, he was not neglectful of the duties of self-examination and the cultivation of vital godliness, as the following reflections, entered at various times in his diary, during his continuance at Warrington, abundantly evince.

"1789. Misery is always an object of compassion, and the word of God saith, that to the miserable, compassion should be shown.

"Generosity and self-command are the striking aspects of benevolence.

"Courage and humanity are inseparable friends.

"God will accept, I trust, my sincere intentions, though I effect nothing.

"A traveller should have temperance, prudence, and fortitude; a firmness of mind to bear suffering and meet dangers undaunted. These are necessary for the active scenes of life and maintenance of the rights of others, for the truest pleasures arise from extensive benevolence. Dejection and despair are the consequence of pusillanimity.

"My deliberations are more swayed by what *I* myself think right, than by what is likely to be thought right by *others*.

"A fearless temper and an open heart, are seldom strictly allied to prudence.

"Christ has made poverty and meanness, joined with holiness, to be a state of dignity.

"It has been said, 'that the torch of philanthropy has been conveyed by *Howard*.' May he not hope in that God whose arm is not shortened, that he will spread it to the eastern nations? He worketh by the weakest of all instruments, to him alone be all the glory. God forbid that *I* should glory, save in the cross of Christ.

"The enthusiasm of even a mistaken principle warms the mind, and sets it above the fear of death, which in our cooler moments, if we really think of it, is at least very awful; and shall a mistaken principle do more than calm reason and reflection? Oh! surely not. There is no rational principle by which a man can die contented, but a trust in the mercy of God, through the merits of Jesus Christ.

"It has been observed that one has a strange propensity to fix upon some point of time from whence a better course of life may *begin*. May I not *hope*, do I not earnestly *beg* of God, that his grace may be sufficient for me, and his strength perfected in my weakness; that I may, from this moment, walk with God, adorn my Christian character; be more and more serious, watchful, humble; and by the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit, made partaker of the divine nature, thus formed in me the hope of glory?

"*Warrington, Jan.* 30, 1789. Employ the time of every Sunday in sacred study and in books, in which the spirit of Christianity, piety, and morality prevail."

It was on or about the 20th of February, 1789, that the printing of the work which gave to the public the

results of Mr. Howard's late journeys of humanity, was completed, as appears from a note written to his friend, Dr. Lettsom, on that day, accompanying some of the first copies of the book, as presents to himself, the Duke of Portland, and some other of his friends. The title of which is "An Account of the principal Lazarettos in Europe; with various Papers relative to the Plague: together with further Observations on some Foreign Prisons and Hospitals; and additional Remarks on the present State of those in Great Britain and Ireland. By John Howard, F. R. S." The motto which it bears upon its title page is this appropriate text of scripture, "*O let the sorrowful sighing of the* PRISONERS *come before thee;*" its author having been led to its adoption by the effect which he observed it to produce upon the minds of several of this unhappy class of beings, when read in the course of the daily Psalms, on his attendance at public worship in the chapel of Lancaster castle. The second section of this work, consists of a very judicious plan for a lazaretto, which its author was very anxious to have erected in England, from its tendency to prevent the re-entrance there of that most dreadful of all contagions, the plague. The third section contains the result of his inquiries concerning the plague, having regularly submitted the queries, with which his medical friends in England had furnished him, to the principal physicians at Marseilles, Leghorn, Malta, Venice, Trieste, and Smyrna, accompanying his application to each of them with a regular consulting fee. Their answers were reduced to a methodical arrangement by Dr. Aikin, to whose professional skill we are indebted for the very valuable remarks by which these papers are accompanied, on the fatal errors into which medical men of high repute have fallen, whilst contending in support of a

favourite hypothesis, that the plague is not contagious; an error to which, in the beginning of the last century, 43,000 of the inhabitants of Marseilles were the hapless victims. At the close of his account of the situation of our English prisons, Mr. Howard reprinted the general heads of regulation for penitentiary-houses, adopting, in lieu of the sanguinary system of excision which our legislators have pursued with but too unwearied a constancy—that plan of reforming the morals of delinquents by an attempering of justice with mercy—of firmness with kindness, which had been more successfully resorted to by many of the continental nations. But to produce this reformation, he was convinced of the necessity of a thorough alteration in the whole system of constructing prisons, and of managing the prisoners and convicts. Drunkenness he justly considered to be the root of all the evils which were so alarmingly prevalent in our jails, and he, therefore, entertained no hopes that an effectual reform would ever be introduced within their walls, until every temptation to the commission of this vice was completely removed.

By way of appendix to his work, Mr. Howard reprinted a variety of curious and useful tables, among which was one of the number of prisoners in the jails he had visited in England and Ireland, in the years 1777, 8, from which it appears that these wretched abodes of misery and crime at one time incarcerated no less than 7,056 individuals. He was at the expense of having re-engraved also, on a very large sheet, the table published by Sir S. T. Jansen, in 1772, of the number of offenders sentenced to death for their crimes at the Old Bailey, for the twenty-three years preceding its publication: that curious and authentic document having become extremely scarce, whilst the official records from which it was compiled had been destroyed in the

riots of the No-Popery mob of 1780. He at last suggests a plan, containing a provision for the widows and children of every faithful and attentive jailer, who should die in that important office. "Should the plan take place," he adds, "during my life, of establishing a permanent charity, under some such title as that at PHILADELPHIA, viz. *A society for alleviating the miseries of public prisons*, I would most readily stand at the bottom of a page as a subscriber of £500; or if such a society shall be constituted within three years after my death this sum shall be paid out of my estate." And with this pledge of his concern for the great object of his public labours through life, he closes the last work which he himself was permitted to present to the world with the exception of a translation of the penal code of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, which he superintended through the press, ere he left Warrington, never to return to it again.

There are a few circumstances in the history of Mr. Howard's public life and labours during the period which this chapter of his memoirs embraces, which remain to be noticed.

The mode of travelling which he pursued in England was the same as he had adopted on his former journeys, and his diet was at least equally abstemious, generally consisting, for the whole day, of two-penny rolls, with some butter, cheese, or sweetmeats, a pint of milk, five or six cups of tea, with a roasted apple just before he retired to bed.

In the course of his inquiries into the abuses to whose correction the chief energies of his life were devoted, it was his inflexible rule never to accept a present, whatever might be the pretence under which it was offered. On detecting some very gross mismanagement

in a prison in Ireland, the nobleman under whose hereditary jurisdiction it was placed, learning the name of the stranger who had visited it, and alarmed lest the particulars of the wretched condition in which he found it should be made public, in order to conciliate his favour, pressed upon his acceptance a very valuable jewel, ostensibly as a token of his esteem for his extensive and unremitted exertions in the cause of humanity. That token, Mr. Howard refused to receive at his hands.

"He never approached a prison," says his friend Dr. Lettsom, "without inquiring, 'Is it well supplied with good water?' He went to Litchfield, with a view of examining the prison there; but previously presented himself at the habitation of the Rev. Mr. Seward, to whom he was then a stranger. The amiable daughter of the clergyman received the visitor till the return of her parent. The inquiries of Howard were so appropriate and minute respecting the prison, and particularly as to the convenience of water, that the lady, soon suspecting his character, asked, 'Are you not Mr. Howard, to whom I have the honour of addressing myself?'"

Towards persons confined for trifling debts, he frequently exercised his liberality. "I have often seen him come to his lodgings," says the journal of his attendant on most of his tours, "in such spirits and joy, when he would say to me, 'I have made a poor woman happy; I have sent her husband home to her and her children.'"

In all his visits to various jails in this and other kingdoms, he never received any insult either from the keepers or prisoners, nor ever lost anything there, except that in one of them a handkerchief disappeared from his pocket, which, on a subsequent visit, was restored to him by a prisoner, who, as he presented it, said, that he believed

he had dropped it when he last was there. It is worthy also of notice, that though he frequently travelled by night as well as day, both in his own country and in some of the wildest and least cultivated regions of Europe, in an age when depredations on the highway were frequent, he never was attacked by a robber, or met with any molestation on his way. Once, indeed, and once only, was he a sufferer from having anything stolen. On his return from his Turkish tour, one of his boxes was stolen, as he was getting into a hackney-coach in Bishopgate-street. It contained a duplicate of his travels, twenty-five guineas, and a gold watch. The plan of the lazaretto at Marseilles, of which he possessed no duplicate, was happily in the other box; had it not been so, he declared to his friend, Dr. Lettsom, that notwithstanding the risques he had run, in procuring that document, so important did he consider it to the attainment of his object, that he would, a second time, have exposed himself to the danger of a visit to France, to supply its place.

He generally declined every invitation to dinner or to supper whilst upon his tours; abstained from visiting every object of curiosity, however attractive; and even from looking into a newspaper, lest his attentions should be diverted: the whole of the time which was not necessarily consumed in sleep, or occupied in his devotions, being employed in arranging the minutes and observations of the day. Once indeed, and it would seem only once, he deviated from the rule he had prescribed to himself, by yielding to the entreaties of some of his friends, who wished him to accompany them to hear some extraordinarily fine music in Italy; but finding his thoughts too much occupied by its melody, he could never be persuaded to repeat the indulgence.

The value he set upon his time, was most remarkable. Punctual to a minute in every engagement, he usually sat, when in conversation, with his watch in his hand, which he rested upon his knee, and though in the midst of an interesting anecdote or argument, so soon as the moment he had fixed for his departure arrived, he left the house. He calculated also how long it would take him to walk or ride to the place of his next engagement with such exactness, that he was seldom a second beyond his appointment. He preserved the most lowly estimation of his own character; and whilst yielding the most exemplary obedience to the injunction of scripture, which commands us to "do justice and to love mercy," he was so far from forgetting the remainder of the precept, "walk humbly with thy God," that the genuine humility of his character was "known and seen of all men." "I had heard a person express his surprise," says his venerable friend Mrs. Coles, "that he could interest himself so much about such depraved characters as prisoners generally are, and having an opportunity of mentioning the subject to him in that person's presence, Mr. Howard said—'I consider that if it had not been for divine grace, I might have been as abandoned as they are.'"

The unassuming and unassumed modesty of his character operated as an additional excitement to the general curiosity to become acquainted with its peculiarities, rather than as a veil to conceal them.

Whilst engaged in one of his journeys "a very respectable-looking elderly gentleman, on horseback, with a servant, stopped at the inn nearest Mr. Howard's house at Cardington, and entered into conversation with the landlord concerning him. He observed, that characters often appeared very well at a distance, which could not bear close inspection; he had therefore come to Mr. How-

ard's residence in order to satisfy himself concerning him. The gentleman then, accompanied by the innkeeper, went to the house, and looked through it, with the offices and gardens, which he found in perfect order. He next inquired into Mr. Howard's character as a landlord, which was justly represented; and several neat houses which he had built for his tenants, were shown him. The gentleman returned to his inn, declaring himself now satisfied with the truth of all he had heard about Mr. Howard.

The dreadful malady of his son, so far from promising any symptom of amendment, seemed only every day to exhibit but the more decidedly the fearful character of confirmed and incurable derangement. His afflicted parent, after having tried the effect of a milder restraint in his own habitation, much longer than there could be a rational or well grounded hope of its being in any degree efficacious to his recovery, yielded to the advice of his medical attendants, and his friends, in permitting his removal to the Lunatic Asylum, at Leicester.

In the midst of this sore affliction, Mr. Howard continued to devise liberal things for his poor neighbours. During his absence from England, a journeyman wheelwright had succeeded his master in his shop at Cardington, and had also taken a young woman of the village for his wife. As soon as Mr. Howard had satisfied himself of the deranged state of his son's mind, and ascertained, by an experience the most painful to a father's heart, that his presence augmented, rather than decreased the virulence of his dreadful malady, he endeavoured to soothe the distress which such a heart-rending scene must have occasioned, by taking a walk through the neighbourhood of his once happy, but now cheerless dwelling, to inquire after the health and circumstances of his old acquaintance, and the numerous dependants on his bounty. Amongst

the cottages of his tenants, he entered that of the newly-married wheelwright, whom he thus addressed:—"If I had been at home at your marriage, I should have made you a wedding present, and you shall not lose it now, though it shall be a gift to your wife and not to yourself. Come to my house to-morrow morning, and you shall know what it will be." On returning home, he asked his bailiff which was the best cow in his farm yard, and on its being pointed out to him, directed it to be driven, on the next morning, to the wheelwright's house. "But no," he immediately added, "the poor fellow has nothing to keep her on this winter: we will keep her for him till she has calved." This was accordingly done, and in the Spring this industrious mechanic's wife was made happy in the possession of a fine cow and calf, of which her husband and herself were the owners, at Mr. Howard's decease, doubly valuing their gift from the veneration in which they held the character of the giver.

With a private character so perfectly consistent with his public actions, we will compare both of them with those records of his feelings and his opinions, which were made for no other eye than his own. His diary contains several reflections, maxims, and remarks, written after he had visited Warrington for the last time.

"If the projectile motion shews a *forming* God, the centripetal force, acting incessantly, shews a *preserving* God—'for verily there is a God, and thou God seeth me'—and he who is the *hand* of Providence directs the course of things to the general good—so may I endeavour in my poor manner, to engage in works which tend to increase human happiness, and to God be all the praise.

"God considers what weak creatures we are, therefore gives us every motive to do good.

"Jacob speaks of the angel who had been his guide in all his journeys, and had delivered him out of all his dangers;—and Jacob's God, I trust, is *my God*, and my guide, and my portion for ever.

"An approving conscience adds pleasure to every act of piety, benevolence, and self-denial.—It inspires serenity and brightens every gloomy hour, disarming adversity, disease, and death. Is it my ambition to put on the Lord Jesus!—'to have the same mind in me which was also in him?"

"Health, time, powers of mind, and worldly possessions are from *God*, do I consecrate them all to Him?—So help me, oh my God!

"The peculiar doctrines of Christianity, the degradation of human nature, our inability to restore ourselves, our need of a Mediator, and of divine aid, are doctrines which strike at the root of *vain glory*. We are justified by faith, by the grace of God, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ. Where then is boasting? It is excluded, Romans 3 & 57.—Aim at what is praise-worthy, and then at the approbation of God, who alone is an impartial, infallible Judge.—Let it be my earnest inquiry, how I shall best serve God, in the station which he has assigned me.

"I am not at all angry with the reflections that some persons make, as they think to my disparagement, because all they say of this kind, gives God the greater honour—in whose Almighty hand, no instrument is weak, in whose presence no flesh must glory, but the whole conduct of this matter must be ascribed to Providence alone, and God *by me* intimates to the world, however weak and unworthy *I am*, that he espouses the *cause*, and to Him,—to Him alone be all the praise.

"Ease, affluence, and honours, are temptations, which the *world* holds out, but remember 'the fashion of this

world passeth away'—On the other hand, fatigue, poverty, sufferings, and dangers, with an approving conscience—Oh God, my heart is fixed trusting in Thee! *My God!* Oh glorious words! there is a treasure! in comparison of which all things in this world are dross.

Sunday evening, March 15, 1789.

"Our superfluities should be given up for the convenience of others—"Our conveniences should give place to the necessities of others—"And even our necessities give way to the extremites of the poor.

"Oh God! may the angel which conducted the Israelites through the desert, accompany and bless me.

"In all my dangers, and difficulties, may I have full confidence in that unseen power, to believe in hope, as the Lord orders all things—therefore I leave every thing to him, trusting he will always give his angels charge concerning me; and then I am equally safe in every place; therefore I will fear no evil, for thou art my God.

"O God, succour me in time of trial, and help me to maintain my integrity. My eyes are up to thee, O God, to help me to encounter danger—leave me not to my own strength; but may I rely on him in whom is everlasting strength. I come to the throne of God for mercy and help in time of need, and that I may finish my course in peace. Be diffident of thyself, and look up to God.

"Where there is most holiness there is most humility. Never does our understanding shine more than when it is employed in religion. In certain circumstances retirement is criminal—with a holy fire I would proceed.—What is our profession of religion, if it does not affect our heart? Shall I desert his cause and God? May I through divine grace persevere to the end. My end, too, is approaching.

"Do thou, O Lord, visit the prisoners and captives. Manifest thy strength in my weakness. Help, Almighty God, for in thee I put my trust, for thou art my rock. And may not even I hope, that God who 'spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, will with him, also, freely give us all things,' even me, life everlasting?

"The doctrine of merit is diametrically opposite to the genius of the gospel. 'By grace we are saved—Not of ourselves—It is the gift of God.' My desire is to be washed, cleansed and justified, in the blood of the cross, and to dedicate myself to that Saviour who has bought us with a price."

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Howard's seventh, and last journey upon the continent, in which he inspected the prisons and hospitals of Holland, part of Germany, Prussia, and Russia; —his death and character. 1789—1790.

"To my country I commit the result of my past labors. It is my intention *again* to quit it for the purpose of revisiting Russia, Turkey, and some other countries, and of extending my tour in the east. I am not insensible to the dangers that must attend such a journey. Trusting, however, in the protection of that kind Providence which has hitherto preserved me, I calmly and cheerfully commit myself to the disposal of unerring wisdom. Should it please God to cut off my life in the prosecution of this design, let not my conduct be uncandidly imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious,

deliberate conviction, that I am pursuing the path of duty; and to a sincere desire of being made an instrument of more extensive usefulness to my fellow-creatures than could be expected in the narrower circle of a retired life."

Deeply, far more deeply than the world has ever thought, had the last severe stroke of his Almighty Father's chastening hand sunk into his soul; and as it did so, it unstrung the firmest fibres of a frame, which hitherto had been but little moved by all the fatigue he had undergone in traversing so large a portion of the globe on the errand of mercy that first led him from his home. Still, being fully satisfied by the able practitioner under whose care his son was placed, that his recovery must be the work of time, if indeed, a hope could be entertained of its ever being accomplished, he determined to take another journey to the continent of Europe, which, by the sphere of usefulness, and deeds of mercy to which it would introduce him, would afford the best antidote that any human pursuit could offer, to the depression of spirits, which the scenes that must surround him at home, must inevitably increase.

His plan, was to have spent three years abroad. One object of his pursuit, and perhaps the principal one, was to obtain further information respecting the plague, by extending his visits to those parts of the world, in which it rages with the greatest virulence; and in some of whose infectious coasts it is supposed to take its rise.

As soon as he had resolved to undertake this hazardous journey, he seems, indeed, to have associated with it, in his mind, this forcible persuasion, that it would be his last; and as he took leave of one and another of his friends, he did it as one whose face they would see no

more on this side the grave. The last time he was at Shrewsbury, which would seem to have been in February, 1788, he took leave of Mr. Lucas, on whose ministry he always attended when in that town, in the vestry of his meeting-house, nearly in these words, which were evidently used in allusion to a favorite saying of Philip Henry: "I hope, if we meet again on earth, we shall be nearer heaven; but, if we never see each other more below, I trust we shall meet in heaven." To the Rev. Mr. Lewin, the last time he was in Liverpool, he said, "I am going to the Mediterranean, and elsewhere, (naming some other places): I have had several malignant disorders; and I am persuaded that I shall not return, and be permitted to lay my bones in my native land. If, however, I should, I think that I shall then have done all that duty can require of me; and I shall most probably seek a peaceful retirement for the residue of my days." To another friend he observed, that he should once more quit his native land, probably never to return to it again; and on his starting some objections to his plan, from the length and danger of his journey, he added, "You will probably never see me again; but, be that as it may, it is a matter of no concern to me, whether I lay down my life in Turkey, in Egypt, in Asia Minor, or elsewhere. My whole endeavour is to fulfil, according to the ability of so weak an instrument as I am, the will of that gracious Providence who has condescended to raise in me a firm persuasion that I am employed in what is consonant to his divine approbation."

About the same period, in a conversation with Mr. Blackburn, the architect, he is represented to have expressed a conviction that his death was at no great distance, on the somewhat singular ground of his mode

of diet and living, exactly resembling that of the Chinese, few of whom survived their sixty-third year; as, in fact, he himself did but by a very few months. Calling upon the Rev. Mr. Palmer, of Hackney, a little before his departure on his journey, he took his leave in a cheerful, though very affectionate manner; yet, at the same time, expressing an opinion that he should not return. He said, however, that he was perfectly easy as to the event of his apprehensions; adding, in the words of Father Paul to his physician, when he had told him that he had not long to live, "It is well; whatever pleases God pleases me." When another friend, I believe it was his old pastor, Mr. Townsend, expressed his concern at parting with him, from a persuasion that they should never meet again on earth, he cheerfully replied, "We shall soon meet in heaven:" and as he rather expected to die of the plague in Egypt than elsewhere, he added, "The way to heaven from Grand Cairo is as near as from London." The last time, too, that he attended at Dr. Stennet's meeting, in expectation that it would indeed be his last, he said to one of his fellow-worshippers who sat near him, "Well, we shall not, perhaps, meet one another again till we meet in heaven." The very day before he left home, he called upon a lady, whose lively recollections of his virtues have added much to the interest of this narrative, and in taking leave of her, in a most affectionate and affecting manner, said, "I am going a very arduous journey; probably, my friend, we shall never meet any more in this world; but it is the path of duty: and, with respect to myself, I am quite resigned to the will of God."

Previous to his quitting Cardington, as he in some measure anticipated, and it but too surely proved, for

the last time, he arranged all his worldly affairs with as much exactness as though he had received an immediate command from heaven, to set his house in order, for on the morrow he should die. His will had been made about a year before, bearing date the 24th of May, 1787, by which he bequeathed all his real estate in trust for the benefit of his son, so long as he should remain in the unhappy state of mind in which he then was, and on his recovery to be vested in him for life, with the remainder to his children, or, on failure of issue, to Mr. Howard Channing and his heirs: this gentleman being the next of kin. Of his charitable bequests from his personal property, the first was one of two guineas each to twenty poor widows whom his executors should think proper objects: a second, a donation of 5 *l.* each to ten poor cottagers at Cardington, masters of families, who should not have been in an ale-house for twelve months preceding his death: the the third, a bequest of a similar amount to any ten poor families in the same village, not receiving parochial relief, who should have been the most constant at any place of public worship during the same period; whilst, by a fourth, to mark the affection which he cherished to the last, for his beloved Henrietta, he left to the poor of the parish of Croxton, where he married his last invaluable wife, 50 *l.* To his faithful servant Prole, he left a legacy of 50 *l.*; to Thomasson, an annuity of 10 *l.* a year for life; to Crockford, 20 *l.*; and to his undergardner, and the son of his son's nurse, to whom he was very kind, whilst she lived, 10 *l.* To one of his tenants, who had also been a laborer on his farm, he left 20 *l.*; to two others, who were widows, ten guineas each; whilst to the occupiers of the remainder of his cottages, he bequeathed five pounds a-piece. Nor was

he unmindful of his relations and connections as a Christian. Mr. Townsend, Mr. Smith, and Dr. Stennet, the ministers upon whose preaching he more regularly attended, received, as a slight memorial of his regard, the sum of twenty guineas each; whilst to ten poor members of their respective congregations, and also of those of Mr. Symonds, and of the church at Cotton-end, to both of which he was a subscriber to his death, he left two guineas each. Dr. Price, Dr. Aikin, Mr. Densham, and Mr. Cole, the friends who had principally assisted him in the composition of his works, were also remembered in his will, by the same legacy as he bequeathed to his pastor, and the more intimate of his ministerial friends. A gift of any three or four of his pictures and prints that he might choose, to Samuel Whitbread, Esq. as a memorial of his long friendship; —and directing that his body might be buried wherever he should happen to die, so that the expense did not exceed ten or fifteen guineas; he constituted his son the sole residuary legatee under a will, which closes with this characteristic sentence:—"My immortal spirit I cast on the sovereign mercy of God, through Jesus Christ, who is the Lord, my strength, and my song, and, I trust, is become my salvation; and I desire that a plain slip of marble may be placed under that of my late wife, containing an inscription of my name, and the year that I died; with this motto, "*Spes mea Christus.*" My hope is in Christ.

Having bequeathed as one of his first legacies, the sum of one hundred pounds, to be distributed at the discretion of his executors, amongst such poor prisoners as they should think proper objects;—the one half to debtors;—by a codicil, dated July 2, 1789, which could have been but a day or two before he left his home and

his country for ever, he made a more munificent bequest in their favor, by redeeming his pledge of leaving five hundred pounds to a society for alleviating the miseries of public prisons, provided such a society should be formed within three years after his decease. His next care was to select a proper guardian for his son, so long as he should continue to need a guardian's care, during the period he had fixed for his absence abroad; and his choice very prudently fell upon Mr. Whitbread, who had the entire control and direction of the person and fortune of this unhappy young man, until he was released from a state of continued derangement, by his death, which happened in the asylum at Leicester, on the 24th of April, 1799, in the thirty-fifth year of his age.

If, in the uncommon assemblage of virtues which concentrated themselves in Mr. Howard's character, one shone with a superior lustre to the rest, it was his unfeigned humility; and of this he gave the most unquestionable proofs to the latest hour of his existence. Previous to his departure from Cardington, on his last journey, he spent much time in unreserved converse with his confidential friend Mr. Smith, chiefly respecting the arrangements he had made in the event of his death. His monumental inscription he had fixed upon some years before; but in order to secure its adoption, he now had it cut upon a tablet, which he directed to be placed, under that of his beloved Henrietta, at Cardington, leaving blank spaces for the insertion of his age, and the day, year, and place of his decease. Naturally supposing, too, that a funeral sermon would be expected at his death, from the minister who, for so many years, had performed towards him all the duties of a faithful pastor, as well as of a most intimate and affectionate friend, he gave Mr. Smith very particular directions

both as to the text he should take, and the sermon he should preach upon that occasion. For the former he selected the last verse of the seventeenth Psalm, as being expressive of the prevailing desire of his heart. "That text," said he, "is the most appropriate to my feelings of any I know: for I can indeed join with the Psalmist in saying, 'As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.'"

From his particular aversion to any thing being said of him in public, he now exacted from his friend a solemn promise, that in the sermon which he might preach upon occasion of his death, he would not enter into any particulars of his life and actions. And in order, as much as in him lay, to prevent this, he spent some time, during the last days of his residence at Cardington, in destroying all the letters and papers which might be of use in such an attempt.

Ere he left Cardington upon his merciful errand, he made a point of visiting all his tenants, and every individual in his neighbourhood who was either a recipient of his bounty, or ranked in the number of his humble friends. He scrupulously discharged too, every debt which he had contracted in the vicinity, or elsewhere, so that when he left England, he owed not a single farthing to any one.

The evening before his departure, he walked with his old gardener, Joshua Crockford, to a very late hour, in the beautiful fir-walk of his garden, which their own hands, and those of a beloved wife, had planted. He told him, that in the event of his death, he had made provision for his continuing in his situation, as long as he chose to remain there. John Prole, his old and trusty bailiff, he had just put into one of his farms; but as he

was taking leave of his wife, he said to her, in his usual kind manner, "If the farm does not answer your purpose, I will take it into my own hands again, and your husband shall manage it for me. If I come back again, I will have a gate made into the close, and we can then be good neighbours." The day before, he had given her a very pretty tea-caddy, and the miniature of her former mistress, from which the engraving to this work was taken, desiring her to keep them for his sake, should she never see him again. To these presents, on the morning of his departure, he added another, for as his faithful domestic brought him his horse to the door, mounted on a second, which he himself was to ride, he said to her, "I must take your husband away from you for a little while," but, slipping a guinea into her hand, added, "there is something as a recompense for his loss of time; it is not fair to take him from you without making you some amends." And when John Prole was about to take his leave of him in London, whither he had accompanied him on his last journey, Mr. Howard said to him—"Stop, John, I have something for you to take with you to Cardington:" and presently a man brought in two or three paper parcels. "These," said his master, as he delivered them into his hands, "are a present for you to take to your wife, for you must not go home to her empty-handed." On opening them Mrs. Prole found that they contained a quantity of very fine tea and sugar, a portion of which, together with the last guinea she received from him, she declares her determination to keep as long as she lives.

It was originally Mr. Howard's intention to have taken the toilsome and dangerous journey which he meditated, as he had done the preceding one alone; but the urgent entreaties of the servant who had attended

him in most of his former tours, at length obtained permission to accompany him.

It must have been on the 4th or 5th of July, 1789, that attended by his servant, Thomasson, this excellent man left the shores of his native country not to return; for, "In confidence on God, who had been *his* help," he himself informs us, that he cheerfully set out on his journey.

At Utrecht, he spent a day or two with his friend Dr. Brown. "His object," says the Doctor, in his valuable memoranda concerning his short visit, "was to acquire the most accurate information possible relative to the plague, the nature of the disease, the best mode of treating it, and the means most effectual for its cure, or its prevention. This information he intended to communicate to the world in order that all Europe might be benefited by his researches, and a plan, perhaps ultimately devised for preventing this direful scourge from being introduced into those countries whose governments might possess judgment to adopt, and energy to execute such a scheme; or, in the event of its dismal introduction, for arresting its progress, and accomplishing its cure."

Mr. Howard says himself in his diary,—"Important is the inquiry whether it is ever found to arise spontaneously. But as to the nature or cause of this malady I do not entertain much hope of seeing that investigated and ascertained with precision, any more than the cause of the small pox or measles. I would look to the source from whence all evil and suffering have been derived, and would at least endeavour to diminish their bitterness. And Oh! how should I bless God if such a worm is made the instrument of alleviating the

miseries of my fellow creatures, and of thus connecting more strongly the social bond by mutual exertions for mutual relief. If one person has received good, by my labours, it is an honour for which I cannot be too thankful. Let us bless the Lord for all things."

"I was deeply impressed," says Dr. Brown, "by the danger to which my friend would unavoidably be exposed in this expedition, and the risk which the civilized world would run, of losing so valuable a life. I could not, therefore, avoid expressing to Mr. Howard my anxiety on this subject. He replied, with his usual decision, that he was resolved to undertake the journey, and, convinced of its probable utility to mankind, to place his confidence in that Providence, which had hitherto so wonderfully protected him. He added, that if his life was spared, he should be enabled to enlarge the sphere of his usefulness, and if he was appointed to terminate, in this journey, his terrestrial career, he rejoiced to reflect that his life had not been wholly passed in vain; and that others might, perhaps be prompted by his example to complete what he had left unfinished. When I bade him farewell, taking me by the hand, he said, Well, my dear friend! if we do not meet again in this world, I hope we shall meet in heaven.' These were the last expressions which I heard from his lips."

Passing through Germany, Mr. Howard entered Russia by way of Riga.

During Mr. Howard's continuance in Riga and its neighbourhood, he entered in his diary the last observations and reflections with which I have been favoured from that invaluable relic.

"*Riga, Aug.* 23."

"I am firmly persuaded as to the health of our bodies, herbs and fruits, will sustain nature in every respect, far

beyond the best flesh. Is there any comparison to be made between an herb market and a flesh market? The Lord planted a garden for mankind in the beginning, and replenished it with all manner of fruits and herbs. This was the place ordained for man. If these had still been the food of man, he would not have contracted so many diseases in his body, nor cruel vices in his soul. The taste of most sorts of flesh is disagreeable, to those who for any time abstain from it, and none can be competent judges of what I say, but those who have made trial of it.

"I hope I have sources of enjoyment that depend not on the particular spot I inhabit; a rightly cultivated mind, under the power of religion, and the exertion of beneficent dispositions, are a ground of satisfaction little affected by *here* and *there*.

"I hope my soul thirsts for the ordinances of God's house, which I am this day deprived of; but I will make it a day of rest. Through mercy I am brought here in safety: I have this morning read over some solemn transactions of my soul, many years past, and in the most solemn and devout manner renew those vows, which alas! have been too often broken, and acknowledge thee, the Almighty Jehovah, for my Lord and my God. O! God, hear my prayer, and let my cry come before thee."

The solemn transactions here referred to, were the covenant, and the other paper in the nature of a covenant, to which he deliberately signed his name in the year 1766. They were now with equal deliberation, signed again, and renewed three-and-twenty years after they had first been executed.

From Moscow Mr. Howard addressed to his friend Dr. Price, one of the last letters he ever wrote:—

"*Moscow, Sept.* 22, 1789.

"My Dear Friend,

"Your kind desire of hearing from me induces me to write. When I left England, I first stopped at Amsterdam. I proceeded to Osnaburgh, Hanover, Brunswick, and Berlin: then to Konigsbergh, Riga, and Petersburgh, at all which places I visited the prisons and hospitals, which were all flung open to me, and in some the burgomasters accompanied me into the dungeons as well as into the other rooms of confinement.

"I arrived a few days ago in this city, and have begun my rounds. The hospitals are in a sad state: upwards of seventy thousand sailors and recruits died in them last year. I labour to convey the torch of Philanthrophy into these distant regions, as in God's hand no instrument is weak, and in whose presence no flesh must glory.

"I go through Poland into Hungary. I hope to have a few nights of this moon in my journey to Warsaw, which is about a thousand miles. I am well—the weather clear—the mornings fresh. Thermometer forty-eight degrees, but have not yet begun fires. I wish for a mild winter, and shall then make some progress in my European expedition.

"My medical acquaintance give me but little hopes of escaping the plague in Turkey; but my spirits do not at all fail me: and, indeed, I do not look back, but would readily endure any hardships, and encounter any dangers, to be an honour to my christian profession.

"I long to hear from my friend, yet I know not where he can direct to me, unless at Sir Robert Anslie's, Constantinople. I will hope all things. Remember me to sister, nieces, and Mr. Morgan.

"I am, my much esteemed friend, most affectionately and sincerely yours, "JOHN HOWARD."

From the route he here marks out for himself, our Philanthropist was suddenly diverted by the commiseration which he felt for the wretched condition of the sick soldiers in the Russian military hospitals; and to gain further information on this subject, we must now prepare to follow him, in his career of humanity, through the deserts of Tartary, to the confines of the Euxine sea. The first place he visited in these wild and unfrequented regions was Crementshuok, where a new hospital had recently been erected, on the banks of the Nieper, for recruits who fell sick on their march to the army, containing, at this time, in its crowded wards, four hundred patients, several of them very ill of the scurvey, yet dieted on sour bread, and still sourer quas. From the improper mode of treatment, from one-third to one half of their number died here; their intermittent, soon turning into a putrid fever, which swept them off by scores at a time, the younger of them falling its readiest victims.

The next place he visited was Cherson, where he found a second military and naval hospital, in a state no less wretched than that he had recently visited; its wards and passages never being washed, the bedsteads and bedding being equally dirty, and the latter never changed after a patient's death. The more prevalent diseases were scurvy and intermittent fever, which soon turned into a putrid fever, which hurried these hapless victims of inhumanity and neglect, unpitied, to their graves. The attendants on the sick in this wretched hospital,—a pest-house, when the plague was in the town ten or twelve years before, and certainly, though changed in name, a pest-house still—were men sent from different regiments on account of their being useless, from stupidity or drunkenness. "The primary ob-

jects in all hospitals," says Mr. Howard, "seem here neglected, viz. *cleanliness*, *air*, *diet*, *separation*, and *attention*." From this place, on the 17th of November, Mr. Howard addressed a letter to a friend in England, of which but the following short extract has been given to the public :—"Many are here shivering with the ague ; (a morass of twenty miles being before my window.) I give the ounce of bark, and drachm of snake-root and wormwood, which has not failed me once." He mentions also having received information on which he could rely, that no less than seventy-thousand recruits, soldiers and sailors, had died in Russia in the course of the preceding year,—a mortality which he attributed, in a very great degree, to the inattention, ignorance, and inhumanity which he had witnessed, with so much pain, in their hospitals.

From Cherson he made a short excursion to Witowka (now Bokoiaulenskoe), a new settlement, about forty miles distant, where was another hospital for soldiers and recruits. "Every department of this hospital," says Mr. Howard, "seemed neglected and abused. When I saw so many brave fellows, who had fought so well for their country, before Otschakow, suffered to perish here with filth, neglect, and vermin, how did my heart melt within me !" A gentleman who accompanied him in his visit to Witowka, informed him, that between that place and Cherson, he himself had counted twenty-four soldiers lying dead by the road side. About a mile from the new town of St. Nicholas, he inspected four rooms for the sick recruits and prisoners of war. The number crowded into these rooms was, at this time, upwards of three hundred ; many of whom were extremely ill. They had all, however, been carefully shifted on the morning of Mr. How-

ard's visit, the period of his coming having been previously fixed. Having been informed, however, that there were actually about five hundred sick in this place, he was extremely urgent to see the remainder of them, and, as he was not to be diverted from his purpose, when he had reason to suspect that an attempt had been made to impose upon him, he was at length permitted to do, the physician who had accompanied him hither, and several officers, attending him back to the town, where he found fifty objects of such extreme wretchedness, as, in the whole course of his extensive visits to the abodes of misery and vice, he had never before seen together. Most, or all of them were recruits, in the prime of life; many of whom were dying. Turned to the officers at his side, he told them, in a tone of the bitterest reproof, "that in none of the countries *he* had ever visited, had he found so little attention paid to the military as in *Russia*. *He* knew, however," he added, that "what *he* said would have no other effect on them but to make them despise *him*, but he should assuredly relate what he had with so much concern and indignation beheld." As he had anticipated, his military auditors immediately left him.

"Let but a contemplative mind," says Mr. Howard, "reflect a moment upon the condition of these poor destitute wretches, forced from their homes and all their dearest connections, and compare them with those he has seen, cheerful, clean, and happy at a wedding, or village festival; let them be viewed quitting their birthplace, with all their little wardrobe, and their pockets stored with rubles, the gifts of their relations, who never expect to see them more;—now joining their corps in a long march of one or two thousand wersts; their money gone to the officer who conducts them, and defrauds

them of the government allowance; arriving, fatigued and half naked in a distant dreary country, and exposed immediately to military hardships, with harassed bodies and dejected spirits;—and who can wonder that so many droop and die, in a short time, without any apparent illness? The devastations I have seen made by war among so many innocent people, and this in a country where there are such immense tracts of land unoccupied, are shocking to human nature!" In the beginning of January, Mr. Howard returned to Cherson, where he was not at all surprised to learn, a day or two after his arrival, that since he had left Witowka, thirty or forty had died in a day. So great indeed was the mortality in this ill-regulated hospital, that in the last thirteen months, of eleven thousand three hundred and nineteen patients admitted, nineteen hundred and forty-nine had died. In the hospital at Cherson he was concerned to notice, that some of the attendants were intoxicated. "How many patients do I see," he feelingly exclaims, "whose disorders, proceed from the use of spirituous liquors! What strict care should be taken that the attendants do not bring any to sell into the hospital! Have I not seen unmixed spirits served round to sick and dying patients, by persons intoxicated themselves; when, to my great surprise, I was told, that the physician had ordered it as a *treat* to the patients!"

With this sentence ends the memorandum-book in which Mr. Howard made the last record of his observations.

A few pages before the end of the book he wrote the two following sentences: "I am a stranger and pilgrim here; but I trust, through grace, going to a land peopled with my fathers and my kindred, and the friends of my youth; and I trust my spirit will mingle with

those pious dead, and be for ever with the Lord." The particulars of his sickness and death will now be given.

After having braved the raging fever and the devouring pestilence; after encountering perils innumerable, by land and by water, whilst laboring to mitigate the sufferings of thousands, the period had arrived when he was to fall a victim of his humanity to a single individual.

Amongst the sufferers at Cherson with an infectious fever brought thither by the military, in consequence of her attendance on the balls and masquerades, was a young lady, residing about twenty-one miles from town. The fame which Mr. Howard had acquired during his residence in the neighbourhood, by the exertion of his medical skill, induced her friends to prefer an earnest entreaty that he would visit her. This, however, he at first refused to do, on the ground that he was a physician only to the poor; but hearing that her danger was increased, he at length consented to pay her a visit, which he did, for the first and second time, in the latter end of December, 1789. Having, on these occasions, prescribed what he thought proper, he returned to Cherson, leaving directions with the family to send for him again if she got better; but adding, that if she grew worse, as he feared would be the case, it would be to no purpose to do so. Some time after he got back, a letter, stating that the lady was better, unhappily miscarried, and was not delivered for eight days after it was written. As soon as he perceived the date, he resolved to go immediately. The weather was very cold and tempestuous, and the rain fell in torrents, and as no other conveyance could so readily be procured, he mounted an old dray-horse, and pro-

ceeded, as expeditiously as he could, to the residence of his patient, whom he found in a dying state. Having, soon after his arrival, administered to her something to excite perspiration, as soon as the symptoms of its operation began to appear, he put his hand under the bed-clothes to feel her pulse, and as he did so, the effluvia from her body was so very offensive, that it always was his own opinion, that her fever was then communicated to him. She died on the following day. He immediately returned to Cherson, and a day or two after, having principally confined himself within doors till then, went out to dine with Admiral Mordvinof, who lived about a mile and a half from his lodgings. He staid later than usual, and when he returned, found himself unwell, and thought he had something of the gout flying about him, being subject to attacks of that disease from an early period of his life. He immediately took some sal volatile in a little tea, and thought himself better, until three or four o'clock on the following morning, when, feeling not quite so well, he repeated his former dose. Soon after his usual hour he got up and walked out, but finding himself worse, he soon returned home and took an emetic, which did not prevent a violent attack of fever, on the following night. As soon as he was acquainted with his illness, Prince Potemkin kindly sent his physician to attend him. On the 12th he had a kind of fit, in which he suddenly fell down; his face became black; his breathing difficult; and he remained senseless for half an hour. On the 17th, the fit was repeated; but, as in the former instance, the insensibility which it occasioned was but of short continuance. It was probably at this period that he thus wrote in his memorandum-book. "I would not look on present difficulties, or think of

future ones, in this world, as I am but a pilgrim or wayfaring man, that tarries for a night; this is not my home. May I think what God has done for me, and rely on his power and his grace; for his mercy endureth for ever: but I am faint and low, yet I trust I am pursuing the right way, though too apt to forget my Almighty friend and my God.

"Oh! my soul, remember and record how often God has sent an answer of peace—mercies in the most seasonable times—how often better than thy fears, exceeding thy expectations. Oh why should I distrust this good and faithful God? In his word, he has said, 'In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.' Lord, leave me not to my own wisdom which is folly, nor to my own strength, which is weakness. Help me to glorify *thee* on earth, and finish the work *thou* hast given me to do, and to *thy* name alone be all the praise."

On the cover of the book are two short sentences, rendered doubly valuable from their being, in all probability, the last that Mr. Howard ever wrote:—

"I think I never look into myself, but I find some corruption and sin in my heart; oh God, do thou sanctify and cleanse the thoughts of my depraved heart.

"Oh! that the Son of God, may not have died for me in vain."

On the 18th of January, the symptoms of his disease began to assume a still more alarming appearance, for he was then seized with a violent hiccoughing, which continued the next day. Admiral Priestman, who resided at Cherson, went some few days after he had been totally confined to his house, to see him, when he found him weak and ill, sitting before a stove in his bedroom. On inquiring after his health, he replied, that his end was approaching very fast, that he had several

things to say to him, and thanked him for calling. The Admiral, concluding from his answers, that he was in a melancholy mood, endeavoured to turn the conversation, imagining the whole, or the principal part of his disorder, might be the mere effect of low spirits. Mr. Howard, however, assured him that it was not; and added, in a very impressive, yet cheerful manner, "Priestman, you style this a dull conversation, and endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling upon *death*, but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me: it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured, the subject is more grateful to me than any other."

Then turning from that subject, he spoke of his funeral, and cheerfully gave directions where he would be buried. "There is a spot," said he, "near the village of Dauphigny; this would suit me nicely—you know it well, for I have often said that I should like to be buried there; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral; nor any monument, or monumental inscription whatsoever, to mark where I am laid: but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." Having given these directions, he was desirous that no time should be lost for securing the object of his wishes; for which purpose, the admiral soon afterwards, though very reluctantly, left the house, and he had not been gone long, ere a letter was brought to Mr. Howard from a friend in England, who had lately seen his son at Leicester, and who expressed his hopes that, on his return, he would find him considerably better. When this pleasing account was read to him by his servant, for he was too ill to read it himself, it affected him very sensibly; and his expressions of

the delight which it afforded him, were peculiarly strong. Among other things, he repeatedly desired Thomasson, should his son, by the blessing of God, ever be restored to his reason, to tell him how much and how fervently his father had prayed for his happiness, during an illness which he was now most firmly convinced would be his last. He also observed to him, in reference to the spot he had selected for his grave, probably from its being situated in the grounds of a French gentleman, who had shown him many acts of kindness during his residence at Cherson,—that he should be at the same distance from heaven there, as if brought back to England; adding, that he had long felt no other wish for life, but as it afforded him the means of relieving the distresses of his fellow-creatures. When his friend returned to him with the intelligence that he had executed his commission respecting the place of his interment, a gleam of satisfaction came over his face; and he prepared to go to bed. As the admiral still remained with him, he gave him the letter to read which communicated the improvement that seemed to have taken place in his son's health; and when he had read it, he turned his languid head on his pillow, and asked, "Is not this comfort for a dying father?" He then begged the admiral to read the burial service of the church of England over his body, at his interment, which was the last request he ever made, as he was soon afterwards seized with a third fit, and ceased to speak for an hour or two previous to his decease. Still, however, he was sensible for awhile. On being requested to let the physician be sent for, he nodded his head by way of assent, but before he could arrive, the rattling in the throat had begun, and he soon afterwards breathed his last, at

about eight o'clock in the morning of the 20th of January, 1790.

His remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of people.

The veneration which his virtues had inspired was not confined to the higher ranks of the country in which his latter days were spent; for whilst *they* testified their regret at his loss, the peasantry, whose hard lot he had commiserated—whose gratuitous physician he had been; the soldiery and the sailors, whose wrongs he had so feelingly espoused; the slaves whose chains he would have broken, partook in the general mourning. The grave was made for him on the spot he had chosen, near the village of Dauphigny, which is about five wersts distant from Cherson; and his body was carried to it on a bier drawn by six horses, followed by the carriages of the Prince of Moldavia, Admirals Priestman and Mordvinof; by the general and staff officers of the garrison, and the magistrates and the merchants of Cherson in carriages; a large party of cavalry and other persons on horseback, and between two and three thousand people on foot.

Before his interment, two casts of his face were taken, in plaister, by direction of Prince Potemkin—the one for himself, and the other for Mr. Howard's servant, from whom, on his return to England, it was purchased by the elder Mr. Whitbread, in the possession of whose family it still remains.

Soon after the intelligence of his death had reached the shores of his native country, at least five sermons were preached in commemoration of his piety and his worth, by those ministers, and to those congregations with whom he was more intimately connected by the bonds of Christian fellowship. Of these, Dr. Stennet's

and Mr. Palmer's were immediately printed, and bought up with great avidity; not only on account of their general excellence, but of the authentic particulars of his life, which the habits of friendship in which their authors had lived with him, enabled them to give. The text taken by both of these reverend gentlemen, was the very appropriate one, "Who went about doing good;" the same passage of Scripture having also been selected for a similar purpose by the late Mr. Bull, of Newport Pagnell.

Mr. Smith, in obedience to the express directions he had received, preached, upon this occasion, from the last verse of the seventeenth Psalm; and in doing so, he endeavored, as much as possible, to conform himself to the injunction which Mr. Howard had laid upon him.

It was not in the pulpit, alone, that his removal was deplored. The judges of his country from the bench, and her senators in both houses of parliament, expressed their sorrow; and the periodical journals of the day contained numerous notices of his death.

Whilst public sorrow was thus expressed, the sole memorial which he wished, of his having lived and died, was completed, by inserting the place and time of his decease in the blanks which he had left in the following inscription, now placed under that of his beloved wife, in the church at Cardington.

JOHN HOWARD,
Died at *Cherson*, in *Russian Tartary*,
January 21st, 1790, Aged 64.
Christ is my Hope.

From the produce of the fund which had been raised during his life, a statue, by Bacon, was soon after his

death erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral, whose interior was first converted into a receptacle for monuments by placing there a statue to the memory of Howard with the following inscription :

This extraordinary Man had the Fortune to be honoured whilst living,
In the manner which his Virtues deserved;
He received the Thanks
Of both Houses of the British and Irish Parliaments,
For his eminent Services rendered to his Country and to Mankind.
Our national Prisons and Hospitals
Improved upon the Suggestions of his Wisdom,
Bear Testimony to the Solidity of his Judgment,
And to the Estimation in which he was held.
In every Part of the civilized World,
Which he traversed to reduce the Sum of Human Misery;
From the Throne to the Dungeon, his Name was mentioned
With Respect, Gratitude, and Admiration.
His Modesty alone
Defeated various Efforts that were made during his Life,
To Erect this Statue,
Which the Public has now consecrated to his Memory.
He was born at *Hackney*, in the County of *Middlesex*, Sept. 2d, 1726.
The early Part of his Life he spent in Retirement,
Residing principally upon his paternal Estate,
At Cardington, in Bedfordshire;
For which County he served the Office of Sheriff in the Year 1773.
He expired at *Cherson*, in *Russian Tartary*, on the 20th of Jan. 1790.
A Victim to the perilous and benevolent Attempt
To ascertain the Cause of, and find an efficacious Remedy
For the Plague.
He trod an open but unfrequented Path to Immortality,
In the ardent and unintermitted Exercise of Christian Charity.
May this Tribute to his Fame
Excite an Emulation of his truly glorious Achievements.

Some description of his person, and a general outline of his character may naturally be expected, and will now be given.

In stature, Mr. Howard was rather beneath, than above the common size; thin and spare in his make. There was nothing commanding, but rather something forbidding in his general appearance, which, in the latter period of his life more especially, was that of a foreigner, rather than of an English gentleman. His complexion was somewhat sallow, though it varied, so as at times to assume a much paler hue. His features were large, though not nearly so disproportionate to his figure as his statue, and several of the portraits which have been published, would lead us to suppose. His nose was prominent: but it was the keen, penetrating glance of his eye that brightened his countenance with that quickness and energy of expression which, in spite of the insignificance of his appearance, gave strong indications of a readiness of perception, and a rapidity of execution in whatever he might direct his attention to, far above the grasp of an ordinary mind. There was also a vivacity in his manner, an alertness in his gait, an animation in his gesture, which fully confirmed this opinion of the activity of his mental powers. But with these were united a softness—verging, indeed, on an effeminacy of voice—a gentleness of demeanor, an indescribable sweetness and benevolence in his smile, which tempered the harsher features, and sobered the livelier casts of expression in his intelligent face and characteristic air. Such, indeed, was the energy of his nature, and the celerity of his movements, that, in the language of one of his biographers, who knew him well, "Give him a hint of any thing he had left short, or any new acquisition to be made, and while you might suppose he was deliberating about it, you were surprised with finding *it was done*."

"The energy of his determination," says Foster, in his celebrated Essay on Decision of Character, "was so great, that if instead of being habitual, it had been shewn only for a short time on particular occasions, it would have appeared a vehement impetuosity; but by being unintermitted, it had an equability of manner which scarcely appeared to exceed the tone of a calm constancy, it was so totally the reverse of any thing like turbulence or agitation. It was the calmness of an intensity kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and by the character of the individual, forbidding it to be less. The habitual passion of his mind was a measure of feeling almost equal to the temporary extremes and paroxysms of common minds: as a great river, in its customary state, is equal to a small or moderate one when swollen to a torrent. The moment of finishing his plans in deliberation, and commencing them in action, was the same. I wonder what must have been the amount of that bribe in emolument or pleasure, that would have detained him a week inactive after their final adjustment. The law which carries water down a declivity, was not more unconquerable and invariable than the determination of his feelings towards the main object. The importance of this object held his faculties in a state of excitement which was too rigid to be affected by lighter interests, and on which therefore the beauties of nature and of art had no power. He had no leisure feeling which he could spare to be diverted among the innumerable varieties of the extensive scene which he traversed; all his subordinate feelings lost their separate existence and operation, by falling into the grand one. There have not been wanting trivial minds, to mark this as a fault in his character. But the mere man of taste

ought to be silent respecting such a man as Howard; for he is above their sphere of judgment. The invisible spirits, who fulfil their commission of philanthropy among mortals, do not care about pictures, statues, and sumptuous buildings; and no more did he, when the time in which he must have inspected and admired them, would have been taken from the work to which he had consecrated his life. The curiosity which he might feel, was reduced to wait till the hour should arrive, when its gratification should be presented by conscience, which kept a scrupulous charge of all his time, as the most sacred duty of that hour. If he was at every hour, when it came, fated to feel that the attractions of the fine arts had but a second claim, they might be sure of their revenge; for no other man will ever visit Rome under such a despotic consciousness of duty as to refuse himself time for surveying the magnificence of its ruins. Such a sin against taste is very far beyond the reach of common saintship to commit. It implied an inconceivable severity of conviction, that he had *one thing to do*, and that he who would do some great thing in this short life, must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces, as, to idle spectators who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity. His attention was so strongly and tenaciously fixed on his object, that even at the greatest distance, as the Egyptian pyramids to travellers, it appeared to him with a luminous distinctness as if it had been nigh, and beguiled the toilsome length of labour and enterprise by which he was to reach it. It was so conspicuous before him, that not a step deviated from the direction, and every movement and every day was an approximation. As his method referred every thing he did and thought to the end, and as his exertion did not relax for a moment,

he made the trial, so seldom made, what is the utmost effect which may be granted to the last possible efforts of a human agent; and therefore what he did not accomplish, he might conclude to be placed beyond the sphere of mortal activity, and calmly leave to the immediate disposal of Omnipotence."

The sublimity of this course is far above the level of ordinary comprehension; we cannot, therefore, be surprised that the motives of the exalted being who pursued it, unmoved alike by the applause, or the derision of the world around him, should have been misrepresented; and that those who might hesitate to brand him as a madman, should have thought him an enthusiast. If, however, we take this term in its general acceptation, never certainly was it less appropriate to any one than to Howard; for in no one instance of his life did his feelings overcome his judgment, or the coolness of his temper, and the steadiness of his purpose, give way to the wild extravagances of a heated imagination. In every thing he undertook he was actuated by a sense of duty: and to that sense every passion, and feeling, and inclination, was habitually subjected. Not, indeed, but that he felt as other men, for he had a heart most keenly alive to every kindly emotion, and every vivid impulse which the good can cherish, or receive. "I have equally seen," says his friend and biographer, Dr. Aikin, "the tear of sensibility start into his eyes on recalling some of the distressing scenes to which he had been witness, and the spirit of indignation flash from them on relating instances of baseness and oppression." But every passion and every emotion was under such complete command, that in no circumstances in which he was placed, though many of them were trying and critical in the extreme, was he ever agi-

tated, or thrown, for a moment, off his guard; but master of himself at all times, and upon all occasions, his self-possession never forsook him, and he was prepared to act with firmness, with coolness, and with prudence, whatever might be the extremity to which he was unexpectedly reduced. Calm, steady spirits were the chief subject of his self-gratulation, and of his grateful acknowledgments to God by whom they were imparted.—Intrepidity, courage, fortitude;—these are features in his character which, through the whole course of the proceeding narrative of his life, the reader cannot fail to have observed. Whatever his sense of duty called him to perform, no danger could deter him from attempting; for having made up his mind that it *was* his duty, to use his expression to a friend who once intimated his apprehensions for his safety, "he thrusted all consequences from his view, and was resolved to follow wherever Providence led." Fearless of the face of mortals, however exalted their station, he told the bold and naked truth, disagreeable as it might be to their ears, alike to the emperor and the slave; and advocated the cause of humanity, as firmly, as freely, and as faithfully, in the presence of kings, senators, and magistrates, as of turnkeys and jailers. Yet he did not this from any disrespect to constituted authorities, which, in obedience to divine command, and from a love of social order, he was at all times ready to support; being a staunch friend to due subordination in every state, and to a vigorous exertion of civil authority, wherever it was directed to the attainment of a laudable purpose. Still, however, he was duly sensible of the inestimable advantages of a free constitution, and, though interfering but little with the politics of the day, he was one of those who rejoiced at the issue of the improvident con-

test into which we were foolishly plunged with our American colonies; and, in the narrow circle in which he moved at home, evinced himself on several occasions a spirited opponent of aristocratical influence. The fatigues, the dangers, the privations, he underwent, or encountered for the good of others, were such as no one else was ever exposed to in such a cause, and as few could have endured. He often travelled several nights and days without stopping, over roads almost impassable; in weather the most inclement; with accommodations the meanest and most wretched. Summer and winter, heat and cold, rain and snow, in all their extremes, failed alike to stay him for a moment in his course; whilst plague, pestilence, and famine, instead of being evils that he shunned, were those with which he was the most familiar, and to many of whose horrors he voluntarily exposed himself, that, at the risk of his own life, he might devise the means of saving the lives, or mitigating the sufferings of their hapless victims. But for the accomplishment of this glorious purpose he was endued, or, more correctly speaking, had acquired habits of temperance and a command over all corporeal appetites, which would rival, or, if we look to their motives, excel those of the most self-denying philosopher of ancient, or rigid ascetic of modern times. The abstemious diet which, at an earlier period of his life, he adopted from a regard to his health, he afterwards continued, and even increased in its rigor, from principle and from choice; and though many good men will no doubt feel disposed to controvert the reasons which, in a moral point of view, led him to its adoption, there cannot be two opinions on the advantages he derived from it. For the greater part, if not the whole of the period in which he was engaged in the pursuit of his grand scheme

of benevolence, he discarded from his alimentary regimen every thing in the shape of indulgence, which even the most temperate have held to be essential to the preservation of their health and strength. In the number of these was animal food, and fermented liquors of every kind, even to an oyster, or a glass of table-beer. Tea, milk, butter, cheese, fruit, vegetables, were his greatest luxuries; and those were enjoyed but in very moderate quantities, and with a perfect indifference as to the times at which they were taken. "Thus," as his friend Dr. Aikin very justly observes, "he found his wants supplied in almost every place where *man* existed, and was as well provided in the posadas of Spain and caravanseras of Turkey, as in the inns and hotels of England and France. Water," he continues, "was one of his principal necessaries, for he was a very Mussulman in his ablutions; and, if nicety or delicacy had place with him in any respect, it was in the perfect cleanliness of his whole person." These ablutions he regularly performed in the depth of the coldest winter, by plunging into a bath, whenever he had the opportunity of doing so; and I am informed, from the most undoubted authority, that when he had not, he would frequently lay himself down, for some considerable time, between two sheets, damped for the express purpose of communicating to his body that degree of cold, which, by accidentally striking from wet linen unto frames less hardy, has been the immediate cause of death. With the same view of lessening the liability to suffer from exposure to sudden damps, and to render the constitution more robust, he always remonstrated with great earnestness against the airing of linen, either for children or persons grown up in life, never suffering his own, under any circumstances, to be placed near a

fire, before he put it on. But the extent of his conquests over the wants, or supposed wants, of our nature ended not here, as even sleep seemed not necessary to him in the proportion which other men require. When at home, six hours appear to have been his *maximum*; but whilst travelling, he could, and did, for a long while together, pursue his journeys with but one night's rest in three, and that, upon more than one occasion, taken in his carriage, as he proceeded on his way through five or six hundred miles of wretched road, without stopping but to change horses.

He was happily endowed with an understanding precisely fitted to the singular line of inquiry which he marked out to himself. Its powers cannot be better described than in the language of Dr. Aikin. "He had not, in a high degree," says this able and judicious writer, "that extensive comprehension, that faculty of generalizing, which is said to distinguish the man of genius, but which, without a previous collection of authentic materials, is ever apt to lead into erroneous speculations. He was rather a man of detail; of laborious accuracy and minute examination; and therefore he had the proper qualities for one who was to lead the way in researches where all was ignorance, confusion, and local custom. Who but such a man could have collected a body of information, which has made even professional men acquainted with interesting facts that they never before knew; and has given the English reader a more exact knowledge of practices followed in Russia and Spain, than he before had of those in his own country? This minuteness of detail was what he ever regarded as his peculiar province. As he was of all men the most modest estimater of his own abilities, he

used to say, 'I am the *plodder*, who goes about to collect materials for men of genius to make use of.' "

Ever consistent with himself, he was the same benevolent being; the same decided character; the same temperate liver, in the circle of his friends, and the bosom of his family, as he was when the gaze of the world was upon him. This remarkable correspondence of every action in every relation of life so as to form one beautiful and harmonious whole, is strikingly exhibited by Dr. Chalmers. "I can conceive a still loftier flight of humanity—a man, the aspiring of whose heart for the good of man, knows no limitations—whose longings and whose conceptions on this subject, overleap all the barriers of geography—who, looking on himself as a brother of the species, links every spare energy which belongs to him, with the cause of its melioration—who can embrace within the grasp of his ample desires the whole family of mankind—and who, in obedience to a heaven-born movement of principle within him, separates himself to some big and busy enterprise, which is to tell on the moral destinies of the world. Oh! could such a man mix up the softenings of private virtue, with the habit of so sublime a comprehension—if, amid those magnificent darings of thought and of performance, the mildness of his benignant eye could still continue to cheer the retreat of his family, and to spread the charm and the sacredness of piety among all its members—could he even mingle himself in all the gentleness of a soothed and smiling heart, with the playfulness of his children—and also find strength to shed the blessings of his presence and his counsel over the vicinity around him;—oh! would not the combination of so much grace with so much

loftiness, only serve the more to aggrandize him? Would not the one ingredient of a character so rare, go to illustrate and to magnify the other? And would not you pronounce him to be the fairest specimen of our nature, who could so call out all your tenderness, while he challenged and compelled all your veneration? And, were I in search of that fine union of grace and of greatness which I have now been insisting on, and in virtue of which, the enlightened Christian can at once find room in his bosom for the concerns of universal humanity, and for the play of kindliness towards every individual he met with—I could nowhere more readily expect to find it, than in the HOWARD of a former generation."

In him was concentrated a rare union of intrepidity and coolness; decision and enterprise; disinterestedness and humility; temperance and benevolence; fearlessness of man, and devotedness to God. After he was 45 years of age, during the short period of sixteen or seventeen years, at an expense to himself of thirty thousand pounds, he travelled between fifty and sixty thousand miles, for the sole purpose of relieving the distresses of the most wretched of the human race!!

END OF THE MEMOIRS.

APPENDIX.

HOWARD BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, BOSTON.

The name and efforts of HOWARD have given an impulse to benevolent feeling, and led to the organization of innumerable general and local Societies, for the alleviation of suffering humanity. This is a pleasing thought, and evinces the incalculable benefits which result from the exertions of *one man*, when he is actuated by the principles of deep-toned piety and untiring Philanthropy.

Among the numerous charitable institutions in Boston, the "Howard Benevolent Society," justly holds a distinguished rank. Probably no other institution in the city, with the same means, ever administered more mercy to sickness, and poverty, or more consolation to the troubled mind, than this society. Its success is principally owing to a wise feature of its constitution, which requires a personal knowledge of distress before relief be granted,—and to the judicious character of its members, among whom have been found our most active and respectable citizens.

This Society is only one among many kindred institutions in both hemispheres, which may be considered as the fruits of the example of the great HOWARD. Such societies prove the advance of christian sympathy in the human breast, and bespeak the approach of millennial happiness.

Having access to the records of the Society, through the politeness of its Secretary and Treasurer, we conceive it to be appropriate, to add to this interesting Memoir a brief notice of its organization—the amount of monies distributed to the objects of its charities—and a list of its principal officers and anniversary preachers.

This Society was formed by "a few individuals on Monday, the first day of June, 1812, convened at the house of Mr. Matthew Parke, with the intention of forming a Society for the assistance of the destitute sick."—At this evening meeting, Mr. M. F. Pulsifer acted as *President*, and Mr. G. L. Freeman, as *Secretary*. An animated preamble and judicious constitution were than adopted. Its officers are a President, Secretary, Treasurer, and a Standing Committee, of sixteen persons, as almoners to distribute its charities.

Feb. 16, 1818, this Society was incorporated; and, under its revised constitution, it has moved on with celerity in the successive discharge of its high duties. May its character ever be worthy of the pre-eminent name it bears; and a liberal community never be weary in enabling it to pursue its course "*in doing good.*"

From the Treasurer, we learn that above $23000, have been distributed to the poor by the managers, principally in the winter season. This amount has been obtained by contributions after the delivery of the anniversary sermons, and by donations from liberal individuals.

For several years two benevolent individuals have paid one hundred dollars each, for *free beds*, at the General Hospital, subject to the disposal of the Society.

The Society also has a permanent fund of $2600, by Donations from the following persons :—

Capt. Webber, of Boston, ...	$1000, 00
William Lambert, of Roxbury, ...	200, 00
Mrs. Dearborn, ...	100, 00
Various Individuals, ...	1300, 00
	2600, 00

May the examples here presented of Christian liberality, be followed by many others, who possess an abundance of this world's goods, and they will then enjoy the happiness of knowing that "it is more blessed to *give* than to *receive*."

LIST

OF OFFICERS AND ANNIVERSARY PREACHERS.

Year,	*Pres.*	*Sec.*	*Treas.*	*Preachers.*
1812,	O. Lowell,	G. L. Freeman,	Marston Allen,	
1813,	J. Woodcock,	L. Grosvenor,	Samuel Adams,	
1814,	John Elliot,	James Clap,	W. C. Parke, jr.	D. Sharp.
1815,	James Clap,	W. C. Gilman,	W. C. Parke, jr.	
1815,	James Clap,	W. C. Gilman,	Andr. Bradshaw,	J. Codman.
1816,	James Clap,	J. W. Rogers,	Andr. Bradshaw,	T. Baldwin.
1817,	Thomas Vose,	William Bates,	Samuel C. Lee,	S. E. Dwight.
1818,	Thomas Vose,	Wm. P. Rice,	Samuel C. Lee,	
1818,	Thomas Vose,	Wm. P. Rice,	Moses Grant,	E. Cornelius.
1819,	Thomas Vose,	Wm. P. Rice,	Moses Grant,	
1820,	Thomas Vose,	Ezra Haskell,	Moses Grant,	R. S. Storrs.
1821,	Thomas Vose,	Ezra Haskell,	Moses Grant,	Ed. Everett.
1822,	J. C. Proctor,	Ezra Haskell,	Moses Grant,	Samuel Guile.
1823,	John Tappan,	J. F. Bumstead,	Moses Grant,	Dr. Jarvis.
1824,	John Tappan,	G. Hallock,	Moses Grant,	J. G. Palfrey.
1825,	John Tappan,	Geo. Rogers,	Moses Grant,	H. Ware, jr.
1826,	John Tappan,	Geo. Rogers,	Moses Grant,	F. Wayland, jr.
1827,	John Tappan,	Geo. Rogers,	Moses Grant,	B. B. Wisner.
1828,	John Tappan,	Geo. Rogers,	Moses Grant,	E. S. Gannett.
1829,	J. C. Warren,	E. G. Parker,	Moses Grant,	A. Potter.
1830,	J. C. Warren,	J. H. Lane,	Moses Grant,	J. D. Knowles.
1831,	J. C. Warren,	J. H. Lane,	Moses Grant,	R. W. Emerson.

EXTRACTS

From a Sermon delivered at an Anniversary of the Howard Benev. Soc.

"The cup of our bliss would be drained of its last drop, if in the present state of things, we had not the privilege of supplying the wants of the destitute and relieving the aching heart. Is it not a luxury to hush the sobs of a poor orphan who is returning from his father's grave to a desolated tenement, by saying to him—"My son! *I* will be a father to you!" Is it not a luxury to assuage the overpowering, or half-stifled griefs of that poor woman, whose husband's arm is torn from under her, by saying—"trust in God—look to me—you shall never want!" Who that is blest with opulence, will not estimate its value, according to the ability it furnishes him of doing good? For what can any one who is worthy the name of MAN be more grateful to Heaven, than for the privilege of being a benefactor to his suffering fellow-creatures! Take away this privilege—life becomes a burden—wealth an idle pageant—honour an empty puff.

"Man was made for deeds of benevolence. When he scorns those deeds, he debases the dignity of his nature; he abandons the high station assigned him by Deity; he surrenders himself to the dominion of a passion, too ignoble for brutes to indulge. It is that he may retrieve his fallen character, and show himself the disciple of Jesus, that he is planted in these wide wastes of natural disorder and spiritual death.

"Point me to the man that ever felt the poorer for the abundance of his charities. Point me to the man who has tasted the pleasures of giving freely to the Lord, and to the poor, that is willing to be debarred those pleasures. I need not say, that thousands are now living, who will testify that the foundation of their prosperity was laid in the beneficence of their parents, humbly imitated by themselves, and that they find the highest delights of life in their munificence to religious and charitable institutions. There are thousands living, who will declare with one voice, that poverty itself has no terrors compared with covetousness, and that a little which the generous man hath, is better than great riches, with a selfish spirit.

"Even a heathen could say, when standing on the wreck of his fortune, "I have nothing left, except what I have given away." The brave, but voluptuous Roman, while *uninstructed* in the principles of Christianity, felt a glow of animation amid surrounding ruins which nothing could have inspired, save an experimental conviction, that generosity and kindness shall never lose their reward. Might I adduce as a witness, the distinguished philanthropist whose spirit is the pillar, and whose name is the ornament of the Society for which I plead—would not every deed of his life, every moment of patient toil, every adventurous enterprise, in which he embarked, every eulogium that honours his memory, sustain the point, and shew the rewards of charity? Give me the sterling wealth of HOWARD, and he that will may take the wealth of Crœsus. Give me the empire of HOWARD over the *miseries* of man, and he that will may take the empire of Cæsar. Give me the pre-eminent honours of Howard, and he that will may glitter in the pageantry of crowns, and twine around him all the insignia of worldly grandeur.

"Permit me to address myself for a moment, to the Benevolent Society, at whose request I now plead the cause of God, and suffering humanity.

"Your object is noble—more—it is Christian! You are not satisfied, when you have relieved their temporal wants. You wish to convey to them the soul healing waters of the Heavenly Siloa, and to break to them that bread which endureth to eternal life. You would lay them at Jesus' feet, that he might heal them, and that angels might conduct their departing spirits to Abraham's bosom. These designs cannot be too much applauded, nor the tendency of the means you employ, doubted.

"Yes! show to the poor—show to the world what Christianity *is;* not a cold system of speculative notions. Show them that it is not Pride, looking contemptuously on the lowly cottage; but Pity, tendering Heaven's best blessings to the abject. Show them that it is not the hard-heartedness of the Priest or the Levite, passing by on the other side, but the sympathy and generosity of the Good Samaritan, binding up wounds, and pouring in the oil of joy.

"A word to this assembly. Turn to the records of the Society for which I ask your aid to-night, and you shall find the pen of History writing a tale of wo, of which the picture I give you, is but a feeble transcript. These friends of human happiness have penetrated the recesses of poverty—they have plunged into the bosom of distress, and marked its writhings—they have employed themselves in taking the gauge of wretchedness around them, and are extending their arms to help;—they are visiting Christ in prison—feeding and clothing his destitute members, and looking for their reward to that day, when he shall say to them, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Will you not then, gladly make them the Almoners of your bounty—become their helpers in this divine labour, and partakers with them of the glory that shall follow?"

ANNIVERSARY ODE.

Written by a Gentleman of Boston.

"They who with generous footstep press,
To help the widow in distress;
To wipe the orphan's falling tear;
And humble drooping worth to rear;—
Can never fail with joy to find,
Their actions honor'd by mankind.

For acts like these was HOWARD known;
He made misfortune's pang his own.
Death seized this hero premature,
While laboring for the sick and poor:
To *them* his martyr'd life was given,
To *him* a glorious crown in heaven.

Here, too, congenial hearts can feel,
And kindle with a HOWARD's zeal;
The virtuous rich ne'er scorn the door,
Where dwell the unobtrusive poor;
The hand that makes life's miseries less,
Our Heavenly Father's smile will bless.

TRUE CHARITY A CHECK TO PAUPERISM.

A

DISCOURSE

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE HOWARD BENEVOLENT SOCIETY

AT THE

OLD SOUTH CHURCH,

JANUARY 24, 1841.

BY REV. WILLIAM HAGUE,
Pastor of the Church in Federal street.

SECOND EDITION.

BOSTON:
GOULD, KENDALL, & LINCOLN.
1841.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Discourse is published in accordance with a vote of the Executive Committee of the HOWARD BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, — believing the principles set forth to be those of "*True Charity*," exhibiting, in a clear and lucid manner, the proper method of relieving the sufferings of poverty, without nourishing vice or awarding a premium to sloth, and thus increasing the virulence of the evil we profess to remedy. With the hope that its circulation may aid the Society in its good designs, it is commended to the Christian public, and especially to Him who hath said, "BLESSED IS HE WHO CONSIDERETH THE POOR."

BOSTON, MARCH, 1841.

S. N. Dickinson, Printer,
52 Washington st. Boston.

DISCOURSE.

PSALMS XLI. I.

BLESSED IS HE WHO CONSIDERETH THE POOR.

THE text describes a character. It would let us know, who it is that may be called a happy man, and asserts that it is the charitable man —*he who considereth the poor*. The selfish man of the world, taking counsel of his own heart, may ask, "How can that be? Is there any thing attractive in the sight of squalid want, of tattered garments, of bitter tears, and helpless misery? I can conceive of enjoyment in con-

sidering the wonders and glories of creation; the sky, and earth, and sea, in their mild beauty or their stormy grandeur; in beholding the bloom of Nature, or the charms of art; in surrounding one's self with the innocent delights which wealth may command; the comforts of home and the pleasures of select society; in breathing the fresh and fragrant air of one's own parlor, where the sweet influences of music, and song, and literature, and friendship, all combine to dispel care, to soften the asperities of life, to smooth the brow, and light up the features with the expression of a chastened hilarity. These are things worth living for, and the anticipa-

tion of them nerves me to dare and to endure. And having gained all these, can it be *happiness* to leave all, even for an hour, to breathe the damp, pent-up air of the garrets and cellars of the poor; to hear their complaints, to share their sorrows, and to diminish one's amount of property for their sake? No. You may call it a duty, a task—a tax to be paid—a burden to be borne; but it is contrary to reason and experience to call it a *means of happiness.*" So speaks the mere worldling, both in theory and practice. The "luxury of doing good" he knows not. Of the charity that is "twice blessed—blessing him that gives and him that takes"—he has

no conception. The very phrase seems to be drawn from the romance, not the reality of life. His oracle does not teach it, his maxims do not recognize it. No: the doctrine that it is *happiness* to consider the poor, that it is "more blessed to give than to receive," is not the language of the world's philosophy, nor a sentiment inspired by the genius of ambition, nor promulgated from the throne of fashion; but the teaching of that Christianity, whose spirit is the spirit of pure benevolence, and which seeks to touch and move our hearts by the example of Him who, though he was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be made rich.

The world's philosophy has no *heart*. The Epicurean said to his disciple, "Take care of your health, avoid excess in order to avoid satiety—be temperate in order to enjoy—surround yourself with all that is agreeable, shun all unpleasant sights and sounds—and thus will you attain the chief end of man." As the oracle spoke, sensuality took the hint, placed herself among the virtues, and in the name of reason extinguished sympathy for the poor. The Stoic said, "Take things as they come—fate governs all—what is, cannot be altered, and the wise man cares for nothing. Do you complain of pain? Believe me, it is no evil. Do you groan under misfor-

tune? Be a man, and despise it. Do you speak of poverty and privation? A wise man will be as happy in that condition as any other. Do you grieve for the woes of others? Eschew such sorrows. Why should I pity others, since I should be ashamed to ask or receive pity for myself?" Thus, to get rid of misery, it crushed sensibility, turned the heart of flesh to stone, and cherished a pride whose tender mercy was cruel.

Paganism *had no heart.* The natural religious sentiment, perverted into superstition, clothed in the garb of an elegant mythology, leading to the worship of

> Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
> Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust,

did nothing to promote the growth of charity, or to meliorate the condition of the poor. It gave man up to vile affections, quickened his lowest propensities, established their dominion, and left him "implacable and unmerciful." Neither in Greece, or Italy, where it put on its finest form, did it leave any memorial of its beneficence in the shape of a hospital, or a public institution to *benefit the poor*. The nearest approach to aught like this, was a regulation of Trajan, for the education of poor children, which he first confined to Rome, and then extended to Italy. It was, however, an imperial decree, not a charitable institution; for the legal interest of money being

then twelve per cent., the Emperor lent money at five per cent., and obliged all his debtors to pay the interest into an office established for the purpose. The interest being low, the number of borrowers was large, and the treasury overflowing. But this was an appeal to covetousness, not to benevolence, and in keeping with the spirit of a low and selfish system of religion. It remained for Christianity to proclaim to the world the true *law of love;* to take this element of goodness, which Judaism had confined to a narrow pale, and to make it universal; and in saying to each and all, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, to show that the angels who had her-

alded its birth, were true to its spirit of philanthrophy, when they sang, Peace on earth and good-will to man.

But in Christianity there is no *ultraism*. That is, there is in it no tendency to fix the attention on one thing, to the neglect of the relations which it bears to other things. It has no such impress of human imperfection. Its mercy has a definite relation to justice; its benefactions are suited to condition and character. In seeking to relieve poverty, it does not overlook the cause and cure of poverty. It does not forget that industry is a virtue, that idleness is a shame and sin; that to give alms to a beggar who is able to help himself, is to award a premium to sloth,

to nourish vice, and so to increase the evil which we profess to remedy. Thus it enforces the arrangement of the Author of Nature, who has made exertion essential to comfort. It declares that "drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags;" that while the garden of the sluggard is bearing briars, and he folds his hands, "his poverty shall come as one that travaileth, and his want as an armed man;" *that he who dealeth with a slack hand shall be poor*, and with the voice of entreaty, beseeches all to *study to be quiet, to do their own business, to work with their own hands, that they may walk honestly, and have lack of nothing;* and then, with the voice of authority, utters its

command, saying, "*If any man* WILL NOT work, neither shall he eat." While, therefore, it teaches us to seek out and relieve helpless distress, it forbids us to reverse the law of Nature, which makes want the consequent of sloth, and the pains of hunger the punishment of a wilful and shameless beggary.

Thus we see that the benevolence of Christianity commands the respect of the judgment, as well as the suffrage of the heart; addresses not only the feeling of compassion, but also the sense of justice and of fitness. A system of charity, in order to gain an effective hold upon the mind of an intelligent community, must have regard to both of these

elements. Now, it is quite remarkable, that wherever the teachings of the Bible have not furnished a standard of action, where they have been unknown or unstudied, there has been a neglect of one or the other of these features in the mode of treating the poor. The poor have either been despised, or else helped in such a way as to injure them. Poverty has been treated with cruelty, as if it were a deserved disgrace and punishment, or else so relieved as to aggravate it. Alms have either been withheld entirely, or so dispensed as to extinguish in the poor all sense of honor or of shame, and to smooth their path, in descending to still lower depths.

The sigh of distress has been constantly opening afresh the fountains of feeling in the bosoms of the compassionate, and the abuses of compassion have been steeling the hearts of another class of men against all appeals to pity.

How to give immediate relief to the sufferings of poverty, so as not to increase its ultimate virulence, is a grave and interesting problem. Especially must it be so regarded by a youthful nation like this, who can exclude from our soil the very germs of those evils, which the older nations of the world are laboring as with convulsive death-throes to extirpate. What deep groans is England heaving at this hour, under the

weight of her pauperism! It has been said by Lord Brougham, in his place in the House of Lords, that "the sad system of the poor laws had entailed on the people of the country miseries which were yet unmeasured. They had ruined the property of the country, and brought equal ruin on the character of the laboring classes. They had led these classes into a condition where industry was robbed of its rights, and idleness, vice, and profligacy had usurped those rights; while property was reduced to a state (not even by a change so beneficial as an agrarian law,) bordering on destruction. In short, England, under the operation of those poor laws, exhibited at this

moment a country, where was peace without plenty, profound outward tranquillity, with constant inward disturbance, and rancor between the two great classes—the laborers and the rich." These truths are as obvious, as they are startling.

The American, on arriving in England, is often struck with the fact, that the poor around him, who have emerged to the light of day, have come up from far lower depths of misery and degradation, than any which exists in his native land. And yet in England, the poor rates amount to more than twice the expenses of government in the United States—even to thirty millions of dollars a year! Besides this, what

a vast amount is given by the hand of private charity to the deserving poor, as well as to professed beggars! Bad as the moral effect of luxury may be, it is doubtless far better for society, that the rich should spend their money in the luxuries that create employment, than that by a close economy they should give all their surplus to the poor.

It matters somewhat, but not a great deal, whether the begging poor can calculate on a sum of money furnished by poor laws, or by charitable societies. In the latter case, there is a stronger appeal to gratitude. But in either case, the sum is placed among their regular

expenditures; the good which it does them is very temporary, while the evil is very great and lasting. How effectually does it palsy the spirit of self-reliance, the principle of self-respect, and break the inward spring of moral energy and manly virtue! The more ample and sure these provisions are beyond a certain limit, the more numerous the poor become. The truth of this may be seen illustrated in some parts of Italy, where, according to the popular doctrine, almsgiving is made so much of as a meritorious means of purchasing Divine rewards. There, the splendors of the sky, the balmy air, the fertile fields, the miracles of art and genius, often

awaken in the traveller's bosom an exquisite pleasure, which ever and anon is marred and dissipated by the scenes of human wretchedness around him. At Rome, you might be lingering, on some evening, at sunset, around that most delightful spot, the Pincian Way, admiring the city spread out below and beyond you, and the radiance of the western horizon, falling in a rich flood upon the mighty dome of St. Peter's. You might be saying to yourself, "What a paradise is this!" But scarcely would you have time to become absorbed in the enchanting vision, ere beggary thrusts its deformities in your sight, lifts its piteous moan, and presses its harassing supplica-

tion. It is a poverty, too, which seems to be more deeply engraven in the countenance, than any which we see here, and to have touched the shrivelled skin, and every nerve and muscle, with a strange power of expressing wretchedness. If any of you have seen West's picture of Christ healing the sick, you have probably noticed with what skill the painter has aimed to show the fact, that in the old world, where poverty is transmitted from generation to generation, most wonderfully a man becomes a very personification of imbecility and misery. And yet at Rome there are richly-endowed institutions for the poor, twenty-two hospitals, and indeed a patrimo-

ny with as LARGE A REVENUE as is to be found in any city in Christendom.

If, then, experiments at home, if observation abroad, if the history of the world, prove any thing, it is, that indiscriminate almsgiving inflicts a heavy curse; that to permit those who can and ought to take care of themselves, to depend on alms at all, is to aggravate calamity. It is to unnerve the inner man, to foster habits adverse to the earthly, spiritual, and eternal good of the poor, and to bring a mighty mass of "dead weight" upon an active community. Instances have been known in this country and in others, of men, just able to sustain themselves by their labor, under an extraordinary

pressure, being invited to partake of some surplus provision for the poor. At first, they have declined, but have at last consented; and from that hour to the day of their death, their names were never off the poor list. Who, that thinks how widely spread and deeply rooted is pauperism in other lands, is not appalled at the thought of its growing with our growth and strengthening with our strength,—of its increasing its multitudes here, where each class of society is so intimately united to every other, bound together in one social compact, and one civil destiny? The question before us, then, is,—what is to be done? In that, each individual should take an interest. The

generic answer to the question is that which the text suggests, *to consider the poor*. To develope and apply this direction, in a few particulars, will occupy the remainder of this discourse. Let me ask you, then, to proceed with me, while I consider the condition of the poor, and the duties thence arising.

The poor, in all countries, may be divided into several classes. I. *There are the vicious poor*. The chief vices which degrade them, the causes of their poverty, are *idleness* and *intemperance*. The action of these is reciprocal. The one produces or fosters the other; and either may bring all evils in its train. Sloth throws open the flood gates of temptation. It has been well said, "an idle mind is *the*

devil's workshop," and the way in which he works has been described somewhere, by a poetic pen.

Of sloth comes weariness—of that comes drinking;
Of drinking comes disease, of disease comes spending;
Of spending comes want—of want comes theft;
Of theft comes what?—a sad catastrophe—
Disgrace without, a hell within, a death unmourned.

Three fourths of the pauperism in this land arises from intemperance, and the evil defies relief, until the cause be removed. Yet in looking at the history of intemperance, let it not be forgotten, that the sin of it among the poor is to some extent to be charged upon the rich. How could the poor be preserved from the vortex of intemperance, when the rich smoothed the way thither by

their example? Whilst the use of ardent spirits was fashionable and honorable—when the invitation to partake of it was deemed the appropriate expression of hospitality—when it was taken at all seasons and on all occasions—in winter to guard against cold, and in summer to guard against heat; to nerve the body amidst the lassitude of labor, and to exhilarate the heart when the spirits were depressed, how could the poor, who had tenfold more need of such a panacea than the rich, be expected to resist the influence of public opinion and practice? Oh no; when now you see the poor victim of intemperance, clad in rags, or shivering with cold, cut him not loose at

once from your sympathies, as being the sole and guilty author of his woes, but remember, that he may have been borne onward to his ruin upon the tide of influence which has come down from the high places of the land, and which, though smooth and gentle in its flow, terminates in a dark unfathomed gulf of helpless misery.

After all that you have read and heard and thought upon this subject, it is not needful that I should now speak to you of the evils of intemperance, of the nature and power of alcohol, its effects upon the body and mind of man, of the burning thirst which every drop creates for more, of the inflamed blood, the quickened

pulse, the fevered brain, the weakened muscle, the unnerved system, which it induces; the callous conscience, the hardened heart, the blunted reason, the distorted judgment, the withered sympathies, the cold chills of a depressed spirit, or the unearthly gleams of a frantic joy, which mark its presence; of the squandered wealth, the blasted reputation, the domestic woes, the sighs of the mother, the tears of the wife, the maddening terrors of the child to which it gives rise; of the rampant passions, and fiend-like purposes, and horrid crimes which it causes; of the constant and increasing taxation of health and wealth, and blood and souls, which this insatiate monster

levies upon the community in which he is permitted to stalk abroad.

But I will say, that it is in vain for us to deplore the evil of pauperism, and worse than in vain to give money to mitigate it, unless we do what we can to dry up the springs of intemperance. In order to do this, it becomes us to summon every element of lawful power at our command. And truly, while mingling our griefs with those of many thousand helpless mourners, whose abodes this vice has made desolate, and while contributing from our purses to their relief, it is a hard thing to be told that legislation can do nothing for us. Is it not hard, that while you are taxed for the support of the poor slaves of

intemperance at South Boston, I should be constrained to ask you to-night to come to our aid in saving from pinching cold and from starvation those more than widowed wives, those more than orphan children who are thus wantonly deprived of their natural protectors? Yet this is a part of my mission here, and the philosophy of a free government which prevails around us, tells you in effect, that no law can provide an antidote for such an evil, because, however largely it may swell its catalogue of woes, the *right* of individuals to inflict them can not be questioned, or at least not invaded. Nevertheless, take courage! The recent reform in Ireland, achieved without the aid

of legislation, is full of incitements to us to move on unweariedly in this great work. Marvellous as is the change wrought there, I doubt not that it will be lasting; for when the poor man comes to find on Saturday night, that he has more abundant comforts than he was wont in his cabin, a cheerful fire on his hearth, a happy family, and money to spare in his pocket, his eyes will be opened to the charms, and his heart enraptured by the blessings of temperance.

But then, secondly, there are the *helpless poor*, whose poverty is the effect of *natural causes*, which include whatever takes from them the ability to labor. The blind, the lame, the

maimed, the aged, orphan children, and such as are burdened with the support of others in a like condition, come within this class. Hard is their lot. To them life has but few attractions. They know nothing of its luxuries, but little of its comforts, and to them earth is, in every sense, "*a vale of tears*," except that, by means of the religion which their faith embraces, Heaven pours its own light around their dark abode, and shows them, that from the gloomy pathway in which they walk, they will emerge into those realms of light and peace, where none shall say, "I am sick," and where the tears shall be wiped from off all faces. With some such I am ac-

quainted, and am much their debtor. I have learned much from them. I have learned lessons of contentment, more deeply learned them, than I could have done by any eloquence of words. I have learned the simplicity, the beauty, the power, of a vital faith in Christ; its fitness to meet man's cravings amidst his darkest hours and deepest wants; and if there be any here who desire to advance in Christian virtue and practical wisdom, I commend such cases to your regard, that you may know the full meaning of the text, "Blessed is the man that considereth the poor."

Let no one deem this the mere language of romance. There are

those whose designation in the "record on high," is, *the poor of my people.* In the midst of their deep poverty, they are rich in the fruits of faith. How often have I thought of this, when accustomed to visit the chamber of one who had been confined to her bed for a long series of years. Emaciated, helpless, dependent to a great degree on the hand of charity, her features were usually lighted up with the expression of a heavenly peace of spirit. To the child of pleasure and of fashion, her abode might seem a gloomy place; to her, it was "the gate of heaven." "It is true," she would say, "my path seems dark and rough, but I am led by a kind Father's hand. I

know that all things shall work together for good to them that love Him. His way is in the deep; the dispensations of his Providence are mysterious; but then,

> "God is his own interpreter,
> And he will make it plain."

And truly, I ask, is it not plain to us all, that in such an instance of meek and suffering piety as this, God speaks to all who witness it, to teach us how little the world can do to make us really happy, and of what transcendent worth are "the riches of his grace." Thus, too, would he quicken our Christian sympathies into lively exercise, by leading us to a tender treatment of those whom, by his own severe discipline,

he is preparing for the skies. For, doubtless, he often sees it to be best to blight our fairest worldly prospects, to draw our hearts to heaven. He mars our "pleasant pictures," in order to save our souls. Just as it was when a celebrated artist stood on a lofty scaffold, endeavoring, by the touches of his magic pencil, to realize the ideas of beauty which were glowing in his mind. All absorbed in his tasteful employment, he was moving quickly backward to the edge of the precipice, to catch a new glimpse of the enchanting object, when in an instant a friendly hand seized a sponge, dashed it upon the picture, and by spoiling its beauty, saved his life. So God

deals with men. The bereaving stroke is often a proof of his love; and while he regards the sufferer with a friendly eye, has that sufferer no claim on our regard, sympathy and care? Most eminently shall it be found true, in such a case, "he that giveth unto the poor, lendeth unto the Lord."

There is a third class, who may be called the *temporarily* poor, whose want arises from transient and accidental causes,—as misfortune in business, unproductive seasons, excessive cold, or lack of employment. They are those whose productive industry is barely sufficient to meet their daily exigencies, and of course the moment their ability to work

ceases, the pressure of want commences. Their case demands special and prompt attention, and peculiar care should be taken in dispensing aid, to do it in such a way as not to diminish their self-respect, nor to palsy the spirit of independence which has lived in their bosoms as a spring of activity. It should prove itself to be the offspring of a fraternal and manly sympathy, seeking to relieve a misfortune to which all are liable; and this, instead of weakening, would quicken that generous ambition to do well, which leads one to look on "the bright side of things," and to make the most of small advantages.

In order to perform well the du-

ties which we owe to this class, it becomes us to cherish a profound respect for man as man, a rational being and a creature of God, capable of being raised from the lowest depths of degradation to the highest walks of virtue, honor, and happiness. This will give power to our benevolence. It will beam forth from our features, it will animate our manners, it will modify our tones of voice, and will enable us to utter those "winged words," which will find their way to the hearts of the poor. The spirit appropriate to this service was once beautifully expressed by Boudon, an eminent French surgeon, who was called to perform an important operation on Cardinal

du Bois, the Prime Minister of France. As he entered the room, the Cardinal said to him, "You must not expect to handle me so roughly as you do those miserable wretches at your hospitals." The surgeon replied with dignity, "My lord, each one of those whom you are pleased to call miserable wretches, is a Prime Minister in my eyes!"

A fourth class consists of the *regular working poor*, whose labor is not sufficient to supply their wants. Their employment is variable; they are dependent on uncertain jobs; they live "from hand to mouth." The family, perhaps, is quite large, having in it a number dependent on the rest—some either very old, or

very young, or quite infirm. Bound together by the ties of family relationship, they often exhibit in a touching manner the domestic virtues, — meekness, tenderness, patience; and, on the other hand, frequently show an utter destitution of all the qualities which make a happy home. These dwell on the borders of beggary. Hard pressed with care, they are beset with temptations to cross that boundary, and take up begging as a trade. Still, for them, that would be a sad descent, both as to happiness and character. This class is very large, and makes a demand for the largest share of Christian consideration. There is continual danger, lest be-

ing sick at heart, with anxiety, disappointment, and neglect, they give themselves up doggedly to their fate, and cease to put forth that energy, which they possess for their own support. What these chiefly need, is the influence of personal friendship—a friendship which shall make them feel that they are thought of, cared for, respected; and which will thence lead them to cherish self-respect. There is probably no one here who is not capable of being a friend, to act such a part for such a family. It would not cost much time or much money, and would often do more good than money. You may be forced to say, sometimes, "silver and gold have I

none;" but if in the spirit of a friend to the poor, you add, "such as I have, give I thee," you may accomplish what would seem almost miraculous to the eyes of others,—in a sense, causing the lame to rise up and walk, thanking you and praising God.

The class of the laboring poor of which I speak, are those who have hard work in buffeting the currents of adversity; and sometimes, as they look around, and feel themselves forgotten, they get discouraged, are tempted to give up exertion, and let themselves sink; but the touch of a friendly hand, and the cheering of a friendly voice, will put new life into them,—will keep them head and

breast above water, and perhaps incite them to struggle on, until they can place their feet on solid ground.

Another thing which this class of the poor justly claim of us, is *liberality in our dealings with them.* They ought not to be left to feel that the rich are their oppressors, who begrudge them the common blessings of Providence, and would wish them to wear a suppliant, cringing air, as if "begging pardon of all flesh for being in the world." This all acknowledge to be true; and yet I might tell you of cases, like the one which I am about to mention, to illustrate the principle. On a cold afternoon, a poor man saw a load of coal laid before the door of a weal-

thy merchant. By some mistake, no one had gone from the coal-wharf to throw it in. The passer-by requested the job. He was a father, having a sick wife, and several children dependent on him. He proposed to do the work for a reasonable sum,—not more than enough to buy a supper for his family. "That is too much, by half," said the merchant. The poor man began to plead his necessities. His manner proved his anxiety to obtain what he sought. This made the merchant sure of carrying his point, and he added, "You may take it, if you choose, for half what you ask; if not, leave it,"—and turning his back, shut the door. That was a

bitter moment to the laborer. In his bosom opposing feelings were struggling for the mastery. At first, he could not brook the thought of taking work on such terms. But then he remembered his cheerless home, his helpless wife, and hungry children; a tear coursed down his manly cheek, and seizing his shovel, achieved the job for nearly half of what he knew it to be worth.

Was that treatment right? No: it was grinding the face of the poor, and incurring that curse, which the Most High uttered, when he said, "He that giveth to the poor shall not lack, but he that hideth his eyes shall have many a curse;" "he that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his

Maker, but he that honoreth God, hath mercy on the poor."

Not far from this place, there lives a widow, who strives to support herself by daily labor. She is employed in making shirts, for each of which she receives seven cents. She is able to make seven of these articles in five days, and of course can earn but little over nine cents a day. Her whole time is employed, her whole strength is tasked, to gain such a paltry pittance. An artful beggar could get more, and without strong virtuous feelings, such persons must yield to the temptation to become beggars. Surely, it is dangerous to cherish a state of things in which any portion of the commu-

nity are forced to feel that they may starve by industry, and thrive by beggary.

In dealing with the active poor, we should show a respect for industry, and endeavor to foster and reward it, whether it be in the case of a man who gains his living by his muscular strength, or a female who toils with her needle. For a people to cherish a right tone of feeling on this point, is better than to spend large fortunes in donations; for by the former, we make the most of what power they have to help themselves, cherish their moral strength and active virtue; by the latter, we do much to destroy all self-reliance, all generous aspirations.

Rousseau, talking in the spirit of a chimerical philosophy, thought that an equal division of property in a community would make all honest and peaceable, as it would remove all temptation to envy, theft, or violence. As well might he have said, that an equal distribution of books would make all men literary, or that an equal distribution of cold water would make all men temperate. No: evils which take their rise from the darkness of the mind, or the disorder of the moral feelings, cannot be removed by such specifics, or any change in the outward condition. The great thing to be done, is, to inculcate right principles, to call forth right affections, and to

form right habits, which are "the elements of character, and the masters of action."

Having respect to these points, it only remains that we adopt some plan, by which, in the dispensation of our charities to the needy, we may guard ourselves against the danger of encouraging idleness or imposture. To this subject, the attention of those who are most deeply interested in the Howard Benevolent Society has been steadfastly directed. On this account, they have cheerfully coöperated with the "Society for the Prevention of Pauperism," which was formed in this city more than five years ago. That Society, acting on the principle that

prevention is better than a remedy, have aimed at crushing the very germs of pauperism. To do this, its first measure has been, to procure employment for the suffering poor, who were able and willing to work. During the past year, seventeen hundred and six persons have been provided with suitable places, through its agency. What a large proportion of these have probably been saved to themselves and to society! Its next object is, to prevent the necessity of street begging. To accomplish this, it provides, by its arrangements, for dispensing aid to those only who will not abuse it. It sustains an agent, who is constantly devoted to its service, and who may

be found at his office every day, from nine to one o'clock, and who spends his afternoons in visiting those who need his personal attention; ascertaining thus their character and condition, and the extent to which aid is desirable. Lest any should feel constrained, from the claims of humanity, to give at hazard to strangers at their doors, the Society furnishes tickets, at six cents each, with which it invites the benevolent to provide themselves; and then, instead of giving money to an unknown applicant, to present him with one or more of these tickets, and direct him to the office, where his wants will be investigated, and proper relief afforded.

If this plan should be universally adopted, it will form an effective check to a portentous and growing evil.

At the office of this central agency of which I speak, delegates from this and other benevolent associations of the city meet monthly, and review their doings, in order that the visitors of the poor may have fully before them the condition of all who have been the subjects of charity. In this way, they are enabled very soon to detect any impostor. From such a position, they may command a full view of the whole rugged landscape of pauperism, and concert the best measures to make its "crooked paths straight,

its rough places plain," and to throw over it a softened aspect of productive industry, peace, and happiness.

Certainly no one, who considers for a moment how easily a large city may become the haunt of shameless mendicants, and that the very renown of its benevolence, the number of its charitable institutions, will attract hordes of such to its streets and recesses, can fail to see the necessity of some system, adapted to counteract so dreadful a tendency. To do this, a beginning has been made, and we call upon all of you, as men, citizens, and Christians, to coöperate in this work. Already the sons of New England, as they have viewed the multitudes

of wretched beings who throng the capitals of Europe, and beset the traveller at every step of his way, have felt their hearts throb with grateful emotion, on being able to say, "the moans of beggary are rarely heard in Boston." Let us arise, and grapple with this evil in good earnest; not merely that we may rejoice in so noble a distinction, but also that we may provoke others to a like labor of love,—to a service so pleasing to God, so auspicious to man.

Having thus expounded the principle on which this Society is acting, I feel that full scope is now given to me, that I may appeal to your hearts to-night, for the exercise of a

warm-hearted liberality to the really needy. I may now feel bold to present to your attention the cases which demand immediate relief. I freely confess, that I should have no heart to plead for a society which scatters its alms without just discrimination. And, faithful as the Howard Benevolent Society may be to the truths which I have proclaimed, yet we would not wish to interfere with the workings of individual charity. But, with respectful earnestness, would we urge on your acceptance this alternative: either take the pains to make thorough investigation touching the characters of those whom you assist, or else act in concert with a Society which

does so, and which is thence worthy to be the almoner of your bounty.

Now, is your benevolence checked by a doubt, whether that bounty would be well applied? To remove that doubt, instead of speaking to you, I would fain take you by the hand, if the occasion allowed, and invite you to accompany me in such a walk as I have lately taken. Soon, on entering a house, you would find yourself at the bottom of a long, narrow, winding staircase, up which I would ask you to follow me. On reaching the top, you would enter a room, where you would see no carpet on the floor, but one chair, a bed on which lies a

sick child, and where yesterday I found the mother leaning over some embers in the fire-place. "Why, Madam," I observed to her, "it is not a *very* cold day, and yet you seem to shiver." "True," she replies; "I have been out washing all day, and feel fatigued and chilled." She is dependent on the labor of her hands. Her husband went to sea three years ago, and has not been heard from since. She has just earned enough to procure some food; but her stock of wood is nearly exhausted. Shall she have some more? This is the question for us to answer, and need I doubt what response it will meet with here?

Descending from this abode of

want, let us proceed to another. Not far distant, on entering a low, ten-foot building, you will see an invalid in middle life, bolstered up in a bed which occupies a large portion of the room. Disease has attacked her heart, and her sufferings are severe. The law of Nature is reversed here; for, instead of the parent, in her declining years, receiving the support of the daughter, she is obliged to bestow on that daughter all the care she did in helpless infancy. Their means of living are exhausted. Some friendly neighbors have supplied them with food; but now the stock of fuel is nearly consumed. Shall we replenish it, or leave the sufferer, throughout her

tedious nights, to feel the pains of cold in addition to those of sickness? This is the question now before us.

Having looked in upon this scene of helpless infirmity, let us turn to one of a different character, not far from it, where you will see the signs of health and industry, and yet of an extreme privation, which powerfully appeals to every generous heart. A mother, busily at work, in making cloth garments, surrounded with several children, neatly clad, attracts your attention. She has been a widow several years; and it was the request of her dying husband, that she would do all that was possible, to keep the family together. To this good work she has

tasked herself, and has toiled both day and night to accomplish it. From her you may learn a lesson of virtuous self-denial; for her table being supplied by the labor of her hands, during two successive years, it has been furnished with no articles of food except those which were deemed *necessary*, all such luxuries as butter and sugar, having been banished. During that period, she has been a prisoner at home, not having in a single instance crossed the sidewalk. And why was this? For a reason that redounds to her honor. In order that her children might attend the common school, the Sunday school, and the sanctuary, she cut up all the

decent clothes she possessed, to supply garments for them! Thus, with all of woman's "deathless trust," and all the energy of a mother's love, has she met the storms of a dark and trying day. It is only occasionally that she has asked assistance,—for sometimes the expense of fuel would exceed her means; and who that has the heart of a man in his bosom, would not feel it writhe with a pang of regret, to be unable to pluck one thorn from the path of such a pilgrim?

For our purpose, I have gone far enough. I need lead you to no other scenes of wo. But suppose that it were in my power to summon before you the whole multitude of

the deserving poor around us; to call forth from their over-crowded or lone recesses, the aged and infirm, the sick, the lame, the maimed, the widow and the fatherless,—truly, then, you would feel with what power unobtrusive misery can plead, and each one of you would say, "mine eye affecteth my heart." Then, if I should ask, "Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?" would you not feel that I spoke in the name of Humanity, and that my voice was only the echo of the voice of Providence? Once, when the Saviour was on earth, he looked with pity on a fainting crowd, and addressed that question to one of his disciples. "This he said to

prove him, for he himself knew what he would do."* And if that inquiry, as it fell from the lips of Christ, formed a part of one man's probation, does it now, as it comes to us from the voice of Providence, form a part of our own? Yes: the Most High hath blessings in reserve for many of the suffering poor; yet, by means of their poverty, He would try us, and give us the opportunity, by kindness to them, to prove our love to Him.

Let it be the aim of all of us who profess to be Christians, to pass this part of our probation well; to feel, in the retrospect of life, that we have so discharged our duties to the

* John vi. 6.

unfortunate around us, as to have become benefactors to them, and to our common country; to be able to say, without invoking a curse on ourselves, in the language of the stricken Patriarch, "If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail, or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless have not partaken thereof; if I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering; if his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep; if I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate: then let mine arm fall from my shoulder-

blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone." Oh! may it be ours to share in the dignity of thousands of the poor, when they shall have exchanged their feeble, sickly frames for bodies refined, spiritual, and glorious; their tattered garments for white robes; their miserable hovels for mansions in the skies; their degradation for immortal honor; their tears for smiles; their groans for hymns of praise. Then, may it be ours, to circle with them the same throne, to unite with them in worship, to sympathize in their gratitude, and to bear a part in their immortal songs.

APPENDIX.

HOWARD BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.*

THE name and efforts of HOWARD have given an impulse to benevolent feeling, and led to the organization of innumerable general and local societies, for the alleviation of suffering humanity. This a pleasing thought, and evinces the incalculable benefits which result from the exertions of *one man*, when he is actuated by the principles of deep-toned piety and untiring Philanthropy.

Among the numerous charitable institutions in Boston, the "Howard Benevolent Society" justly holds a distinguished rank. Probably no other institution in the city, with the same means, ever administered more mercy to sickness and poverty, or more consolation to the troubled mind, than this Society. Its success is principally owing to a wise feature of its constitution, which requires a personal knowledge of distress, before relief be granted,—and to the judicious character of its members, among

* The following is an extract from the Appendix to the "Memoirs of Howard," published in this country,—a work that should be owned and read by every true Christian philanthropist.

whom have been found our most active and respectable citizens.

This Society is only one among many kindred institutions in both hemispheres, which may be considered as the fruits of the example of the great HOWARD. Such Societies prove the advance of Christian sympathy in the human breast, and bespeak the approach of millenial happiness.

This Society was formed by "a few individuals, on Monday, the first day of June, 1812, convened at the house of Mr. Matthew Parke, with the intention of forming a society for the assistance of the destitute sick."—At this evening meeting, Mr. M. S. Pulsifer acted as President, and Mr. G. L. Freeman, as Secretary. An animated preamble and judicious constitution were then adopted. Its officers are a President, Secretary, Treasurer, and a Standing Committee of sixteen persons, as almoners to distribute its charities.

February 16, 1818, this Society was incorporated, and, under its revised constitution, it has moved on in the discharge of its high duties. May its character ever be worthy of the preëminent name it bears; and a liberal community never be weary in enabling it to pursue its course "in doing good."

GOVERNMENT

OF THE

HOWARD BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

MOSES GRANT, PRESIDENT.
ARTEMAS SIMONDS, SECRETARY.
CALVIN WHITING, TREASURER.

STANDING COMMITTEE.

Ward 1. H. CHADBOURN, Chadbourn & Co., wood wharf, Commercial street.

Ward 2. Jos. MORIARTY, Salem street, No. 32. EPHRAIM MILTON, Clark street.

Ward 3. LEWIS JONES, Union street, No. 36. T. W. HASKINS, Union street, No. 4.

Ward 4. S. G. SHIPLEY, North Federal court.

Ward 5. M. GRANT, Cambridge street, No. 7, and Union street, No. 9.

Ward 6. Rev. W. HOWE, Chambers street, No 11.

Ward 7. T. TARBELL, Water street, No. 55.

Ward 8. J. W. WARREN, Jr., Federal street, No. 46. J. W. GATES, Commercial street, No. 26.

Ward 9. DANIEL T. COIT, High street, No. 12.

Ward 10. JOSEPH EUSTIS, Front street, No. 113.

Ward 11. CALVIN WHITING, Warren st., No. 35. ARTEMAS SIMONDS, Overseers' Office, Faneuil Hall.

Ward 12. ALVAN SIMONDS, South Boston, corner Broadway and Turnpike street.

Year.	*Presidents.*	*Secretaries.*	*Treasurers.*	*Preachers.*
1812.	O. Lowell,	G. L. Freeman,	Marston Allen.	
1813.	J. Woodcock,	L. Grosvenor,	Samuel Adams.	
1814.	John Elliot,	James Clap,	W. C. Parke, Jr.	D. Sharp.
1815.	James Clap,	W. C. Gilman,	W. C. Parke, Jr.	
1815.	James Clap,	W. C. Gilman,	Andrew Bradshaw,	J. Codman.
1816.	James Clap,	J. W. Rogers,	Andrew Bradshaw,	T. Baldwin.
1817.	Thomas Vose,	William Bates,	Samuel C. Lee,	S. E. Dwight.
1818.	Thomas Vose,	Wm. P. Rice,	Samuel C. Lee.	
1818.	Thomas Vose,	Wm. P. Rice,	Moses Grant,	E. Cornelius.
1819.	Thomas Vose,	Wm. P. Rice,	" "	
1820.	Thomas Vose,	Ezra Haskell,	" "	R. S. Storrs.
1821.	Thomas Vose,	Ezra Haskell,	" "	Edw. Everett.
1822.	J. C. Proctor,	Ezra Haskell,	" "	Samuel Guile.
1823.	John Tappan,	J. F. Bumstead,	" "	Dr. Jarvis.
1824.	John Tappan,	G. Hallock,	" "	J. G. Palfrey.
1825.	John Tappan,	Geo. Rogers,	" "	H. Ware, Jr.
1826.	John Tappan,	Geo. Rogers,	" "	F.Wayland,Jr.
1827.	John Tappan,	Geo. Rogers,	" "	B. B. Wisner.

1828.	John Tappan,	Geo. Rogers,	Moses Grant,	E. S. Gannett.
1829.	J. C. Warren,	E. G. Parker,	" "	A. Potter.
1830.	J. C. Warren,	J. H. Lane,	" "	J. D. Knowles.
1831.	J. C. Warren,	J. H. Lane,	" "	R. W. Emerson
1832.	Chas. Tappan,	T. R. Marvin,	" "	G. W. Blagden
1833.	" "	" "	" "	John Hopkins.
1834.	" "	" "	" "	Baron Stow.
1835.	Moses Grant,	S. G. Shipley,	Calvin Whiting.	
1836.	" "	" "	" "	John S. Stone.
1837.	" "	Artemas Simonds,	" "	T. M. Clark.
1838.*	" "	" "	" "	
1839.	" "	" "	" "	
1840.†	" "	" "	" "	
1841.	" "	" "	" "	Wm. Hague.

* Addresses at the Odeon, by Rev. Messrs. Blagden, Pierpont, and Howe.

† Poem, by Isaac F. Shepherd.

BOSTON SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF PAUPERISM.

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PREAMBLE.

WHEREAS we believe that true benevolence consists not wholly in efforts to relieve the distresses of the poor, by the distribution of alms among them, but also in exertions to prevent, as far as is practicable, the existence of those distresses; and whereas we believe this object of prevention may be greatly promoted by a more intimate personal acquaintance with the necessitous of all classes, by affording them advice and encouragement to habits of industry, economy, temperance, and virtue, and to a prudent use of such means of livelihood as they possess, and above all, by carefully nurturing in them those feelings of self-respect and self-dependence, which are too often lost by the reception of charitable aid. We, the subscribers, for the purpose of uniting our efforts to advance, by these means, and by the collection and diffusion of information, the great work of preventing the evils of Pauperism in the City

of Boston, hereby form ourselves into an Association.

CONSTITUTION.

ART. I.—This Association shall be called "THE BOSTON SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF PAUPERISM."

ART. II.—The object of this Society shall be the Prevention of Pauperism, by means of personal acquaintance with, and friendly advice to the necessitous of all classes; by furnishing them with opportunities, and encouraging in them a disposition, to support themselves; by inducing among them general habits of industry, frugality, and temperance; and by discouraging beggary and dependence on charitable aid on their part, and injudicious aid on the part of others. A further object of this Society shall be, the collection and diffusion through the community of all useful information upon the causes and extent of Pauperism.

ART. III.—Individuals paying to the fund of the Society a sum no less than one dollar annually, shall thereby become members. And the payment by any individual of the sum of twenty dollars, shall constitute him a Life Member of the Society.

ART. IV.—The Officers of the Society shall

be a President, four Vice Presidents, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and six Directors, who shall be chosen by ballot, at the annual meetings, and who shall collectively form a Board of Managers.

—

Government of the Society.....1841.

SAMUEL DORR, PRESIDENT.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

ARTEMAS SIMONDS,
WILLIAM COLLIER,
JAMES MEANS,
MOSES GRANT.

MANAGERS.

GEORGE W. BLAGDEN,
JAMES BOYD,
FREDERICK T. GRAY,
CHARLES F. BARNARD,
HENRY I. BOWDITCH,
WILLIAM HOWE.

ISAAC MEANS, TREASURER.
WILLIAM HOWE, SECRETARY.

WILLIAM BASCOM, Agent, at the Office, under the Savings Bank, Tremont street.

A Plea for the Poor.

A

SERMON,

PREACHED IN THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH,

BEFORE

THE HOWARD BENEVOLENT SOCIETY,

DECEMBER 20, 1842.

BY THE REV. E. N. KIRK.

BOSTON:
TAPPAN & DENNET.
1843.

At a meeting of the Howard Benevolent Society, after the Anniversary Services at the Old South Church, Dec. 20, 1842,

Voted, That the thanks of this Society be presented to the Rev. Edward N. Kirk, for his able, appropriate and eloquent Discourse, delivered this evening.

Voted, That the Committee of Arrangements for this anniversary be instructed to request of Rev. Mr. Kirk a copy of the Discourse for publication.

Attest,

ARTEMAS SIMONDS, *Secretary.*

REPLY.

GENTLEMEN,—The Discourse is at your disposal. May it tend to increase true charity, by God's blessing upon every one who may read it.

Yours truly,

EDWARD N. KIRK.

Beacon St., Jan. 3, 1843.

CHARITY.

Luke x. 32.

And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

Thus our Lord describes and discriminates; seizing human nature in all its prominent phases, and holding it to our view in these wonderful discourses. The great moral painter selects those attitudes and expressions of his subjects which are best fitted for his important purposes; choosing for the exercise of his pencil, a moment in the lives of this Priest and Levite, in which one of the most trifling actions displayed a whole character, and was the index of an

entire life. Had these men been called to choose the moral attitude in which they would desire all future generations to behold them, it surely would not have been this, of *passing by on the other side.* And yet no other, no chosen moment, no artificial attiring and arranging would have shown the world just what they were. Thus is it but too commonly with us; the very trifles which indicate the whole current of our lives, are those least observed by us, in making an estimate of ourselves. Some faithful limner is taking our moral portrait, just where we should prefer to be unobserved.

But who are these men? Ministers at the altar of mercy; daily conversant with the law of charity, with the symbols of God's compassion to

man, and with heaven's precepts of benevolence, constantly studying the mysteries of God's goodness, and hearing the enforcement of the law and prophets, whose sum and spirit is — that we love our neighbor as ourselves. When we have sufficiently reflected on this picture, like David listening to the simple fable of Nathan; when we have seen how unlovely and unholy it was in these men, how little of God's image they retained, how little of the mind that was in Christ they possessed; when we have felt how despicable is selfishness in any form, and under any circumstances; then let us wait in candor and stillness of soul, to know whether the stern voice of truth shall say—Thou art the man.

We can see in these men a want

of patriotic sentiment, in permitting a fellow-countryman to lie wounded, robbed, naked, faint and helpless in a desert place. Their zeal for their country and their national religion may have been ardent; indeed, boisterous; but it certainly was not merciful nor practical. A child of Abraham, a male dedicated at the altar of their God, cried for help; but in vain. He looked to the Levite, and hoped, by the ties of a common language and a common faith, to receive sympathy and aid. He hoped that the priest who prayed for the mercies of God upon his nation, would not look with indifference upon one of that nation actually needing even the mercy of men. But he was doomed to experience the added pains of disappointment, which sharpens the

edge of every pang. They both saw him, and they both passed by on the other side. They sinned too in slighting the claims of a common humanity. It was a *man* in want, a man in perishing want. He was robbed, stripped, and wounded. His body was in pain; and without care, perhaps his wounds would be mortal. His mind was the seat of anguish and despair. His loss, his danger, his home and family all preyed upon a weakened spirit. He needed sympathy; a cheap restorative to him who administers, but invaluable to him who receives it. Yet they had not a heart to give even their sympathy. This was a crying sin in the ear of heaven; not to be atoned for by much punctilious service in the temple, by many prayers and much

zeal for their nation and their church. Whatever of these they may have possessed, Christ makes no mention of it; but with awful and righteous severity. selects this one act of their lives, and delivers it to these imperishable records. But the picture needed yet the element of contrast, to give it harmony and full effect. There go the punctilious, self-complacent professors of the true religion, with its words on their lips, but its law not written on their hearts. Here comes a despised Samaritan, who with less of light, has learned more of God than the other travellers. He has learned to love man with a brother's heart. He knows that there is more in which they resemble each other, than there is of difference. He had learned that love,

which can seek another's welfare, where it may not exercise unqualified complacency. He sees a man in helpless suffering, and exposed to yet greater evils; and he flies to his rescue. His is not the charity which says—be ye clothed and healed; but, says our Lord, with graphic and touching minuteness; "when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine; and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him." And when obliged to leave him, he made ample provision for his comfort at his own expense. This is love; and where it springs from love to God, this is religion. "This man," acknowledged the cavilling lawyer, "was truly a neighbor;" he

acted toward the unfortunate man, like one of the same human family.

But human actions are ever the effects of causes. And in the case of these men, we find two all-sufficient reasons for their conduct, as we may, for all other instances of cruelty, in its positive or its negative forms, its doings or its neglects. They had neither genuine benevolence, nor an enlightened sense of responsibility. The one or the other would have led their feet to the side of the sufferer, and secured to him in this extremity, their utmost aid.

This narrative was spoken and written for our instruction; and was designed to make such conduct appear to us so hateful in other men, that we may avoid imitating it in our daily transactions. We have traced

their conduct to the want of benevolence and of a sense of responsibility. They thus furnish us with our subject, which is—

THE POSSESSION OF PROPERTY A TEST OF CHARACTER.

Life is full of such tests; as might be anticipated from the very nature of moral government. We select one of them,—the unequal distribution of property,—in reference to the particular occasion of our assembling at this time. Every man's lot and circumstances put him on trial. The poor have their tests, and the rich have theirs. We here speak to those possessed of more than the necessary means of supplying their own wants; and remind them of the danger lest they be found, with the Priest and

the Levite, passing by on the other side.

I. *The possession of property tests the genuineness of our charity.* What is charity? It is not a sentimental sorrow for the miserable, which wishes them well, and passes by on the other side. It is not an indiscriminate believing that every man is right, or even what he professes to be; nor the disregard of the distinction between truth and error, as some have strangely considered it. It is not giving a little, nor giving much to the poor; for an apostle says, "though I bestow *all* my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." But what is it? The noblest virtue to which man can attain. It is the

costliest of virtues, the deadliest antagonist to pride and selfishness. It is the first in heaven's catalogue, the grand requirement of its law. It is the sweetest resemblance between man and God. It is the rarest attainment on earth, the highest qualification for heaven. It is nothing external, nothing superficial. It is a high, holy, heaven-born principle. It will indeed feed the hungry, and clothe the naked; but these are the streams, not the fountain. And it is painful to see how low an estimate men have formed of this grace, and how easily they obtain and yield credit for it.

True charity originates in the love of God. Men may indeed love each other, without loving God. But such love is always narrow and selfish,

requiring some local, limited source of attachment. They can love kindred, friends, fellow countrymen, and particular characters, without loving God. But to take up humanity in its general character; to love man as man, under all circumstances, even the most repulsive to self-love; to love and cling to man however degraded and ungrateful; to prize him for his deathless faculties, his boundless capacities, his immortal nature; this requires, that we ascend to God the father of us all, to contemplate his affection for all, and to sympathize with that affection. The love of God is the golden link that binds human hearts together. Every cord that attaches the heart of man for eternity, to man, binds him equally to the heart of God. True, disin-

terested love to man has no lower, no other origin. And this love is tested by our position, when we possess that which our own necessities do not claim, and which would contribute to promote the happiness of others. Love seeks the happiness of its object. And if we are seeking the happiness of others, while the means of promoting that happiness are in our hands, it is very evident what will follow.

Let us imagine a man of wealth, with true charity.

1. *He gives prominence to the fact, that there is much misery in this world.* And this great fact will control all his feelings, all his views, all his plans, and all his exertions. It is very certain that such a man will not lay out brilliant plans of vast accumulation

for himself and his favored children; that schemes of ambition will have but little attractiveness for him; that literary leisure will not be his cherished hope; that luxury and ease will not be the resting-place to which he looks forward, from amid the toils of life. No; he is sent into a suffering world on a mission of mercy; and he is straitened until that work be done. Jesus had charity; and so he lived. And "if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." When a man looks upon the poor as a nuisance, and upon his own ease as the thing to be purchased at any rate; when he sends others with his money to the poor, because he would not see their misery; when he is willing to build poor-houses to get the poor out of his sight, that the grating cry of

misery come not up to spoil the sweet quiet of his home, or interrupt the voice of flattery and song which surrounds him; that man is not charitable. When a man educates his children to be great, to be selfish, to forget the poor, he has not charity. How little does our system of education take it for granted that there is much misery in the world!

But we still follow the charitable man;

2. *He inquires after that wretchedness.* His brother is suffering and he would know how and where and why, and whether he can give relief. So Howard did. And while benevolence in different men will have aspects as diverse as their faces, yet will it in all have the same soul. It will know that misery, it will guage

its depths. Love is the mightiest energy in man. It will traverse seas, mountains, deserts; it will brave the plague, the dungeon-damp; it will fare hard, bear much, suffer long, to find its object. If this world were full of charity, the misery of the world would have been, before this, the leading topic among the learned, among the rich and the mighty; ships that now bear the weapons of carnage and the implements of death, would have been freighted with messengers of mercy. If this city were full of charity, party-politics, private scandal, and a thousand absorbing topics would be much less sought after, than the reports of human misery at our doors. The Priest and the Levite were just like other men without charity, unaccustomed to give much

thought to the necessities of others. Not that they had no sympathies. That is probably the last point of depravity to which man sinks. It is beyond the cruelty of the murderer; for even he will manifest compassion under certain circumstances where other men would feel it, and where the master-passion would not counteract it. You could have made them feel the instinctive emotions of pity, and its generous impulses too, if you could have brought them distinctly to contemplate that case of suffering. But this is one of the appropriate operations of selfishness; it prevents us from turning aside to give our definite attention to the miserable condition of others. There is in fact, a kind of education that tends directly to this result, and which must

be greatly modified before christianity will have completed her blessed work on earth. Children are almost taught to turn away from the scenes of misery. They learn the unholy art of closing their ear to the cry of poverty, and their eye to the scenes of distress. Instead of being taught, among their earliest and most repeated lessons, that the removal of human wretchedness, and the elevation of degraded man is the business of life; they are led to embrace the sentiment, that happiness consists in keeping themselves away from the region where the sounds of human distress are heard. Why is it, that John Howard should be marked as the wonder of his own day, and still a wonder? Why have so few followed the great example of compassion given to the

world, eighteen centuries ago; a compassion that identified itself, not with human depravity, but with human infirmity and misery, that in reality guaged the deepest depths of human wo, that heard even from amidst the music of Heaven, the sighing of the prisoner; that not merely felt, but gave itself up to a fellowship with the poverty and misery it pitied; nay, that drank the cup from which it would spare its objects. I say it is wonderful, that after so long a time, it is still a singular thing to find a man giving himself up with a business-like purpose to know the actual privations and pains of the neglected poor. But thus it is; the church, much less the world, has not yet learned what to do with suffering humanity. There is yet, not so much

the want of tenderness of heart, or of the susceptibility of feeling, as of attention to and inquiries after the actual condition of our fellow-men. I repeat, there is too much effort to turn away from those who are likely to lay a tax upon our time, attention and sympathy or substance. This was a part of the fault of these two men.

3. Again; *true charity would so sympathize* with others' wants, as to relieve them, to its utmost ability. The word sympathy, is beautifully illustrated in the Scriptures, by comparing the human family to a human body. It signifies—to suffer together. And as the various members of the body being distinct and identical, yet have a delicate system of nervous sensibility, binding the whole to-

gether; so true charity is the moral nervous system that binds men together. And a pang of suffering felt in the remotest member flies with electric rapidity to pain the heart, inform the head, and move the hand to relieve it. Beautiful conception! Lovely charity! Will her sweet abode ever be on earth again? Oh! our whole system of education, our notions of happiness, our modes of life, our very standards of personal piety need great renovation. Our children must be taught that they were born to be imitators and almoners of heaven's mercy; that Christ is the great model; that to wipe the tear from sorrow's eye, to release the innocent captive, to deal our bread to the hungry, and share our raiments with the naked, is the true path to happiness

and to greatness. Our pulpits must hold this prominent feature of Christianity prominently to the view of men. Men must be made to see, that the most disgraceful of all epitaphs is this—"he passed by on the other side"—that one of the noblest is this: "he loved the poor."

But I am intending rather to speak of things as they are, than as they should be. And I close this topic of our discourse by repeating it distinctly—that the possession of property beyond our own actual wants, is a test of the genuineness of our charity. We were placed here in a state of discipline, adapted both to form and to test our characters. God has made one man poor, because he needed that discipline; he can secure the highest ends of his

being best, in that way. Another has property intrusted to him, in a world of misery, in order to form his character and to prove it. The very existence of poverty is a part of a system, not an accident. "The poor ye have always with you," in order to train and to test your charity. And if we feel the force of any objection against charitable organizations, it is, not that they can be dispensed with, as men now are; but that too many use them as convenient proxies to do what God has assigned to us personally. Your feelings toward your property and toward the poor, and your conduct in regard to the poor, are a constant exhibition, either of the absence or existence of charity.

II. *The possession of property tests the extent of charity.* How much charity ought we to have? Just as much as we have of self-love. This is Heaven's rule; "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." But who is my neighbor? asks the world, willing to justify itself. Let Jesus answer, and tell you of a certain man that was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves. And when he has finished the story, let the admiring lawyer respond for you—"he was the neighbor, that had compassion on him." And again let Jesus say—"Go thou and do likewise." Yes, if we are to dwell in heaven at last, we must begin on earth to love other men as we love ourselves. Our objections will not alter the law of the universe.

The poor man is then our neighbor; and we are to love him as we love ourselves. We are not to approve any thing that is wrong, or feel complacency in any thing that is deformed in him or in ourselves. But we are to count his happiness as dear to us as our own. Do I hear a murmur; "that is extravagant." I shall not stop now to defend the position, but simply remark on it—that this is a point of fundamental importance in morals and religion. But we assume our position, and go on to state, that, in having the means and opportunity of relieving wretchedness, we have a test of the degree of our aproximation to the true standard of making our neighbor's happiness of exactly the same value as our own. Let us see then how an en-

lightened charity would proceed in this world. Suppose it were an angel intrusted with what we call a large income, and sent among the poor.

1. *He would feel that it was a work, complicated and difficult, requiring all his business-talent and tact for its accomplishment.* Here he finds all grades of poverty; poverty by direct visitations of God, and poverty by personal improvidence. Here is meritorious poverty; and here, unworthy, ungrateful, and impudent poverty. Here he sees the deplorable effects of indiscriminate charity, to have been, the multiplying of the very evils it has sought to remove. Does he then sit down discouraged and say; well, it is a hopeless case? Covetous men, in accu-

mulating property, do not reason thus; nor ambitious men, in their pursuits; nor would an angel, nor a truly charitable man in his appropriate work. These difficulties are a part of his discipline. And the very luxury of the soul is to be found in overcoming them. When men love their neighbors as themselves, the causes of poverty will be sought out, and the remedy applied as far as possible; and where there is no remedy, there the evil will be mitigated just so far as a sound judgment shall approve. But to enter farther into particulars;

2. *Enlightened charity would go to the poor with counsel, reproof, and encouragement;* or in other words, a healthful moral influence is one of the most important services which the more favored classes can render to the poor.

Some of the poor are improvident. They have never learned the right use of forethought. And some of them have learned to employ it only so far as to anticipate the charities of others, if they neglect to provide for themselves. But these very persons may be taught, may be reasoned with; the feeling of independence is innate in them, and may be quickened into exercise; not indeed, by throwing your money at them, as if it were a sop to Cerberus, a quit-claim to further demands; but by kind and patient teaching. Some of them are intemperate. But a cheap and wonderful remedy has been discovered for that fatal source of poverty. You may carry it with ease about your person, and always offer it safely, without interfering

with the medical profession. It is the pledge, the ever-blessed pledge; which, if it had an altar erected to it, would be covered with more votive offerings, than any shrine of pagan or Christian idolatry. Who can estimate the worth of one half-hour's kind, persuasive conversation with an intemperate father! Under God's blessing, it may change for life the prospects of one family, and perhaps save a soul from death. And for what was the power of speech given to man, if not to entice an immortal spirit from the borders of death! What is the worth of education and eloquence, if not as instruments to do the work of mercy! There may be more splendid arenas for their exercise; but none more truly great and noble. The poor are

often deficient in economy. Much may be taught them, from the stores of a fuller observation and an ampler experience. Sometimes they are discouraged. A word of kindness may come into a broken heart like the oil and wine upon the wounds of the traveller. Charity loves to go and speak these words. Heaven's charity entered prisons to comfort the broken-hearted; and earth's charity, so far as genuine, treads in its footsteps. The poor are sinners, as well as the rich. They share our fatal inheritance, and they have the same glorious gospel with us. It is a blessed work to go to them, and show them that they can be made happy even in poverty, by looking to Him, "who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes, became poor, that we,

through his poverty, might be made rich." A large majority of the poor have virtually no Sabbath. They may have a day of physical repose; but the Sabbath with all its higher, spiritual blessings, comes not to them. They have not been taught to prize it; and if they have been, some of them are not decently clad, and they own no place in the house of God. And rich people have not read yet with sufficient conscience the direction and rebuke in the Scriptures; "if there come into your assembly, a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, stand

thou there, or sit here under my footstool: are ye not then partial in yourselves? My brethren, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ with respect of persons." *

3. *Charity would relieve their temporal wants.* With regard to one class of the poor, none of us would have any doubts; I allude to those called "the deserving poor." But our embarrassments arise from the case of "the undeserving." And here Selfishness seems to have Reason on its side; and behind an entrenchment of objections, it shields itself from the invasions of the law of charity. We are told;—"they are so undeserving and so ungrateful, that we cannot find any en-

* James ii. 1—4.

couragement in helping them." But this very circumstance tests the degree of our charity. It were an easy thing to distribute bounties to suffering angels, whose smile of gratitude and whose cherubic tones of affection would a thousand fold repay us; but to bless the unthankful, the deformed, our enemies; that is Godlike. An ordinary degree of benevolence is manifested in our regard to the wants of those who come to us with some other recommendation than merely their misery. But pure, true, Christ-like charity seeks its reward in the removal of misery, because it is misery; and leaves it to romancers to move among the angelic poor. Besides, this objection comes with little grace from any of us. Who are we that speak thus of our neigh-

bors? Are we not undeserving and ungrateful too? Has not divine charity regarded us simply as needy, and not as deserving? This objection, when urged by us, may then betray our want of humility, as fully as our want of charity. And often too, in refusing to aid the "undeserving," we are visiting the sins of the guilty upon the innocent. An enlightened, discriminating, earnest charity, would prevent us, even in the case of the most undeserving father and mother, from so repelling them, as to involve their children in our rejection. But we believe that the discrimination of merit pertains not to charity in the mere matter of relieving absolute wants of nature.

Then it is said;—"you do them an absolute injury." Indiscriminate

charity, we admit, does promote pauperism. And the policy of European poor-laws has been proved to be most uncharitable and unwise. But the example of Europe has no particular application here. Their whole social system is highly artificial and uncharitable. It is a violent effort to prevent the natural fluctuation in the wealth of families and persons. The poor-laws and the corn-laws, are parts of the same system; and their workings are like those of the mighty winds which sweep from the north-east, across the path of the gulf-stream. The great current of fluctuations, and of a more equal distribution of property as a reward to industry and prudence and skill, sweeps on in one direction, while the aristocratic and obstinate

wind comes pouring from the polar seas of selfishness; and there are, there must be, heavings and dashings and roarings. At this moment the beggary of the Continent, and the misery of England, are effects traceable to distinct causes, but causes which have only a limited existence here. The simple question for us is, whether here, an enlightened charity can supply the actual wants of the poor, without injuring them? I believe it can; and I believe that if it existed, it would. We should not, indeed, look for the working of any human machinery, without friction. I admit, that if it were proclaimed throughout the world, that in America there was a charity that would support those who preferred not to support themselves, we should soon have

some of the accomplished professors of the science and art of beggary from Europe, exercising their gifts in training such as prefer begging to working. Nay, two or three of their pupils may now be seen on the great thoroughfare of a neighboring metropolis, with all the practised grimace of misery, on wages, working for their employers. Yet I believe that true charity has one great security against that danger. I say true charity; for spurious kindness has done the mischief, and genuine benevolence alone can remedy it. It is doing the work by halves; it is our doing only the least self-denying part of the work, that is liable to this evil result. If the moral influence of kind intercourse and persuasion and instruction were employed uni-

formly in connection with alms-giving, it would tend to prevent the causes of a great portion of the existing poverty, and it would make begging more uncomfortable to the indolent, than labor itself.

It may still be urged; — "you counteract the designs of Providence; for he makes poverty and misery to be the penalty and the corrective of vice and indolence." But are we made the ministers of divine vengeance? Away then with medical skill, with the very gospel itself; for both these administrations of mercy are liable to the same objection. Surely that consideration should not be suffered to repress our charity.

But, "it is endless work." It is so. "The poor ye have always with

you;" so long as charity is to be formed and to be tested in a world of sin and of probation. "We have so many foreign poor; it has become discouraging." That is the price of our free institutions. And if we were as charitable as free, we should know what to do with them.

But we follow the objection no farther; only adding on this point of the degree of our charity, that—

4. *True charity will aim by union with others, to meet the whole range of misery.* Many of the objections to organized charity are carried too far. None surely can deny, that it, at least, meets a present exigency. If every individual should do his duty, there might be less occasion for it. Yet even then, there would be found an absolute demand for

some central guidance and supervision. But to abandon our societies, whilst there is so little personal charity, would be to sacrifice the poor on the altar of a theory. Our one objection is not to acting by societies, but to acting exclusively by them. We have a duty that cannot be discharged by proxy. There is a moral discipline of our own hearts which can be gained only by our personal visitation of the poor. But both are feasible and compatible. I repeat, that true charity would seek out the whole mass of wretchedness that sympathy and aid could remove. Every charitable man should see to it, that all the poor are visited, and that their wants are supplied in a way calculated to do the least degree of mischief.

III. *The possession of property tests the strength of our charity.*

True benevolence, as we see it in the Saviour, was a deep, strong current; a mighty, energizing principle. Its strength was displayed, as ours should be, in its self-denial and perseverance.

1. *Charity is self-denying.* For a confirmation of this; as we have made such frequent allusion to Him who was charity itself, we will refer to those who lived nearest his times, and received his precepts in greater simplicity than we. I quote from authority.* "The whole community of believers regarded it not as a burden, but a privilege to minister to the wants of those who bore the image of

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* Colman's Christian Antiq.

Christ; and by their unwearied attentions to the discharge of this labor of love, they made the light of their liberality and benevolence so shine, as to command the admiration even of the cold and selfish heathens around them. As duly as the Sabbath returned, and as soon as they had brought their sacred duties to a close, the lists of the poor, the aged, the widows, and the orphans was produced for consideration; and as if each had been hastening to bring forth the fruits of faith, and to prove the sincerity of that love they had just professed to their Saviour, by the abundance of their liberality to his people, they set themselves to the grateful task with a zeal and enthusiasm, whose fresh and unabated vigor betrayed no symptoms of their having

already been engaged in a lengthened service. When a multitude of men and women in Numidia had been taken captive by a horde of neighboring barbarians, and when the churches to which they belonged, were unable to raise the sum demanded for their ransom, they sent deputies to the church that was planted in the metropolis of northern Africa; and no sooner had Cyprian, who was then at the head of it, heard a statement of the distressing case, than he commenced a subscription in behalf of the unfortunate slaves, and never relaxed his indefatigable efforts until he had collected a sum equal to nearly $4,000, which he forwarded to the Numidian churches, together with a letter full of Christian sympathy and tenderness. Their attentions

to the sick, were equally remarkable. To them it seemed a sacred duty to countenance the poor with their presence and their purse, in their own homes, where they could make more minute inquiry into their wants, and tender them the comforts of Christian sympathy and counsel, which, by the brethren both of high and low degree, were more highly prized than even the open-handed benevolence that ministered to their temporal necessities. This pious office was more especially delegated to the female members of the community. And it is almost incredible to what offices the ardor of their Christian spirit led them to condescend. They, though all of them were women moving amid the comforts of domestic life, and some of them ladies of the highest rank,

never inured to any kind of labor, scrupled not to perform the meanest and most servile offices that usually devolved on the lowest menial. Not only did they sit by the bed-side of the sick, consoling and comforting them; but with their own hands prepared their food, and fed them, administered cordials and medicines, brought them changes of clothing, exposed themselves to the contagion of malignant distempers, and in short, acted at once in the characters of physician, nurse, and ambassador of God. Their purses and their experience were always ready, and the most exhausting and dangerous services were freely rendered by these Christian women. And in times of plague and famine these disciples of Christ were constantly facing the

danger, busy on the streets or in the houses, distributing money or articles of food and clothing, and doing all in their power to alleviate the pangs of the sufferers, and soothe the last moments of the dying. Nor was their benevolence confined to the sick members of their own community. They extended their attentions indiscriminately to all; and while the heathen stood aloof and careless, parents deserting their children, and children trampling on the unburied corpses of their parents, the Christians were assiduously employed in the pious labor of interring them—the rich contributing their money, and the poor their labor, to clear the houses and streets from the effluvia of the mouldering relics of mortality. It was a common thing for them to

follow their brethren who were persecuted and banished even to distant lands and loathsome dungeons. A party of Christians set out from Egypt in the depth of winter, to visit their brethren in the mines of Cilicia. Some of them, when the object of their journey became public, were arrested on their arrival at Cæsarea, and had their eyes pulled out and their feet dislocated. Others at Askelon, were burnt, and some beheaded." Thus the men loved, who professed to be Christians, in the earlier history of the church. Alas! to what a dwarfish piety have we dwindled now. Many believe themselves charitable, because they pity the miserable. But that is not opposed to selfishness. On the contrary, selfishness congratulates itself on being

able to gain the credit of humane feelings, and to convince itself of its goodness, at so cheap a rate.

The existence of poverty and misery around us enables us then to judge whether our charity has this evidence of the element of strength. The strength of love is seen likewise in its perseverance and patience. And when we find the poor imposing on our kindness, we have an opportunity of proving ourselves. And when they shew ingratitude, we may know whether we resemble him who commands his sun to shine upon the evil and the good, and sends his rain upon the thankful and the unthankful. When we find any ceasing to help the needy, because, as they say—"The poor come to us and claim our charities as if it were a dividend on stock

they owned ;" we say, there is a lack of charity. For, just so we have laid our claim on God's bounty, and yet his charity never adopted that logic.

To complete our examination of the subject, we should need to establish two other points. But we may touch them only with brevity.

IV. *The possession of property tests our sense of responsibility.*

God commands us to love our neighbor and to love him as ourselves. And to put us to the test, whether we obey or disobey ; his providence has caused our neighbor to have wants, and has given us the means of supplying them. It is not then with us a question ; how men became poor, or whether they are good or bad, grateful or ungrateful, but simply, whether God commands us to

relieve them. And the more men examine the word of God in reference to the true worth and use of money, and God's requirements of the rich toward the poor, the more will they wonder under what solemn responsibilities property is held, in a world where two thirds are poor. I quote one of them. "If there be among you a poor man of one of thy brethren within any of thy gates, in thy land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thy heart, nor shut thy hand from thy poor brother; but thou shalt open thy hand wide unto him, and shalt surely lend him sufficient for his need. Beware that there be not a thought in thy wicked heart, saying, the year of release is at hand; and thy eye be evil against thy poor bro-

ther, and thou givest him nought, and he cry unto the Lord against thee, and it be a sin unto thee. Thou shalt surely give him, and thy heart shall not be grieved, when thou givest unto him, because that for this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all that thou puttest thy hand unto. For the poor shall never cease out of the land; therefore I command thee, saying—thou shalt open thy hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy in thy land."

Whoever looks upon his property as his own, in a sense to exclude God's right to control it, has planted his standard of rebellion. Whoever regards it as the instrument of his indulgence, misapprehends God's design, and his own solemn responsibilities.

God has made,

1. *Rich men his almoners in trust.* This is a general arrangement of providence. Light and heat are concentrated in the sun, as a reservoir. Rain is contained in the clouds. But no where is it for their own sakes. Suppose there were two suns, the one selfish, the other benevolent, both contending to have the light; to whom would wisdom and goodness award it? And think you, God is pleased with human selfishness? To whom. if things were not in disorder here, would God commit wealth? To the most liberal. It is the grand mistake of the rich and great in every age, that they are favored thus for their own sakes. No; it is for all. And they violate the most solemn responsibilities, in living for themselves.

2. *God has arranged the social system, with checks and balances.*

Plenty and Want form a part of it; —Independence and Dependence, Love and Gratitude, are made to correspond to each other. The very security from those temptations which riches present, is found in the sympathy, the self-denial and sense of responsibility and of stewardship; and in the indifference to present enjoyment, which are required in the Gospel. But selfishness destroys these checks.

V. *The possession of property tests our confidence in God.* Some moral philosophers have maintained that no good action can have reference to our own worldly interests. They have not said it in so many words; but have fully implied it, by refusing to employ, in urging to the donation

of money for the benefit of the needy, the consideration that our worldly interests will be advanced by it. But this is being "wise above what is written." The Scriptures reiterate the promises of temporal and eternal good to them who regard the poor. This point does indeed need certain qualifications, as does as every other general truth. A man may give his goods to the needy, and although he love not the poor, he will obtain certain benefits from this course of action. If, however, he gives to them from sincere philanthropy, he will receive a still higher reward. But he may have a truly sympathetic heart, and bestow his blessings generously, and yet not reap the reward of obedience to the gospel; because they are promised to something alto-

gether higher and holier than this. Yet it remains true, that 'he who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord. Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble: the Lord will strengthen him upon a bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness, Ps. xli. 1, 3. He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth to the Lord; and that which he hath given, will he pay him again, Prov. xix. 17. And the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow, which are within thy gates, shall come and shall eat, and shall be satisfied; that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thy hand that thou doest, Deut. xiv. 29. There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; there is that witholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to

poverty, Prov. xi. 24. He that hath a bountiful eye, shall be blessed, for he giveth of his bread to the poor,' Prov. xxii. 9.

Nor are these promises restricted to temporal blessings, but embrace even eternal rewards. 'For they (the poor) cannot recompense thee, but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just, Luke xiii. 14. And the King shall answer and say unto them; verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me,' Matt. xxv. 40.

Fellow citizens, have you charity? The Howard Benevolent Society then tenders its services to be your almoner, in all that you may not be able to accomplish in person for the poor around you. It is not an infallible institution. It cannot prevent all

imposition. But you are not to decide whether you will ever be imposed upon; but, whether it shall be much or little. This Society is an efficient organization, possessing all the advantages of experience, of a tried corps of officers, and of a well earned confidence among the benefactors and the beneficiaries. It is an institution, which, in its silent and unobtrusive influence, is operating powerfully in conjunction with kindred societies, to put an end to street-begging; which exerts a police-power in the most economical, mild and efficient form; which is drying up the fountains of poverty, and making a systematic wintering here of the poor of other places, more uncomfortable than it has been; which is furnishing one of our strongest securities against imposition; which

is doing this work with the fewest evil results. Such it is; and as such we commend it to you. We ask you to encourage and sustain the noble hearted men who volunteer their services to convey your bounty to the habitations of misery; men who have learned the value of a kind and encouraging word to the discouraged, whose countenances are hailed as the mild light of the morning in the dark abodes of wretchedness. Encourage and sustain them, fellow citizens.

Note. At the present time, the necessities of our laboring classes are great. Work is limited, and wages are low. Out of 748 who applied in the past quarter to the Society for Encouraging Industry, only 90 were furnished with employment. And as the relative value of money is increased now, by the low prices of the means of sustenance, there is an additional inducement to contribute what we can give to increase the happiness of our fellow-creatures.

GOVERNMENT

OF THE

HOWARD BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

MOSES GRANT, PRESIDENT.
ARTEMAS SIMONDS, SECRETARY.
THOMAS TARBELL, TREASURER.

STANDING COMMITTEE.

Ward 1. HUMPHREY CHADBOURN, Chadbourn & Co., Wood Wharf, Commercial Street, near Salem St.

Ward 2. EPHRAIM MILTON, Clark Street. LEWIS JONES, Union Street, No. 36.

Ward 3. JOS. MORIARTY, Salem Street, No. 32. T. W. HASKINS, Union Street, No. 36.

Ward 4. SIMON G. SHIPLEY, North Federal Court, and Union Street.

Ward 5. MOSES GRANT, Cambridge Street, No. 7, and Union Street, No. 9.

Ward 6. Rev. WILLIAM HOWE, Chambers Street, No. 11.

Ward 7. THOS. TARBELL, Water Street, No. 55.

Ward 8. JOHN W. WARREN, Jr., Federal Street, No. 46.

Ward 9. DANIEL T. COIT, High Street, No. 12.

Ward 10. JOS. EUSTIS, Front Street, No. 113.

Ward 11. CALVIN WHITING, Warren Street, No. 5.

Ward 12. ALVAN SIMONDS, South Boston, corner of Broadway and Turnpike Street.

List of Past Officers and Aniversary Preachers.

Year.	*Presidents.*	*Secretaries.*	*Treasurers.*	*Preachers.*
1812	O. Lowell,	G. L. Freeman,	Marston Allen,	
1813	J. Woodcock,	L. P. Grosvenor,	Samuel Adams,	
1814	John Elliot,	James Clap,	W. C. Parke, Jr.,	D. Sharp.
1815	James Clap,	W. C. Gilman,	" "	
1815	" "	" "	Andrew Bradshaw,	J. Codman.
1816	" "	J. W. Rogers,	" "	T. Baldwin.
1817	Thomas Vose,	William Bates,	Samuel C. Lee,	S. E. Dwight.
1818	" "	Wm. P. Rice,	" "	
1818	" "	" "	Moses Grant,	E. Cornelius.
1819	" "	" "	" "	
1820	" "	Ezra Haskell,	" "	R. S. Storrs.
1821	" "	" "	" "	Edw. Everett.
1822	J. C. Proctor,	" "	" "	Samuel Gile.
1823	John Tappan,	J. F. Bumstead,	" "	S. F. Jarvis.
1824	" "	G. Hallock,	" "	J. G. Palfrey.
1825	" "	Geo. Rogers,	" "	H. Ware, Jr.
1826	" "	" "	" "	F. Wayland, Jr.
1827	" "	" "	" "	B. B. Wisner.

1828	John Tappan,	Geo. Rogers,	Moses Grant,	E. S. Gannett.
1829	J. C. Warren,	E. G. Parker,	" "	A. Potter.
1830	" "	J. H. Lane,	" "	J. D Knowles.
1831	" "	" "	" "	R. W. Emerson.
1832	Chas. Tappan,	T. R. Marvin,	" "	G. W. Blagden.
1833	" "	" "	" "	John Hopkins.
1834	" "	" "	" "	Baron Stow.
1835	Moses Grant,	S. G. Shipley,	Calvin Whiting,	
1836	" "	" "	" "	John S. Stone.
1837	" "	Artemas Simonds,	" "	T. M. Clark.
1838*	" "	" "	" "	
1839	" "	" "	" "	
1840†	" "	" "	" "	
1841	" "	" "	" "	Wm. Hague.
1842	" "	" "	Thomas Tarbell,	E. N. Kirk.

* Addresses at the Odeon by Rev. Messrs. Blagden, Pierpont and Howe.

† Poem, by Isaac F. Shepherd.

BOSTON EMPLOYMENT SOCIETY.

OFFICE 66 CORNHILL.

WALTER CHANNING, PRESIDENT.
HENRY PLYMPTON, TREASURER.

DIRECTORS.

Moses Grant,	Charles Wade.
Robert B Storer,	Benjamin C. Clark,
Henry Edwards,	Harrison Gray,
John D. Gardner,	Charles Buck,
Thomas W. Haskins,	Sam'l F. Holbrook,
James Boyd,	M. H. Simpson,
Josiah Colby,	Joseph V. Bacon,
Isaac C. Pray,	A. W. Thaxter, Jr.
William R. Sumner,	Charles G. Greene,
Peter Thatcher,	Newell A. Thompson,
S. G Shipley,	Samuel Johnson,
Henry Poor,	John J. May.

The records of the Society contain highly useful information in regard to all the objects of the association. The public may look with confidence to the future action of the Society in carrying out the principles of its institution, viz: to furnish useful and gratuitous information, both to those who want employment and those who wish for the services of the applicants. The Society begins the new year with renewed assurances of its benefits to all concerned, and commends its interests to the regards of the community.